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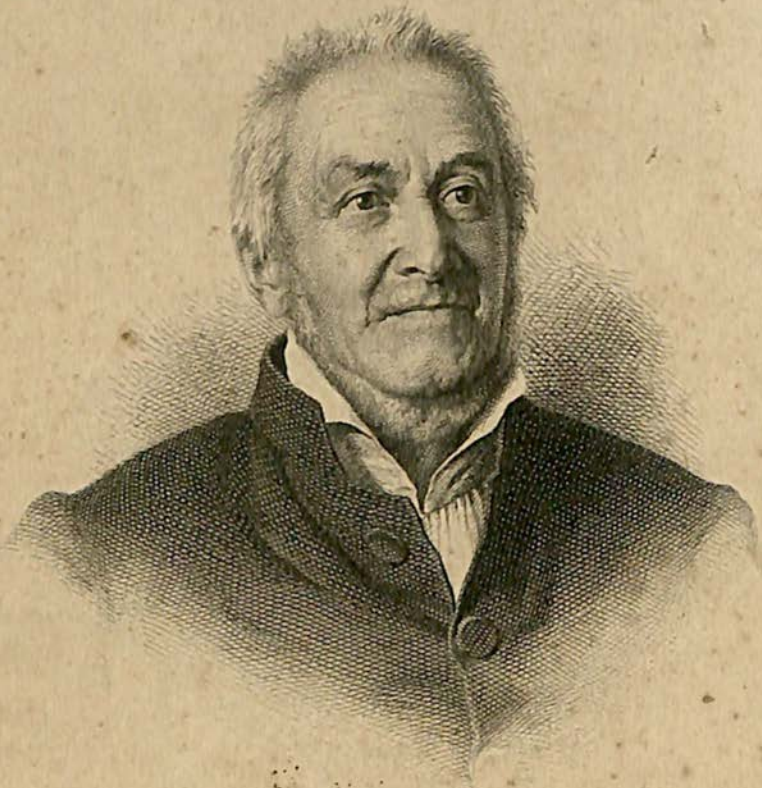

E. M. Arndt.

The Life and Adventures

OF

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT

The Singer of the German Fatherland.

Compiled from the German.

23420

WITH A PREFACE BY

JOHN ROBERT SEELEY, M.A.,

Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge.

SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, 54, FLEET STREET

LONDON. MDCCCLXXIX

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PREFACE.

I HAVE been asked to prefix a few pages of introduction to this book, which resembles my own "Life and Times of Stein," recently published, so far that it might almost as appropriately bear for a second title, "Germany and Prussia in the Napoleonic Age."

The Napoleonic age is only now beginning to be studied from a political point of view. It has not hitherto been understood that the wars which filled it concealed a great European revolution, in which the most important ideas of the present age first took shape. It has been overlooked that the conquests and reconquests and the territorial redistributions brought about, particularly in Germany, by those wars are important for their own sake, and not merely as incidents in a military romance. It has also been overlooked that the European Revolution, which was involved in Napoleon's fall, had a character of its own, and was by no means a mere extension to all Europe of the ideas of the French Revolution. If we try to analyse and trace to their origin the most important movements that have occupied the Continent since the fall of Napoleon, we shall not find

ourselves led back nearly so much as is supposed to 1789; we shall rather be arrested by the German War of Liberation, by the Spanish rising of 1808, and by the reconstruction of the Prussian State after Tilsit. Beside "the immortal ideas of 1789," of which we have heard so much, there were immortal ideas of 1808 and of 1813, which have been scarcely less influential.

The cause which has prevented us from clearly seeing this has been the bewildering abundance of military incident which fills the period. Neither historians nor their readers have much attention to bestow upon the political consequences of the campaigns, because the campaigns themselves are so absorbing. Napoleon might seem, by a second Eighteenth of Brumaire, to have established the same sort of despotism over the history of his age that he established over the age itself. We are so occupied in praising or denouncing him that we can scarcely attend to anything else.

In my opinion it is better to denounce than to praise him, but it would be better still for writers on the period to disregard him more than they do. We may be quite sure, in the first place, that we enormously exaggerate the effect of his personal qualities in creating his empire; but even if it were otherwise, why should an individual be allowed to eclipse states and nations? If Napoleon were the greatest man that ever lived, he would still be less great than Prussia or Germany; and yet, as the history of this period has hitherto been written, this individual, with his fifty years of life, has been allowed to throw those great secular growths wholly into the shade. How he overthrew the Prussian State in a few weeks (not

much less quickly, in fact, than he himself was overthrown in 1815) is related with profuse rhetoric of admiration; but what this Prussian State was which he overthrew, the French and most of the English historians of the time are ignorant to an incredible degree. What is really interesting in the campaign of 1806 is not Napoleon, but Prussia. By what exact combination of skill and luck Napoleon won a battle or two is of trifling importance, compared to the question by what secret disease the Monarchy of Frederick the Great had been so far undermined that it could not abide the shock.

All this I have discussed at length elsewhere. But a difficulty arises when, after arriving at the conclusion that the Napoleonic age, considered politically, deserves to be known much better than it is, we inquire how is a knowledge of it to be generally diffused?

That popular knowledge of history, which is none the less important because specialists may think that it cannot but be superficial, must always be imparted by means of personal narrative. States and governments, not persons, are indeed, as I hold, the real subject of history, and the specialist may think that the prominence which has commonly been given to individuals in historical narrative is unphilosophical. But it is one question how history ought to be written for the purposes of science, and another by what means some useful knowledge of it may be generally diffused. The mass of mankind, those who have little leisure for reading, and no motive for it but amusement, will not read any more about states and governments than can

be presented to them in biographies of famous men. If, therefore, we wish to give currency to a truer view of the Napoleonic age, and to turn popular attention towards that aspect of it which has hitherto been overlooked, namely, the permanent changes which it made in European politics, and away from its mere passing brawls, which were so incredibly noisy, we must evidently begin by giving prominence to the persons through whose lives this aspect of the age can be contemplated.

I have myself been led by this consideration to write the life of Stein on a large scale, and for the same reason I have heard with interest of the proposal to collect and edit the various autobiographical writings of Arndt.

The English reader of this book will find himself contemplating an aspect of the Napoleonic age which is likely to be somewhat new to him. He will neither look at it, as he has often done, from England, watching the wars from a distance, and from the heart of a society which was only made more insular and more narrow in its notions by the prodigious revolutions which it witnessed; nor, on the other hand, will he watch it from the camp of Napoleon or of Wellington, where the absorbing tumult of war distracts the attention from permanent changes and results. He will watch it in the main from Germany, but not, as he has so often done before, through the eyes of some mere philosopher or recluse poet, of Goethe or Schiller or Jean Paul, but through the eyes of one who felt intensely the pressure of his time, who himself joined and suffered in the

struggle of his country against Napoleon. In this biography, therefore, the reader can without trouble, and not without pleasure, make himself acquainted with the Napoleonic age as it appeared to an ordinary civilian, who, though himself but a minor actor in the play, knew personally many of the principal actors and without often taking a share in great events was sometimes a spectator of them, and generally mixed in the crowd which met to discuss them on the morrow. He will not be required to study intricate matters of legislation or diplomacy, but he will be introduced to the difficulties, the abuses, the miseries, which made necessary the vast internal and external changes out of which modern Germany has risen.

This book, in fact, may serve the purpose for which the historical novel was invented, and in a better way.

When a Scott relates the adventures of some young lover or soldier playing a minor part in one of the great scenes of history, it is supposed that his reader imbibes history unconsciously, and catches the character of an age without the trouble of studying its documents. But the theory of the historical novel is open to many objections, which have led Gervinus to pronounce upon it the damning sentence that it "does not satisfy the taste for art nor yet cultivate the taste for history." How can the novelist teach history unless he knows it himself? Yet it is greatly to underrate the difficulty of acquiring a true knowledge of history to suppose that a novelist is at all likely to have it. From such writings, in fact, we do not commonly catch the character of an age, but only the character of a particular novelist's imagi-

nation ; to them the famous words are eminently applicable :

> " Was ihr den Geist der Zeiten heisst
> Das ist im Grund der Herren eigener Geist
> In dem die Zeiten sich abspiegeln.

But in a candid biography like this of Arndt's we really do catch in some degree the spirit of an age. Here we see, not what a poet living in some other age fancied may have been the feelings of a German living under Napoleon's tyranny, but what the feelings of such a German actually were.

I think these memoirs, simple and modest as they are, have a right to live. Arndt never imagined himself to be a great man, nor supposed either that anything he had done deserved, on its own account, to be recorded, or that any of his thoughts deserved to be remembered for their wisdom or depth. But he led such a life, and had such a character, that his autobiography necessarily, as I said, has the value of a historical novel. His life reflects his time, because it was decisively influenced by it. Nine out of ten Professors in Greifswald or any other German University led substantially the same sort of life under Napoleon that they would have led earlier in the Holy Roman Empire, or later in the German Confederation. They gave their lectures, wrote their treatises, read, smoked, and in due time departed to another state of existence. But Arndt struggled with Napoleon as closely and continually as any German prince or soldier. Napoleon, who possibly never heard his name, determined the complexion of his whole life. And moreover

Arndt's character was a remarkably clear mirror for his time to reflect itself in. He was all candour, warmth, and cheerfulness. He has no peculiarity which might have coloured his view of things. He has the Homeric ballad-singer's freedom of narrative and description. He sees and enjoys everything, and he does not seem tempted to alter or improve or philosophise too much upon what he sees.

Hence it is that not only the persons and occurrences of his age, but the general character by which it is distinguished from the ages before and after it, is faithfully reflected in his narrative. There is, indeed, a family likeness among all the famous writers of the Napoleonic period.

The romances in verse and prose of Scott, the Eastern tales of Byron, the romantic ballads of Uhland, the war-songs of Körner and Schenkendorf, and the "Hermannsschlacht" of Kleist, represent in literature that strongly-marked time. Now in Arndt's life and character may be seen what the influences were which gave those writings their common character. A society so disturbed with perpetual change that a quiet professor leads almost the life of a Robin Hood, would produce a literature full of incident and stirring adventure, a literature inclining towards the ballad and romance. But there is something more special in this literature, there is a great idea working in it, and whence this idea came we see in a moment when we follow such a life as Arndt's. It might seem at first sight as if those poets aimed at nothing but fantastic wildness and variety, so outlandish are the scenes to which they take us, so

extravagant are the topics, taken from the wildest fancies both of the East and the West, which they treat. But it was no mere accident which just at that moment opened such a rich vein of romance, nor was it a caprice of taste which caused the public to take pleasure again in fancies which the eighteenth century seemed to have outgrown. Reaction, no doubt, had much to do with it, and the French Revolution, which saves the students of that age so much trouble in seeking causes, had also much to do with it. But another cause began to operate in the very middle of the Napoleonic age, which was more directly adapted to produce the precise result than any of those which are usually alleged. For what this group of writers make it their especial business to describe is *nations*. We say of Scott that he "discovered Scotland." In fact, the mine upon which he was so lucky as to light was a new nation, or rather two nations, which had hitherto been scarcely known. He revealed to us the Highland clans, barbarians in the midst of civilisation; he revealed also the Lowland Scotch, by marking with rich detail and humour their national peculiarities. Among the various points of difference which critics have noted between Scott and Shakespeare, this is the most important, that what he paints is not so much the individual, nor even the class, but rather the tribe or clan, that the differences for which he has an eye are those which are produced by distinct locality and distinct history. The Oriental poems of which the same age was so fruitful are evidently suggested by the same idea. Byron undertakes to describe "the clime of the East, the land of the Sun!" He seems to say, "If

you want quaint ways of life, if you want national peculiarities, come with me ; I can show you people as wild as the wildest Highlanders. As Scott has shown you how the North differs from the South, I will show you how the East differs from the West." And there is the same idea, though here we have another aspect of it, at the bottom of the war-songs and ballads of the German poets of the same time. They too are thinking of a nation, of national character and national peculiarities ; only they do not contemplate a *foreign* nation and amuse their fancy with its peculiarities, but they become for the first time conscious of their own nationality, and of the preciousness of it.

Now of course it would be easy to show that this poetry of nationalities had been growing up gradually for a long time. Götz v. Berlichingen (1773) is as intensely, though not so passionately, German as the "Hermannsschlacht" of Kleist: Macpherson had preceded Scott by as many years. But Arndt's life will show us what the influence was which gave this bent to all poetic imaginations in the latter years of the war. It was Napoleon's attack on the principle of nationality ; it was the imminent danger of the absorption of all nations in a universal Empire. He himself, the singer of the "German Fatherland," has told us that the feeling which that song expresses was originally excited by the disasters of Germany in 1805-6. Before that, he tells us, he had rather felt as a Swede, but then "my Swedish particularism died within me, the heroes of Sweden in my heart became now mere echoes of the past ; when Germany, through her discord,

had ceased to exist, my heart recognised her as one and united !'

The history of Europe from 1808 to 1814 is the history of the revival of the principle of nationality in one nation after another. In 1808 the signal is given by Spain, Tyrol follows in 1809, Russia in 1812, Germany in 1813. Such a movement was the most poetical that can be imagined ; the idea of the Nation, which animates the classical literatures, and had been cherished in the more primitive peoples of modern Europe, but had long been obscured in some of the greatest of European countries, particularly Germany and Italy, now revived. The conception of a great corporate Person with a lifetime of many centuries, with a strongly-marked character, expressing itself in usages, religion and laws, in literature, popular songs and proverbs, and also in the fixed physical type, was of a nature, when it suddenly seized upon the imagination, to give birth to a whole new literature, because it was at once so comprehensive and so picturesque. To embody it properly a multitude of characters, exhibiting many variations of a common type, must be drawn, local usages and scenery must be described ; in fact, such a literature must deal freely with all that is most amusing, interesting, and romantic. And as in the nationality the great and humble, the king and the subject, the philosopher and the peasant, meet, so the literature which is inspired by this idea will be the most popular and the most various that can be conceived.

These are the characteristics of the kind of literature which flourished just then, and which we connect with

the name of Scott, though the causes which created it were more strongly at work on the Continent than in England. On the Continent those causes have produced, besides the popular literature we have spoken of, a vast revival of interest in national antiquities, a new study of Germanic and Slavonic history; for it is easy to show that the modern enthusiasm for national history has been by no means inspired merely by scientific curiosity, but was directly aroused by the struggle of the nations with Napoleon.

Arndt's personal contribution to this literature cannot be called contemptible, when we consider the vast popularity some of his lyrics have had. He, however, always speaks of it with a modesty which seems quite unaffected. But when we turn over his biography we may feel that though others worked the nationality vein much more industriously, yet the impulse which set them to work may be traced most clearly here. Here we may see how Napoleon's Empire roused by reaction the idea of nationality in an individual's mind; then how, when his wanderings began, he passed from nation to nation, seeing all under the fresh influence of this idea. He had evidently a natural pleasure in noting the characteristics of different races, and now when all such distinctions, the result of local separateness, distinct institutions, distinct traditions, were in danger of being effaced, and all angles were rubbed down in the mill of a uniform military bureaucracy, his natural eye for nationalities is sharpened. This gives to his ramblings in Sweden, Germany, Poland, Russia and other countries an interest they would not otherwise have. He has a

regretful pleasure in the variety of the human family; he is the poet of the tribe. He seems to preach to us that though local influences may be narrowing, though local opinions may be of the nature of prejudice, and though local attachments may threaten human affairs with stagnation, yet on the other hand the human being would cease to be poetical, cease to be interesting, if by military coercion, or any other sort of pressure, he could be unrooted from his locality and his traditions, and from being a hand-made product, representing all the individual thoughts of those whose care shaped him, could become a machine-made fabric, the exact counterpart of countless others turned out from the same factory.

For all these reasons these simple Memoirs seem to me worth looking at, even at this distance of time. They may serve as a sort of Erckmann-Chatrian novel for Germany, showing us the side of the Napoleonic age which history for the most part overlooks; and at the same time they have the advantage over every novel that they are true, and also that they make us acquainted with an interesting and a celebrated man.

J. R. SEELEY.

March, 1879.

THE following Memoir consists mainly of a translation of Arndt's autobiography, abridged in many places, and occasionally enlarged by quotations from his letters and other writings. Of his life in Russia, and during the War of Liberation he has given a double account, viz., that in the Autobiography, and another in his "Wanderings with Stein." In the chapters on these subjects, therefore, those which seemed the most suitable passages in both books have been selected. The account of the later years of his life is drawn from the numerous biographies, especially those of Schenkel, Langenberg, and Baur. Hoefer's "Arndt und die Universität Greifswald," Arndt's "Nothgedrungener Bericht aus meinem Leben," and his "Briefe an eine Freundin."

Acknowledgment is due to Professor Seeley for the translations of "Der Gott der Eisen wachsen liess," and the lines on the deaths of Arndt's wife and mother. The other verses are kindly contributed by another friend.

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LIFE OF E. M. ARNDT.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD.

Life at Schoritz and Dumsewitz.

IT was at the close of the year 1769, the day after Christmas Day, that I first saw the light of this world. And indeed, I may say that I was well-born, high-born, and born under good auspices. Well-born, for I came into the world so strong and healthy that I could run alone at nine months old—an example which some of my sons have followed. High-born, for my birth-place was a house of very aristocratic appèarance, newly-built and handsome, and approached by a magnificent flight of stone steps. Its hall and rooms were adorned with stories from the Greek mythology, in which all Olympus appeared, headed by Jupiter and Juno with their eagle and peacock. Born under good auspices, for faith and superstition alike attribute to a child born during one of the great feasts, gifts of a wonderful kind; such as the power of telling fortunes and seeing ghosts.

My mother however, as a good Christian, did not attach any importance to such omens. Yet she battled gallantly for the significant name of Ernst, against my father, who would have preferred to name me Philip, after my godfather, and she conquered, as in such combats ladies generally do. Seriously speaking, however, truth forces me to confess that I sprang from a very lowly stock, and that my father, like the father of Horace, was nothing more than a freedman. His name was Ludwig Nikolaus Arndt, and at the time of my birth he was the steward of the so-called Schoritz estates. My mother was Friederike Wilhelmine Schumacher. My birthplace, Schoritz,* was the most important place on the property, which consisted of half a dozen farms, large and small, and a few hamlets. My father was a kind of manager, and went by the name of "Herr Inspektor," while his underlings were dignified with the title of secretaries. This estate and a great part of the neighbouring peninsula of Zudar had formerly been a fief belonging to the noble family of the Von Kahlden of Rügen. About the middle of the eighteenth century a rich Herr von Kahlden built a fine house at Schoritz; but at the time of the Seven Years' War, he sold his estate to General Count von Löwen, the Swedish Governor of Pomerania and Rügen. He acquired instead other large properties in Pomerania, but his circumstances were much reduced by the war and his own mismanagement; and now at Schoritz, the beautiful

* In the island of Rügen, which, together with Swedish Pomerania, was made Swedish territory by the Peace of Westphalia, and remained so until the year 1815.

house and grounds of which were his creation, he played the part which superstition commonly assigns to those who have suffered great and heavy misfortunes, and it was through him I first learned to know the hot and cold sensations of ghostly fear. For, nightly, clad in a grey dressing-gown and white night-cap, with a pair of pistols under his arm, he was in the habit of making the round of his former domain, passing slowly between the two barns over the causeway which led to the house into the subterranean regions and cellars, and gliding out through the garden-door, examining the bee-hives, and then vanishing. This was the principal ghost; but there was another terror with which the wonder-loving servant-folk used to excite our young imaginations; namely, a pair of huge golden water-snakes, who were said to live in the great pond behind the barn, and were accused of sucking the cows.

General von Löwen had sold the estate to Count Malte Putbus, who was a member of one of the principal and oldest noble houses of the whole Swedish-Pomeranian district; indeed, some said he was descended from the old reigning family of the island. He was Hereditary-Marshal of the Principality of Rügen, and President of the Province of Stralsund.

My father, born in the year 1740, was one of the younger members of a large family. He was the son of a shepherd, a serf on the estate of Putbus and Darsband, The father of this shepherd, according to a family tradition, was a Swede by birth, who, coming into the country as a subordinate officer in the Swedish army, had married the daughter of a peasant of Putbus.

My father was kept steadily to school, for the shepherd was in tolerably easy circumstances for one in his position, and he was helped in his youth by his elder brother, Hinrich, who was much his senior, and who had accumulated a little property. He enjoyed the instructions of Jahn, schoolmaster and clerk of Vilmnitz, near Putbus, a fine old man whom I can remember in my childhood, and who was reckoned an excellent organist and arithmetic master. In this school my father learnt to write well and to be quick at figures; so that his master, the Count, made him his "forest ranger," as they used to call it in Rügen; and as he was a fine active lad, he took him with him on journeys and made use of him in business. Then the Seven Years' War broke out, and the Count obtained a post in the Swedish army, which crossed the seas to join the many enemies of Frederick the Great. The Count, aware of the capabilities and integrity of the young man, not only employed him as his secretary, but sent him on many dangerous and critical expeditions, such as fetching money from Hamburg. Later, he took him with him on several journeys to Stockholm. My father's life was spent in this manner from his eighteenth to his twenty-fifth year, and it was an excellent school for him. From residence in great cities, and intercourse with foreigners, though only as a servant, he acquired the manners of an educated man. In the first years of his service he obtained such favour with his master that he emancipated him, and employed him when at home in Putbus, as steward and secretary, until he made him inspector of the Schoritz property.

My mother, born in the year 1748, was the daughter of a village innkeeper and small landowner, in the parish of Lanken, nearly a mile* from Putbus. She also had received a better education than might have been expected from the position of her parents, having been taught with the children of a rich farmer named Bukert, at Garftitz, near Lanken. There she learned the rudiments of many things that were unusual at that time, so that she was considered an educated woman. She belonged to a family remarkable for their intellectual gifts, and especially for their talents in harp-playing, singing, and painting. But she was the crown of all—earnest, pious, thoughtful, and fearless. She never lost her calmness and presence of mind in any misfortunes. I see her still, with her beautiful large blue eyes, and her broad massive forehead, as if she were yet in bodily presence before me.

Schoritz was a pretty spot, lying on the shores of a bay which nearly separates the peninsula of Zudar from the rest of the island. The house was new and handsome, and there was a large flower-garden and several orchards. Close by was a little headland, which was often turned into an island by high tides in stormy weather. It was planted with birches and oaks, and we used to play there in summer-time. The farm was bounded towards the east by a splendid oak wood, in which thousands of rooks had their nests. A little farther on was the great wood of Krewe. I have pleasant recollections of those early days; and among them, especially, of the many nice things brought us

* The German mile, it must be remembered, is about $3\frac{1}{16}$ English ones.

almost every week by two people. The first was my uncle and godfather, Moritz Schumacher, then bailiff of the farm at Putbus. He never went to Stralsund or Greifswald without stopping to see us by the way, and shaking goodies, sweets or something nice out of his pocket. The other was an old Prussian captain, Von Wotke, from East Pomerania, who lived with his grey-haired wife about half an hour's walk from us, at Silmnitz, the next estate to Schoritz. The cheerful face of this old man still lingers in my memory, as he used to come in, almost every evening, to play cards or draughts with my father. But we children liked it best when my father was not at home, for then the old man would take me and my brother Karl on his knees, and tell us stories of wars and fighting, and wonderful adventures, to which we listened with indescribable pleasure. On Sundays his wife came with him, in full dress, according to the fashion of the times, and then, too, the old man was generally in uniform, with a powdered peruke, rapier, and silver spurs. On such gala days, and especially at the high festivals, he made us children handsome presents. And now, though sixty years have passed since then, his form still comes back to me as that of a mild and beneficent angel. For the good old man was also an angel of peace, and often saved me and my brother Karl from well-merited punishment.

So we played through our first years in Schoritz. But in the year 1775 or 1776 Inspector Arndt removed to a little distance from Schoritz, and became his own master. The Count let out the estate among several tenants, and my father became tenant of Dumsevitz

and Ubechel. Neither he nor my mother had sufficient capital for the undertaking. Friends in Stralsund, whose confidence he had merited, advanced him the necessary sum.

We lived at Dumsevitz for five or six years, I think until 1780. We were, on our arrival, a team of four, all boys, and to these were soon after added a girl and another boy, so the half-dozen was made up at Dumsevitz, which was subsequently further increased by the arrival of two more sisters.

There passed the years of opening childhood, and most charming idyllic pictures of them are engraven on my memory; indeed, I think these were the happiest years of my life. As for external circumstances we had certainly descended from a palace to a hovel. Dumsevitz was an ugly farm, which seemed to have grown up by accident, with a new but inferior house. Yet it was surrounded by pretty meadows, and two very rich orchards, and the meadows were full of hillocks, bushes, ponds, and *Hünengräber*,* all in the romantic disorder of a very imperfect and primitive agriculture. To quote Goethe, "Nature, thank Heaven, had not yet been made neat!" Its solitudes were merry with birds, fish, and game; and many an excursion did we make, following my father and his dogs. We had plenty to enjoy there, but we were still equally at home at Schoritz, where we had many dear friends, and at the neighbouring Silmnitz, where Uncle Moritz Schumacher had settled; for we always met every week and often almost every day.

* Literally, the graves of the Huns, or giants; tumuli closely resembling the cairns of Scotland and dolmens of Brittany.

Our meeting-place generally was the wood of Krewe, of which part belonged to Dumsevitz, where we children spent our time sometimes in such friendly amusements as trapping and catching birds, and sometimes in quarrelling.

We led, on the whole, a happy life. It was the time of quiet, lasting from twenty to twenty-five years, after the Seven Years' War, when people, feeling particularly comfortable and well-off, allowed the children to take part in all their festivities, social meetings, and visits to distant friends. But best of all, we were not plagued with early lessons; but were allowed to play through our years at Dumsevitz as we had done the preceding ones.

There was good reason for this. It was from no want of will on the part of my parents, but from their narrow circumstances. There was no school in the neighbourhood, and to have a really educated man as tutor would have been too expensive for them. Once, indeed, a tutor made his appearance—a superannuated candidate, the son of a schoolmaster in the town of Bergen, by name Herr Krai. It is still with a shudder that I recall this *Crow*. He had often visited us before with our worthy friend Pastor Krüger, of Swantow, and many a time we had laughed at his strange buttoned-up coat and yellow peruke. He was a tall, thin, sour-looking man, with a monstrous nose, and deep-set black eyes. What a fright we were in when he took up his abode with us and summoned us to his little room. The wild birds were caught! Our alarm, happily, soon had an end. In about a week, to our great joy, he left the

house; explaining his reasons in a letter to my father. He could not stay in a house where so little respect was shown to the children's instructor. My aunt Sofie had scarcely vouchsafed to courtesy to him, and my mother had called him "dear Krai," instead of "Herr Krai," as was his due!

However, we were not left to run quite wild, but for children of from six to ten, I think we were well taught. My elder brother, Karl—I was the second—was sent for a couple of years to Stralsund, where he lived in the house of my mother's eldest brother, Friedrich Schumacher, and went daily to school. I remember well how astonished and startled we were, and how we teased him, when he came home at the end of the half-year, and would not at first speak to us except in High German. For we were not used to High German, except in books, or from the pulpit, or on festive occasions, in bidding visitors welcome. We, however, were not long behind him; that is, myself and my brother Fritz, the third in the family. For our parents kept school at home, during the autumn and winter, when they had most leisure. My father taught us writing and arithmetic, and my mother gave us reading lessons, and aroused our young imaginations with stories and fairy tales, which she told with great grace. For the first few years we read scarcely anything but the Bible and hymn-book, and I should say, so much the better.

She was a pious woman, and a great reader of the Bible. I think I read it through with her three or four times. We were also kept close to the hymn-book, and every Saturday afternoon she made us learn by heart

either a selected hymn or the Gospel for the Sunday. As she was a kind, gentle schoolmistress, we did our work gladly and with great profit. She always seemed to have more leisure time than other people, in spite of her delicate health, her wild little troop of children, and her large household, which had to be managed with economy. Long after all others were buried in sleep, she would sit up reading a religious or amusing book. She seldom went to bed before midnight, and was up again with the sun, even in summer-time. As I partook also of this *owlish* nature, and even in childhood needed so little sleep that I was called the lark, I used in those childish days, and also in later years, to sit up talking and reading with her through the witching time of night.

At that time the Christian faith reigned undisturbed, at least, in the island of Rügen; and my good parents and Aunt Sofie, my mother's youngest sister, who lived with us, were really devout people. They had an excellent pastor and preacher in Herr Stenzler, of Garz, grandfather of Professor Stenzler, of Breslau. Attendance at church was never neglected, except for the most valid reasons. In bad weather they used to drive to church, and in summer and fine weather walked; when my father would take us elder boys with him. Neither were we ever allowed to be absent from the catechising at afternoon church. If our father did not go with us, we were put under the care of an old servant, a good, Bible-reading man, Jacob Nimmo, who was my especial friend. I, as a little ten-year-old boy, had a very good memory and great eagerness, and was well read in the

Holy Scriptures. I soon rose from the place assigned me by the pastor to the highest, and had a number of much bigger boys and girls below me, among them my elder brother Karl, and two tall young ladies with mighty erections of hair, a Von Lanken and a Von Barnekow. I had plenty of confidence in speaking out and reading aloud, and however shy I might be elsewhere, there I spoke out like a trumpet, and faithful old Jacob gloried in my honours as if they had been his own, and went home with me triumphant.

In spring and summer we were not left wholly without teaching, though perhaps we learnt most while playing in the fields and woods, in the meadows and moorlands, and among the birds and flowers. But our father did not let us run quite wild, and do exactly as we liked, but took care that in our rambles we should always have some object and employment. At times, when all hands were needed to work on the land—such as sowing-time and harvest, especially the latter—we elder boys were obliged to work to the utmost of our power. Sometimes I became a capital swineherd or cow-boy. My brother Karl, who really ought to have had the contested name of Philip, was turned into a horse-keeper. I was much praised for my carefulness and conscientiousness, and I remember many a beautiful evening joyfully driving my cows into the yard, and then in the twilight clambering up into an apple or cherry tree, where I knew sweet payment awaited me. But generally good Aunt Sofie had laid by a store for me. Of course we country boys used to chase the foals and calves, geese, poultry and pigeons, a good deal. One of our special amusements,

and one which I in my thoughtlessness delighted in more than the others, was to chase the poultry out of the granaries of the old house, from among the heaps of corn, chaff, and flax, surrounding them so that they could not flutter down the steps by which they had got up, but were obliged to fly through the holes in the roof, high up in the air, over the garden. One day, as I was going through the potato field into the garden, what should I see but a dead hen, with its foot entangled in a cord from a potato plant. I was struck with horror at the sight. Perhaps it was one of the hens we had so often amused ourselves with chasing, which, in fluttering wildly about had twisted its claw in some tow, which had then caught on a potato stalk, and thus it had died miserably of hunger. For many a night the dead hen would let me have no rest; its figure was continually before my eyes like a reproachful spirit. I never hunted again in the hay-lofts.*

Our ordinary domestic life was of course coloured by the manners of the times, family circumstances, and our parents' characters. Manners then were both strict and ceremonious; and while parents and teachers were really kind-hearted and good-natured, still they knew how to keep children and servants in their proper places. There was then as much striving after elegance and superior manners in the lower classes as there is slovenliness and laxity now. My father was at once warm-tempered and kind-hearted, hasty and gentle, and kept us hard at work enough out of doors; at home he left us, as was natural at our age, almost wholly to our mother. My mother

* "Erinnerungen Gesichte Geschichten."

was of a grave and peaceful disposition, caring little for show and pleasure, indeed, having little need of them. This woman, who fulfilled her worldly duties with such zealous care, lived almost independent of earthly sustenance. Wine, coffee, or tea scarcely ever passed her lips; she seldom tasted meat, but lived almost wholly on bread, butter, milk, and fruit. The children were also fed in the same temperate manner, and indeed, we elder boys had almost a hard bringing up. We were allowed no luxuries in clothes. If there were anything to be arranged with a neighbour or friend who lived miles off, my father wrote the note, the quiet pony was saddled, a boy was put on it without cloak or overcoat, and in sunshine, rain, or snow had to gallop away on his errand.

As my father was still young and strong, he felt no sympathy with our love of comfort. If he went in winter-time on a distant visit to relations or friends, in a jingling one-horse sledge, the elder boys hung on at the back or sides, and if it was freezing, ran by the side to keep themselves warm. I remember once, when about nine or ten years old, lying sleeping one evening in a strange room while the men were playing at cards; how about eleven or twelve o'clock, my father waked me and made me get into the sledge, heavy with sleep, and then for a joke several times overturned it, so that I rolled in the snow; and how when we came to any enclosures I was obliged to be ready to jump out and open the gates. Woe to me if I had made a wry face on turning out into the snow. As to wounds, bruises and injuries to body or clothes and such troubles, if a boy had brought them

on himself unnecessarily or wilfully, he had better try to hide them from his father's eyes, rather than expect help or sympathy from him. If they did accidentally come under notice, however much he might have hurt himself, his wilfulness and carelessness were duly punished. Bad falls from trees or horses, tumbling into the water, and under the ice, and being fished out again, such were daily occurrences. I remember one day, when Uncle Schumacher from Stralsund, and Pastor Stenzler, with some ladies, were with us, and we children had on our Sunday best, falling through the ice on the pond near the bleaching-ground. I had already gone down once when my brother Karl caught me by the hair and dragged me out. I went into the kitchen in my dripping clothes, and dried the outside by the hot fire. In this condition, when it got dark, I had to appear in the sitting-room. The men were playing at ombre, the ladies were sitting round the tea-table, and one of them was reading aloud from "Siegwart." I stood, shy and miserable, without any one taking any notice of me, in the dark chimney corner, as far as possible from the light, sometimes looking at the pictures in the novel, over the lady's shoulder, while I was trembling all over, and my teeth chattering with cold. But kind Aunt Sofie came to the rescue. She accidentally discovered my wet coat, and taking me into the next room, listened to the whole of my watery adventure, and had compassion on my misery. Quick as thought I was undressed, slipped into a warm shirt and tucked up in bed. My wet clothes were dried and smoothed out, and the next morning I appeared in company tidy and comfortable. My aunt had excused

my sudden disappearance under the plea of tooth-ache, from which I suffered much when a child.

I have already said, that at that time every one aimed at a certain elegance and superiority of manner. This ambition ran through all classes, almost to the very lowest. My father was the son of a shepherd, a freedman who had served a noble master, and through favourable circumstances had raised himself a little above his station. He was a fine, stately man; and by travelling and intercourse with educated men had attained as much culture as it was possible for one of the untaught classes to attain to in Germany in those days. He was superior to most in good sense and energy, and in many respects cleverer; *e.g.*, he wrote German better than most of the magistrates and generals of those times. In short, he was a handsome, agreeable man, at least as men went in the district of Rügen, and associated with the clergy, officials, and petty nobility of the neighbourhood.

Money being very scarce, but everything else extremely plentiful, people adopted the hearty northern hospitality, and our district, where we had been accustomed to Swedish manners for a century and a half, became, perhaps, the most hospitable in all North Germany. Intercourse in business, amusements, or the chase, was always carried on in the most friendly manner.

Herr Stenzler and Herr Krüger among the clergymen, some of the Von Kahlden from Zudar, and a Von der Lanken among the neighbouring nobility, were often at our house. My good angel, Captain von

Wotke, had, unfortunately, returned to East Pomeranian Kassubie.

It must be remembered that Ludwig Arndt's boys were nothing but farmers' sons, poor little urchins, who had to make their bows to the gentry in home-made jackets and trousers, and well-patched boots. But all the same, the bows must be made. At ordinary times, it was simple enough; but on festive occasions, holidays, weddings, and such like, what ceremonies there were even among such humble people as mine!

I am speaking of the years between 1770 and 1780. On such occasions, in the house of a well-to-do farmer, or pastor, there was as much ceremony and etiquette as in that of a baron or a Herr Major von ——, only stiffer and more awkward and therefore more laughable and absurd. There were only two styles, the "peruke style," and the foreign highly ornamental style, hypocritical and Jesuitical, which lasted from Louis XIV. to the French Revolution. I smile now when I recall the toilettes of those days, and how the pastors' and farmers' plump wives and daughters sailed slowly and ceremoniously to greet one another, with clumsy ungraceful bends and curtsies—with great pockets slung round their waists, thickly powdered hair, often false, built up in three stories, and tripping unsteadily with their feet, pinched, in Chinese fashion, into little high-heeled shoes. The men were just as stiff, but rather more sensible. With them the Seven Years' War had a little broken down this foreign taste, and they were comic representations of Frederick the Great and his heroes. They wore great boots up to the knee, with silver spurs, above

which appeared white breeches, and they carried long Spanish gold-headed canes, while on the top of their stiffly-waxed and pomaded locks and long pig-tails they wore large three-cornered hats. Still there was something manly in all this. And the children? Even those insignificant little creatures had to undergo the same treatment. Oh, such festivities were a fearful martyrdom. A whole hour was often consumed in stiffening the queue, building up and polishing the toupée and curls with wax, pomade, hair-pins, and powder; so that it often happened that when three or four of us had to be got ready in a hurry, tears would flow freely. And when at last the poor boys were ready to join the company, the round of the room had to be made, and they had to greet each guest, every lady and every gentleman, with a low bow and to kiss the offered hand. But the most ridiculous part of this imitation or caricature of elegant and refined intercourse, was the use of High German, which at that time was considered, and is so even now, as something superior and uncommon, because there were very few who could manage to speak it without tripping over the dative and accusative some hundreds of times in a quarter of an hour. Yet to speak it was an absolute necessity, for the *haut ton* of an entertainment—at least for the first five or ten minutes. It was not till the first stress of politeness was over, and the embarrassment caused by the interchange of compliments had evaporated over a cup of coffee, that we might descend again into our everyday Platt-Deutsch.

Scraps of French were thrown in, too, every now and then, and I remember my amusement when I really

began to learn that language, at recognising the "fladrun" (flacon) as Fräulein B—— used to call her water-bottle, and the "Wun Schur" (bon jour) and "à la Wundör" (à la bonne heure!), and similar flourishes with which, on their rides, the huntsmen and farmers used to greet one another when they wished to be particularly elegant.

In those days I was considered an honest, obedient and industrious boy, but impatient, headstrong and fond of my own way. My brother Karl was a nimble, clever and amiable urchin, on horseback and on foot the boldest and swiftest. When a young man he was so swift of foot that he never met his match in a race. Fritz, two years younger than myself, was a gentle, even-tempered, and thoughtful child, but delicate in health. The others were still little. I was shyer and more stubborn than the other two, and by strangers may well have been ranked below them.

Twice at Dumsevitz I was in great danger of my life. and once besides gave my parents much anxiety. This was on one of those dewless evenings when the gathering-in of the corn goes on by moonlight as late as ten or eleven o'clock at night. Work was over, men and beasts were gone home, and most of them were already in bed; but lo! when they came to count the children, my little person was missing. For half-an-hour my absence caused little surprise, for my relations were accustomed to my habit of wandering about alone, even in the dark. But at last, as it drew towards midnight, they grew more anxious, and began to fear that I might have fallen into a pond or have got run over, or worse

still, that I might have fallen asleep on the straw in the barn, and being covered up by the sheaves as they were rapidly thrown in, might have been silently stifled. Every one ran about searching for me. At last it occurred to my aunt Sofie, that the evening before, when the women were binding the sheaves near the village of Preseke, she had seen me going along the sea-shore in the moonlight and sitting for a long time on the beach, gazing at the Pomeranian shores and the charming Vilm. Perhaps I had gone thither again to enjoy myself in my own way. She ran and searched behind every shrub and bush far along the shore to see if I was there hidden, or had gone to sleep; but in vain. After a long and fruitless search, her loving heart gave vent to its anxiety in cries and laments, which at last reached the ears of the sleeper, who came creeping up to her suddenly like a ghost, keeping in the shadows, and pointed out to her an old thorn-tree, such as are scattered here and there over the fields of Rügen—very large and thick—under which he had lain down and gone to sleep. She dragged me home as fast as my legs would carry me. I had to appear before my parents as a culprit, but this time anxiety had softened their anger, and I escaped with a slight reproof.

Twice I was in danger of my life. The first time was when I fell through the ice and was dragged out by my brother, the second was when nothing less than a waggon-wheel went over my head. I had gone out to the field on a four-horse harvest-waggon; but, coming back with the load, I climbed up behind the servant on one of the horses. It started, and I fell off. The wheel of the

waggon went over my head behind the ear, so that the hair and skin were torn off. I bled profusely, but my skull was not broken. Probably the wheel had jumped over a stone, and thus passed lightly over my head. There is no other way of accounting for it. My good aunt washed and salved the wound, so that it was not noticed by my parents. Not till it was healed was it safe to mention the incident at home. Probably there were many other such accidents, but they have been long forgotten; and these, as they rise in my memory, bring only pleasurable sensations with them. I have only one bitter recollection of those times, and that is of the first injustice which was ever done me, and which long rankled in my mind. For the unjust treatment which once or twice I suffered from my kind father was only according to the fashion of the times, and consisted merely in this —that because I was a stubborn little fellow, and would not weep when I was punished, much less kiss hands and return thanks for the correction, I generally received twice as much as my more tearful little brothers.

It was the autumn fair at Gartz. The whole family had gone to dinner with Pastor Stenzler, and in the afternoon were sitting over their coffee with the widow of Pastor von Brunst, who had formerly held the living of Gartz. There, before all the ladies and gentlemen, when the pastor drew me forward and praised me as an industrious scholar, out of the circle of ladies uprose a rosy young damsel, with the most beautiful black patches on her cheeks, and her head fluttering with feathers and silk ribbons. She was the ister of Frau Stenzler, Mamsell

Dittmar from Greifswald, and she rose to make a formal complaint against me.

The ground of complaint was the following: My brother Karl and I, when we went to church in the morning, used sometimes to go to the pastor's house, and were often kept to dinner that we might attend the catechising in the afternoon; and the rest of the day we spent in play with Lorenz Stenzler and some of the Von Kahlden boys, who were often there. We used to ramble about the pastor's garden, and on the castle wall of Gartz, which had once been the heathen fortress of Carenza; and even as far as the little wood of Rosengarten. We passed our time in hunting for hen's eggs in the barns and lofts, birds-nesting in the hedges and woods, and looking for hedgehogs and reptiles among the bushes, with other boyish amusements, together with much rough play and heedless rushing about. Some days before the fair, several panes of glass in a garden-frame in the pastor's garden had been found broken, and the tracks of children's feet were plainly visible close by.

This was the subject of the accusation, and the rosy, black-patched damsel went on: "There is no doubt who did it; it must have been Monsieur Moritz, who always goes about like a wild colt, leaping over the bushes and flowers."

She looked straight at me, so that the attention of those even to whom I was unknown was attracted to me. Even my parents seemed to believe it, only Aunt Sofie cried out confidently, "No. Moritz certainly did not do it; he is wild, but he always takes care not to do damage."

Moritz however, who knew well who the glass-breakers were (Brother Karl and Lorenz Stenzler had in wrestling fallen into the frame), crept out of the room like a frightened dog, and went into the stables to the coachman, in order to keep out of the way till it was time to go home. In the evening I had to bear fresh threats and scoldings, and I could do nothing but assert my innocence without betraying the real criminals.

This happened, I think, in the last year of our life at Dumsevitz, and it sank deep into my heart. I know I was never to be got into the room when Frau Stenzler and her black-patched sister came to see us, but used to run away to the shepherd's or to the neighbouring cottages, to my playfellow Ludwig Starkwolf, and stay there till I thought the terrible people had gone. I became shy even with the kindly, reverend pastor, because I thought he might have defended me from the charge which embarrassed even my good parents.

CHAPTER II.

CHILDHOOD—*continued.*

Grabitz.—Tutors.—Family Sketches.

So the first years of my boyhood passed away at Dumsevitz near Gartz. In the year 1780, if I remember right, my father left Dumsevitz and went to the north-west corner of the island, about a mile (German) from Stralsund, reckoning in the sea which flows between. He took two estates on the Sound, Grabitz and Breesen, and two communal districts of Giesendorf and Gurvitz, the inhabitants of which were serfs. There were four years remaining of a lease, and this he bought for a very considerable sum from a Colonel von Schlagenteufel. The father of this colonel had become almost a mythical personage to the common people. He had been a shepherd like my grandfather of blessed memory, but one fine night he had been lucky enough to surprise the underground people at their moonlight dance, and had snatched off one of the Lilliputians' caps and bells, in which their whole happiness is bound up. The little people had been obliged to redeem it with a great treasure, with which he had bought the estate of Grabitz; and this, I know not how, passed out

of his hands into the possession of the Convent of St. Jürgen vor Rambin.

Anyhow, the shepherd grew suddenly rich, became possessor of a pretty estate, and finally a nobleman. His sons entered the service of the Duke of Brunswick, and several of them served as officers in the Brunswick regiments, employed by England in the struggle against North American independence. Some of them, among whom was the Colonel, afterwards bought themselves estates in Pomerania.

With one of these, Major von Schlagenteufel, is connected an incident of my life of which I might be vain. When he returned from America, he visited his home and birthplace, Grabitz, and made my father bring out his five boys. When we were mustered he picked me out, and said to my father, "If you will make me a present of one of your sons, I will take this one." Next to me stood Fritz, quite a different kind of boy—but at that time pale and delicate, and I blushed and felt that the Major had made a mistake.

The estates of Grabitz and Breesen produced about twelve or thirteen loads yearly, and the pretty village of Giesendorf lay close by Grabitz. The neighbourhood was not so romantic as that round Schoritz and Dumsevitz, which enjoyed the advantage of being near both the sea-shore and the woods of Putbus. However, we were again close to the sea, and there were rich orchards and flower gardens, and some woods, the "Lau" (*loo*, wood), near Grabitz; the fir wood by Breesen, and a larger one still nearer by the Convent of St. Jürgen vor Rambin. The force of the sea is almost greater than at

Schoritz and Dumsevitz. The Gellen-see forms a deep bay, about three or four leagues in depth, by from one to three in width, into which the Baltic pours with great force through the entrance formed by the Island of Hiddensee and Prohn on the Pomeranian coast.

Grabitz lay on a little height, with rich meadows and fields, containing half-a-dozen farms and villages stretching far along the shore. During great storms we had the awful pleasure of seeing the waves roll up to within fifty feet of our farmhouse. Then the fields became one huge sea, and what a delight it was if this happened in December or January, when a rapid frost would change the waters into a firm transparent sheet of ice.

About the first or second year of our life here, when I was about eleven or twelve, an incident happened in which my pet doves played a prominent part. My father lay dangerously ill. The faces of my mother and aunt, and the visits of two or three doctors, who were constantly coming and going, and one of whom had been fetched across the sea from Stralsund in the middle of the night, filled me with gloomy anxious forebodings. I applied myself diligently to the only source of comfort I knew of, and read hymns from the hymn-book, and the Gospel for the week, aloud to myself over and over again, and offered devout prayers with all my heart. At last in my great trouble I began to ask myself whether there was nothing which I could offer up to God as a sacrifice for my father's life. I considered everything in the house and all my brothers and sisters, but I felt that I had no right over their lives. At last I came to myself, but found that I did

not wish to die yet. So there was nothing left but my doves, and these I offered to God with fervent prayer and many tears. The next morning came—a bright morning for us. My aunt came into our bedroom very early, and brought the joyful news that a change had occurred in the night, and our father was out of danger. We sprang out of bed quickly, and dressed, and while the others went to their usual occupations I went to feed my doves. But when I opened the door of my dove-cote, what did I see? A vast battle-field—nothing but corpses. A marten had gnawed his way through the straw roof and a rotten board, and my beauties lay side by side in long bleeding rows, torn and half devoured. One only, a brown hen, the grandmother who should have seen a new race springing up around her, still sat on her perch above the scene of desolation. The event made an indescribable impression upon me, but I kept it to myself and never mentioned it until nearly twenty years afterwards, when I happened to be engaged with some intimate friends in familiar conversation on the Divine Government. Strangely enough, some weeks after my loss, when I went to open my dove-cote one morning I found a dozen beautiful pigeons, who had strayed apparently from their own home, sitting on the roof. They all went straight in and took up their abode with the three or four which I had procured in the meantime. Still, I did not quite believe that they had come down from heaven.*

Our manner of life and education here went on in much the same way as at Dumsevitz, except that we

* "Erinnerungen Gesichte Geschichten."

began to have more regular teaching. A tutor came, probably a very cheap one, for we could not afford a better, and we were still too young to have much spent on our education. Herr Gottlob Heinrich Müller had taught the sons of noblemen and rich landowners for more than ten years! Surely, then, he was good enough for farmers' sons. Herr Müller was a Saxon, from the town of Chemnitz. There he had attended the schools, but had not gone to the university, entering the army instead, during the Seven Years' War. I think he used to say that he was pressed into the army by the Prussians, and then being taken prisoner by the Swedes, rose to the rank of an inferior officer in the Swedish army. Upon obtaining his liberty, he exchanged the corporal's cane for the birch of Orbilius. He was a little square man, with a broad round head and bushy white eyebrows, beneath which glittered a pair of keen blue eyes. He always wore gaiters and a thickly powdered wig with two side-locks and a long thin pig-tail.

When he walked out he carried a long Spanish cane. His movements were abrupt and angular, as if he were always on parade; his bearing was erect, his voice clear, and his glance piercing—his character devout, honest, and passionate! The very pretty and roguish daughter of a neighbour, Herr Lange, afterwards married to a pastor, studied with us. Herr Müller taught us writing, arithmetic, religious knowledge, some history and geography, and a little Latin. I say a little, for he himself knew but little. At the end of the two years which the good old soldier spent with us, our store of knowledge was not greatly increased, though the regularity of his punish-

ments was no doubt an advantage to us, and we were firmly grounded in the externals of religion by his patient teaching of the hymn-book and catechism, and by the influence of his own zealous Lutheranism. He was a genuine Saxon, such as I have since learned to know in the Erzgebirge and Voigtland—an honest, good-natured, but hasty and passionate man; who with the pride of an old soldier, or perhaps the pride of a school-master, looked down upon farm people with great contempt, as he often let them see—particularly upon the unpolished herd of peasants and day-labourers.

Among his pupils, I, with all my obstinacy, or perhaps on account of my obstinacy, being the most obedient, came off the best; active volatile Karl, and pretty, restless, lively Katherina Lange, the worst, while Fritz held the middle place. Once, Herr Müller, referring to the latter's magnificent head, broke out passionately: "Frütreich, I will make a boy of you, but you will have to feel the stick," which, as may be imagined, became a catch-word amongst us.

The worst time for his pupils was the singing lesson, with which school opened every morning. The old man sang with all his might in a shrill grating voice, and even terror itself could not prevent us from sometimes giving way to a smothered giggle. Then in the good old Christian fashion he would bring down his stick and lay about him till the chips flew about, without for an instant stopping in his song. But the most perilous of all these times was when his family came to visit him. He had a married daughter in Stralsund with whom his wife lived, and also a son, a young baker. They used to

come over the water sometimes on Saturday or Sunday, and stay the night, and on Monday we had our singing lesson before breakfast before they went home. I don't know whether the old lady, otherwise a gentle, quiet woman, had been taught by him, but she had his shrill, piercing manner, and used often to bring us all into confusion, when with wonderful patience he would say, "Mother, you must keep in tune," which also became a joke with us.

When I was about fourteen and my brother Fritz twelve, and Karl had returned to school at Stralsund, Herr Müller was dismissed, and Herr Gottfried Dankwardt, a young candidate, took his place. The change was brought about by my father's friends, Herr Stenzler and Herr Krüger, and through my mother's urgency. Herr Dankwardt was the son of a surgeon from Barth, in Pomerania. He was then a young man of about five and twenty, small, fair-haired, cheerful and lively, really full of piety and kindness, though saturated with the influence of the "Storm and Stress" period,* which lasted from 1770 to 1785. This gave him many oddities of manner, which we children noticed little, but which much offended my mother and aunt. However, my father, who had an instinct for everything really good, took his part, and soon set him in his right place in the house. This good man lived with us for three years, and faithfully imparted to us all he knew himself, and shared all

* The period which produced Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen," and Klinger's play "Sturm und Drang," from which the name is taken; when, as G. H. Lewes says, "there was one universal shout for Nature. Everything established was humdrum."

his interests and pleasures with us. He had an honest heart and a good head, knew Latin tolerably, French moderately, a little English, but scarcely any Greek, for Greek in those days was never required from candidates for the preacher's office. These he taught us, as well as the other usual subjects, to the best of his ability, and we still honour his memory. As long as my father lived, and he was pastor of Bodenstede near Barth, and on the promontory of Dars, he was always a welcome friend in our house. He was not only a good earnest teacher and a faithful, earnest pastor, as the words are commonly used, but he was, in his innermost being, a man of a rare nature, courageous and enthusiastic, hiding in his delicate frame a mind of unusual power. At the time when I was threatened with a judicial investigation, he was also implicated, on account of some letters which were found with me written by him in the years 1810 and 1811, in which he had spoken in his own way about the then prosperous Spanish rebellion; and as I thus in his old age gave him trouble in return for all his kindness to me in my youth, I will here, as a monument to his memory, tell a story of his conduct in the terrible times. When, in the winter of 1807, the French general Mortier overran Stralsund, French outposts were placed in the villages on the Pomeranian coast, and among them in the parish of Bodenstede, not far from Barth, opposite Dars. The French soldiers soon began to behave in their foreign fashion with the women and girls. This enraged the villagers—men accustomed to danger and the use of powder and shot. They assembled in righteous anger; the French, terrified by their numbers

and activity, were disarmed, bound, and, to the number of about fifty men, shipped off as prisoners to Sweden. There was a short period of rejoicing. Then the story was reported at the French camp, and several hundred men were sent to punish the village. The mayor and several of the chief men of Bodenstede were seized and condemned to be shot, and orders were given that the village should be plundered and burnt. In this extremity, when the prisoners were awaiting certain death, the little pastor appeared, and boldly addressed the French commander: "Sir, you have seized the innocent. I pray you let these men go; they are innocent, and have been led astray. Here you have the real criminal. Take me, and shoot me, if it is God's will. Burn and lay waste my house. I am the one to blame—the only guilty person. I preached to these men, that they should stand by their king to the last man, and do all in their power against the enemies of their fatherland."

These gallant words touched the foreigner's heart. He set the prisoners free, laid a moderate fine upon the village; and, to appear to carry out his orders as to the burning of it, he burned down some miserable little huts on the outskirts, where the fishermen were accustomed to smoke their herrings.

With the arrival of Herr Dankwardt began a new period in our history. Our manner of life became that of those who are preparing to be students, or, as the Swedes call them from their special characteristic, "reading men," (Lesekerle). There were several candidates in the neighbourhood who used to meet together weekly for discussion in a kind of club, often bringing their pupils

with them. They also started a very good circulating library amongst themselves and the pastors of the island, containing all the newest and best light literature of the day, by which our household naturally profited.

Among the boys whom we met most often at this club were Gottlieb von Kathen, our nearest neighbour, Buslaf von Platen, and Christoph von Schmiterlöw. Among the candidates, Herr Theobul Kosegarten,* then a tutor at Götemitz, and Herr Nestius, a nephew of the learned and famous Provost Pistorius of Poseritz, were much the most distinguished. Occasionally, too, the wild Johann Hagemeister, an impetuous and talented young man, used to come storming over from Greifswald; who, however, afterwards miserably wasted and flung away his fine talents.

He and the excitable Kosegarten introduced more excitement into our life than we had been accustomed to; but we soon returned to the old quiet ways, for my father insisted on order and propriety, and my mother on prudence and decorum; moreover, our narrow income would not allow of any extravagant outbreaks.

Beside the intercourse with these young men, introduced by Herr Dankwardt, we still kept up with our old friends.

* Ludwig Theobul (properly Gotthard) Kosegarten, the son of a clergyman of Grevesmühlen, in Mecklenburg, was born in 1758. After completing his studies at Greifswald, he began life as a tutor. He afterwards became rector of a school at Wolgast, and then was appointed to the valuable living of Altenkirchen, in Rügen, where he produced his best poems. In 1808, during the occupation of the country by the French, he was appointed by Soult to a professorship in Greifswald, and he died rector of the University in 1818. He published several volumes of poems and romances, the best known of which are the "Inselfahrt," and the "Jukunde."

Herr Stenzler and Herr Krüger often came to see us, making a little digression to Grabitz on their journey to and from Stralsund, and sleeping a night or two with us. They brought us many good books and much excellent advice; which we valued most from Stenzler, who was not only an excellent preacher, but also a considerable scholar, and had a choice library.

In the fine seasons, we and our tutor used frequently to visit these clergymen, and our uncle Moritz Schumacher at Silmnitz, afterwards at Rentz near Gartz, and Farmer Dalmer at Schoritz. The caravan usually started on Saturday afternoon, and returned on Monday evening. These all lived at two or three hours' distance; but besides these we had relations in Stralsund, and business acquaintances of my father's, who took advantage of the situation of Grabitz, which was only an hour from the Alte Fähre, to come to us for Saturday or Sunday.

They generally brought wine, or the materials for making punch, with them. Our poultry-yard produced geese, turkeys, ducks, fowls, and pigeons; and my father's gun provided hares, partridges, wild ducks, and splendid snipes, with which the meadows and the sea-shore swarmed.

There was then everywhere in the island great hospitality, which still exists to some extent, but the introduction of sea-bathing with the passing crowd of visitors has no doubt done it an injury. It was very much like what the famous but uncouth scholar, Samuel Johnson, describes, on his visit to the Hebrides, as existing among the country nobility, clergy, and farmers. When the desire for society came over a man, he would set off unan-

nounced to visit a neighbour or friend. Such chance visitors were always welcome, whether to the number of five or fifteen. There was little ceremony. Fish, poultry, smoked or salted provisions were always plentiful. Sugar, tea and coffee were very cheap in that land of almost free trade. Beer and brandy were never wanting, nor was often a glass of wine; while the most unfeigned and hearty hospitality reigned everywhere.

This was carried to such an extent that when, sometimes, one or two well-filled carriages might stand ready to start on one of these visits, and another drove up full of visitors, it was an understood thing that the latter should turn round and accompany the former.

Most houses were well prepared with well-filled feather beds to accommodate visitors, in case they were prevented by bad roads or stormy weather from returning home the same night. Our friends from the Sound used to bring their children with them, among whom we found many companions who taught us new games, especially different games of ball. Then there was the building and sailing of boats on our many ponds; skating in winter, and shooting at a mark in summer. This last amusement had been brought from the capital, and was played in this way. A stake, with a bird on it, was set up in the little fir wood, called Bakenberg, in a meadow near Giesendorf, and we used to shoot at it, sometimes for days together before a lucky hit made one of us the king of the company.

There were generally great festivities in Whitsun-week. It was the country custom to march out from the farms with great solemnity to the sound of pipes

and horns, and to set up tents, decorated with May and other flowers, in which were provided bread and butter, cakes and punch. Crowds of our neighbours and friends from the Sound, young and old, were usually invited.

Thinking of those pleasant times reminds me of a great mortification which befell me about the last year of our life at Grabitz. My brother Fritz and I had both of us written some verses as an invitation to one of our shooting-matches. These were read aloud, and Fritz's gained great applause from the audience, as really gay and witty; while my high-flown, bombastic lines received little approbation. The evil spirit of jealousy took possession of me forthwith, and Fritz coming in my way just at the moment, I resented it more bitterly than I ought.

Here I must mention a place to which I was fond of making pilgrimages on foot and otherwise, and which I continued to visit in much later years, until I was between thirty and forty. This place was Posewald, a little distance from Putbus, to which it belonged. There lived the patriarch of our family, old Hinrich Arndt. With this most faithful friend and brother of my father, it was our custom to stay for several weeks in autumn and winter, at the time when apples and pears were ripe, and when the honey was taken from the hives, and at the opening of the hunting season.

Old Count Malte let his tenants hunt as they liked, without hindrance, only reserving to himself the chase of the stag. My old uncle and my father, in fact all my father's family, were mighty Nimrods, and kept first-rate dogs and guns; but my father was perhaps the best

shot of them all, and seldom did a snipe escape him. How often have I followed him over the beach after these birds, or through the twilight after wild ducks, or over the fallows after the myriads of plovers, filling the game-bags as the birds fell.

When they explored the woody districts of Posewald, Nadewitz, and Süllitz (which my old uncle also rented), with their dogs, I was generally set on a horse, with straps on each side of my saddle, to which the poor hares and the family of Malepart were strung. These expeditions sometimes occupied the whole day, often through storm and rain and snow; for the men were then at a sound healthy age, and I dared not grumble however much I inwardly disliked the cold and wet. And I did not grumble, for we had so many adventures, and old Hinrich was such a poetical, romantic old man, that I always enjoyed being with him.

I call the fine old peasant poetical and romantic, and I may apply the same epithets to the country round Putbus, which with its hills, woods, *Hünengräber*, altars and gravestones, its shores, islands, and headlands, is in itself a romance and a poem. Old Hinrich, though nothing more than a somewhat superior peasant, was an emblem of the country, or rather he portrayed it in his life and manners. He was a handsome man of middle height, with fine features, fair hair, and blue eyes; almost always cheerful, and like one who knew nothing of care and trouble. He was less educated than my father, but had a fine natural genius, and never seemed to need artificial pleasures. He played well on the violin, but never played at cards, and when his out-door work was

over, or he had come home tired from the chase, after enjoying the gifts of God, with which his table was always well supplied, he would sit at mid-day or in the evening at his house door, and was glad if one would come and sit by him and listen to his stories of the neighbourhood. He would tell how the northern hero, Olaf Tryggveson leaped into the sea; how at the spot where the tower of Wusterhusen church now rises, a king crowned with gold had sprung into the sea, and how his head and golden crown may still be seen on midsummer nights.

He would describe the battles which had taken place on these coasts, when Charles XII. and the old Dessauer had fought together, and would bring out the cannon-balls which his people had found in the fields, ditches and ponds round Nadelitz. The old man enjoyed these stories and told them well; and he knew also a great deal about the events of the history of Sweden and Rügen.

He had also learnt a good deal of German and general history from some old chronicles which always lay on a shelf. But the man himself was better than all his stories. He was beloved by all around him, and was always full of life and spirits, even in the narrow round of his monotonous life overflowing with wit and humour. No joke was too broad for him so long as there was nothing wrong in it.

I have called him the patriarch, and such he really was. Honest, brave, and ever ready to be of service whenever and wherever he could, he let trouble and misfortune pass easily by him, and rose above them into the sun-

shine of a life of strong faith in God's government of the world. My father, easily moved and excitable, was very unlike him, even in personal appearance; being a tall, strong, dark man, but their dissimilarity only seemed to strengthen their attachment to one another. As the patriarch, the eldest of the house, he not only had great authority over his relations, but enjoyed great influence among his neighbours. He went by the name of Father Arndt, and would never allow his servants even to call him anything else. He hated the word Herr (lord, master, Mr.), and said Count Putbus was the real Herr, in which he was perhaps right. On the strength of his paternal dignity he was allowed to do much which would not have been borne from any one else. Once, when I was a young man, I said something disrespectful of the King of Sweden, upon which he gave me a resounding box on the ear, saying, "Boy, do you dare speak so of the king?" To another relation whose wife had just presented him with twins, and who was wringing his hands over the cradle, he said, "You coward! don't you believe that what God has given He can support?" Such he remained to the last. My brothers and I visited him about six months before his death. He died in the winter of 1811. The old man, who was then over eighty, and much broken down, was sitting in his room with his old mother, but he brightened up at our appearance, and sat down with us to table; made them bring wine; and chatted almost as well as in days gone by, saying at parting, "Children, you will soon lay me in the ground. Then you are to be cheerful, and drink some of this wine, for I have lived a joyful life before God all my days."

Such was the patriarch! In a quiet little room there still sat at her spinning-wheel a kind gentle old Fate, the mother of the patriarch and of my father, whose old age the pious son had cherished with the greatest tenderness and care. She was the model of a beautiful stately old woman, much resembling my father, once fair and ruddy as King David of old, and always happy and beloved. She lived ninety-six years on this earth, and with her kisses on my cheek has called down many a blessing on my head.

In my youth and later life I knew many of her other sons, all famous for their strength and horsemanship, and when young the heroes of many a wild adventure; so that the whole neighbourhood spoke of the strong, hot Arndt blood. The family ancestor, the Swedish officer, seems to have long survived in his descendants, and even now his blood boils up occasionally in some one of the family. One of them, who had a dairy-farm at Darsband, died early, and I can only dimly remember him; another, Johann Arndt, a Putbus woodman of Granitz, was very like Hinrich in appearance, but gentler and more yielding in disposition, a keen sportsman, birdcatcher, and fisherman, very clever with his fingers, and skilful in carving and weaving. He surpassed all his brothers in strength, so that in his youth he never met his equal in wrestling. Last came the twins, Jochim and Christian, who were younger than my father. Jochim had a small farm, and was not tall and strong like his brothers, but very clever and lively. A more careless, easy-going fellow I never saw, but this was only in his leisure moments; at work he was steady

and orderly enough. I did not know him till later in my life. He was refined and gentle in manners, with bright eyes, and a steady look that quailed at nothing and nobody. I have known few men of clearer sense, better judgment, or more cheerful nature, and with all his good-tempered joviality, he was sometimes sarcastic, and looked upon most men as nothing but fools and dreamers. Between the years 1804—1812, when I was occasionally at home, he was often at my father's and brother's houses. Many a time have I played or talked with him late into the night. For when the hour came when most men go to bed, he used to get one or two companions to sit up and talk or play cards with him for three or four hours, and so help him through the night, having the peculiarity of only needing about half as much sleep as other men. Although he had been a very hard-working man in his youth, two or three hours' sleep were enough for him at sixty.

Jochim's twin brother Christian, in his youth a wild young fellow, had been pressed into the famous Prussian dragoon regiment of Anspach and Baireuth, in which he had risen to the rank of sergeant. He, too, lived in his latter years in the house of the patriarch at Posewald. He was tall and thin, a man of inches, and also of unusual strength, and with the trace of former beauty. He formed a part of the poetry of the house, and had an inexhaustible fund of camp stories and popular legends, drawn from his own experience. But his chief attraction for us was the fine melodious voice with which he used to sing numbers of merry popular hunting and soldier's songs. He did not join the dragoon regiment

till after the Seven Years' War, and only fought under the great king during the war of the Bavarian succession, the so-called Potato War (Kartoffel Krieg).* He used to delight in telling two stories of old King Fritz, in which he had taken a part.

On his first appearance at the mustering of the regiment, the king asked him where he came from, and was told that he was from Rügen, from the district of Putbus, and often afterwards at reviews he would pat him on the cheek, and say, "Ah, the handsome Putbusser."

In the war of the Bavarian succession, it happened that the king, visiting the outposts, expressed a wish to capture one of the Austrian skirmishers for the sake of the information to be obtained from him; but the Austrian hussars were too well mounted to be easily ridden down. Upon this, the Prussian colonel, in command of the post, sent for a gun, and called out Arndt, whom he well knew to be a good shot. The dragoon sprang from his horse, loaded his gun, looked at the king, saying, "But only the horse, your Majesty," and at the word down came the horse of an hussar; and Arndt, again on horseback, overtook its flying master and brought him to the king, who slipped two pieces of gold into his hand, saying, "Bravo, my son. Never shoot a man unnecessarily."

* "The Prussian soldiery were disgusted with this war, and called it, in allusion to the foraging, 'A scramble for potatoes'—'Der Kartoffel Krieg,' 'The Potato War;' which is its common designation to this day. The Austrians, in a like humour, called it 'Zwetschken-Rummel' (say 'Three-button Loo'), a game not worth playing, especially at such cost."—CARLYLE ("Frederick the Great").

But it was not only those of Arndt blood that were of this strong and vigorous nature. In my youth I saw many other men who had once been famous for deeds of strength and horsemanship; but according to old Hinrich, the race was fast vanishing from the district of Putbus. Count Malte zu Putbus had, on the death of his father, Count Moritz Ulrich zu Putbus, who had been a very easy master, received the estate heavily encumbered, and from a strict landlord, which at first he was obliged to be, had grown to be a hard master. He destroyed large villages and made farms of them, and had altogether wielded his sceptre so harshly that very many, in fact most of the finest and most active young men, had made their escape by land or sea into some foreign country, and never returned.

Hospitable Posewald was a place frequented not only by the family and friends, but by all the good people of the neighbourhood, and among them some curious specimens, in which that time and that district was particularly rich.

I am sure that my impressions of those times are not mistaken. People were then less educated, but they possessed more individuality, more variety, and more poetry than they do now. The stamp of nature had not been polished to such a smooth uniformity. You could learn more from them, have more of them.

It was really a poetic epoch, when Germany was waking from a long weary dream to a literary and poetic existence of its own. And the finest part of it was the universal sympathy which was felt in the movement, and which was greater than anything which I can

perceive in the present generation. It was the case not merely among students and the educated classes, but also among the simple and unlearned, such as my parents and people like them. Already people had advanced from "Grandison" and "Pamela," from Gellert's "Schwedische Gräfin," and Miller's "Siegwart" to "Werthers Leiden," and to Shakespeare, translated by Eschenburg and Wieland, while Lessing, Claudius, Bürger, and Stollberg were hailed with acclamation by old and young. The air was full of freshness and life, and it was not merely impetuous young men like Kosegarten and Hagemeister who brought it with them into our house. Brother Fritz was the first in our schoolroom to make verses; he even began to turn Roman history into plays, and made many other attempts of different kinds, of which I still preserve a few specimens. He had a very happy way of turning the ridiculous and comic events of the household or neighbourhood into verse. This roused my emulation, and if it had not been for him I should probably never have made a line of poetry, for I certainly did not receive from nature enough of that smooth-flowing fantastic magnetic fluid which goes to the making of a poet; and if some of my little lyric pieces have been tolerably successful, it is only according to the proverb, "A blind pigeon sometimes finds a pea." But Fritz was quite of another sort, with a clear head and a royal memory, and with perhaps more artistic than poetic talent. He spoke and declaimed like a king, and could imitate the voice, tones and gestures of men and animals, of all ages and sexes. He drew excellently, and possessed that quiet humour which appears quite unconscious, and never

laughs at its own jokes. He was at that time a weak, sickly boy, rather backward in physical development, and fond of sitting over the fire, probably the result of some accidents from which he had suffered, such as breaking his arm, and being poisoned by swallowing some copper coins. After his fifteenth year, however, he rallied, and grew to be a fine handsome man, and distinguished himself as a boxer and wrestler. Unfortunately, however, this brilliant young man never developed his great gifts, or rather, he threw them away. He might have been a great painter, sculptor, or actor, or if he had preferred it a distinguished scholar. But he took up the study of law, became an attorney, married too early, and had to earn his bread in the monotonous drudgery of daily toil.

He greatly enlivened our school routine by the caricatures which he drew on every available scrap of paper, and the comic humorous verses which he was constantly pouring forth. We had a cousin who was being educated with us at Grabitz, and who was infected with his poetic rage, and with him he carried on a continual rivalry in tragedy, comedy, and plays à la Hans Sachs. This cousin was the son of my uncle Moritz Schumacher, a fine industrious boy, whom we called, for the sake of distinction, "Little Fritz." These two together turned every conceivable thing into rhyme. They mixed everything, great and small, in the most marvellous tragi-comedies—big Fritz with conscious humour, little Fritz in enthusiastic innocence, describing the loves and wars of their dove-cotes in the names of the heroes of antiquity.

This rhyming fit, and our enthusiasm for the poets we were reading was, through my fault, the cause of a tragedy which cost my mother many tears and all of us many a good dinner. The black story is as follows :

In the orchard, close under our schoolroom window, there was a beautiful sunny grass-plat, on which we had made a thing something like a Pegnitz flower-garden. The grass plat was divided into many little duodecimo gardens, and in the middle of each we laid a heap of bright-coloured stones which we picked up on the beach. Each separate garden bore the name of a poet—Gellert, Hagedorn, Uz, Lessing, Bürger, Stollberg, Hölty, Claudius, Overbeck, etc. Goethe's greatness lay naturally still beyond our range of vision. To keep the bright, grass-surrounded little gardens constantly green, it was necessary that they should be regularly watered. But water was wanting in the garden. There was no well or pond in the neighbourhood. So I, as the strongest, applied myself to the matter, and determined to dig a little pond in which the water might collect. This was the work of my leisure hours during several weeks, and soon copious showers of rain filled my hole with water. Then it happened that a flock of between seventy and eighty young geese, almost full-grown and fledged, were one evening driven into the orchard, that they might sleep in safety from dogs and foxes within its well-fenced enclosure. But, instead of going to sleep, the poor geese began to look for water, and, alas! found it—rushed into my deep hole, which offered no easy way out, and fighting and struggling, were smothered in it;

all except four or five which were taken out alive from among the corpses of the others.

I must here mention another juvenile amusement of which I think I was the originator—that of telling stories. We elder children agreed that during the winter, when the evenings and nights are almost too long with us northerners, we would wile away the time with stories which were to be related by each in turn. The plan was carried out with great spirit, and lasted for several winters, and the pleasure of it was so great that we often hurried to bed at eight o'clock, that we might have more time to enjoy them—for in bed and in the dark was the time chosen for telling them. We tried to remember all the marvellous things that came in our geography and natural history lessons, or any strange story we heard related, that we might retail it in a new and more romantic form. The plan was as conscientiously carried out as it had been solemnly agreed upon, and I do not remember that any serious interruption ever took place, much less that anything unkind or disagreeable was ever said to the narrator. We always listened with the most respectful patience. I, for my part, had a fabulous golden eagle, which I used to feed with almonds and raisins, figs and oranges, and harness to an aërial chariot, and which used to bear me to magnetic islands and diamond mines, into the dens of giants and magicians, into the golden palaces of gnomes, and through the Mongolian desert of Kobé, under the dangerous wings of the Roc itself. Such trifles as these even were the natural result of the poetical influenza of those days. It had at least this

advantage for us, that we early learned to talk and describe, though in after years it brought on me a pleasant penalty, for whenever I appeared in a house where there were children I was called on at once to harness my golden eagle; so far had the fame of our story-telling spread.

The germs of higher and nobler things lay hidden in these childish games, and they contributed to the development of our young minds. Yet our life was passed in the ordinary duties belonging to our humble rank and position. Our active father, who was still in the vigour of his age, rightly required of us the same labour and exertion that he himself had been obliged to undergo; and he was pleased if from our own impulse or out of worthy emulation we laid upon ourselves severities or hardships which he had not ordered.

In harvest-time, when many active hands were needed, we boys were often driven out of bed an hour or two before the sun, and were sent to drive out the oxen or ride out with the horses before school hours, and we often spent the whole day in such pastoral occupations.

Karl was again at home, having exchanged the merchant's life, for which he had been intended, for that of a farmer, and sometimes if there were young foals to be broken in, or horses to be ridden into the water, he and I were set upon them: if we were going into the water, quite naked, while my father stood behind us on the bank with his cracking whip. I remember once being thus set stark naked to ride an unmanagable beast through a pond, and being thrown off, on coming out; into a bed of nettles and thorns, by which my skin

suffered considerably! On such occasions it was not safe to look sulky.

Bathing in the sea, fishing in the numerous ponds and ditches of the inundated fields for carp, cray-fish, and crabs, pike and eels; trapping birds in autumn in our own wood, sledging and skating, such were the ordinary amusements of our happy country life.

But amid all these country occupations, labours, and pastimes, we were always kept rigidly to hours. We drove a thriving trade in pigeons, and kept bird-traps set in our wood, which, as the Baltic swarms with every kind of birds of passage, often gave us hundreds of fieldfares and thrushes; sometimes also other more brightly-coloured birds were taken alive and put in cages. But, at eight o'clock precisely, lessons must begin. So Fritz and I used to run out to our snares in the early morning in October and November, often in most tremendous rain and snow-storms, to see what had been caught, and to re-arrange whatever had been disordered by wind, rain, or mischievous boys. Then if we came in and sat down to breakfast covered with snow or wet through, and with our teeth chattering, we had plenty of feminine pity, but my father would laugh and applaud us for not caring about weather.

But it must not be thought that my father was a hard man. He was by nature kind and gentle, but he thought according to the fashion of the times, and it was a good fashion—that a boy who would one day have plenty of rough work should not be packed up in cotton wool. Yet he was not one of those fathers who make frequent use of the stick. I seldom felt it from him, but for the

last well-merited punishment which I received, when I was fifteen, I have to thank the "Asmus omnia sua secum."*

My father had come home tired from Stralsund, irritated by some vexatious losses, and had gone early to bed. I and my brother Lorenz, the fourth in the family, were sitting in the next room, reading the song of Giant Goliath, and continually breaking out into a dangerous giggle. Twice my father bade us be quiet and advised us to go to bed, and when we burst out laughing for the third time, he broke in and checked the overflow of our spirits with a thick stick.

Indeed, in my young days, I had a most unlucky habit of giggling and laughing, and always had to be particularly careful. I never noticed the failing in my brother Fritz. He used to smile when I and the rest would have burst into loud laughter. I do not know whether it is true, as the son of Sirach has it: "A fool lifteth up his voice with laughter, but a wise man doth scarce smile a little;" but I do know that an exalted mind generally scarcely smiles when most would laugh. I have often studied Goethe's face, and I should think that he could only smile.

* The poet, Matthias Claudius, otherwise known as the Wandsbecker Bote, born at Rheinfeld, in Holstein, 1740. He passed nearly the whole of his life at Wandsbeck, near Hamburg, where he published, from 1770–1775, a political journal under the title of the "Wandsbecker Bote." He died in the house of his son-in-law, Perthes, in 1815. An edition of his works, which he published under the title of "Asmus omnia sua secum portans," obtained for him this nickname.

CHAPTER III.

SCHOOL-DAYS.

The Gymnasium at Stralsund.—Removal of his father to Löbnitz.—Runs away from School.

I HAD now entered upon my seventeenth year, and my parents could not afford to let my studies go on any longer. But it happened, through the help of strangers and probably at the suggestion and request of Herr Stenzler and Herr Brunst, that I was suddenly sent to the Grammar School at Stralsund.

Several patrons, who wished to remain unknown, made a subscription for this object, and in the February of 1787, I was entered in the Secunda of that school, and took up my abode with the con-rector, Herr Furchau. This was a plunge for me. The poor, shy, country boy appeared in the shabbiest of attire among the smart city youths, elegant in their way, and of the best families in the Pomeranian capital.

My everyday coat was a green one of home manufacture, and for best I had a grey plush, made somewhat too large by the country tailor, out of an old coat of my father's, and with boots to match from the lasts of Master Silverstorp of Rambin. I leave to imagination how the fine city peacocks clustered curiously round the

poor country crow, and how at first the crow was much abashed. But necessity can break through iron bars; and when some of them ventured to touch me somewhat roughly, I felt my hasty Arndt blood begin to boil, and a couple of them soon lay in a heap at my feet. After this I was left in peace, for there was only one in the whole class who could ever stand against me; Asher, afterwards my brother-in-law, and he left me unmolested.

The class had been very much neglected during the long illness of the sub-rector Borheck, who was just dead, and I was soon on a par with the best scholars in it. True, I did not know a word of Greek, but there was no one in the Secunda who could have made any figure in that language.

After the sub-rector's death, the instruction of this class was carried on in a desultory manner by the teachers of the Prima, and I had plenty of time for private instruction in Greek, so that in a few months I had overtaken the others. In the spring, the new sub-rector, Herr Ruperti, arrived from Hanover, and soon raised the standard, both of the instruction and discipline of the Secunda. I spent two years in this class, and one in the Prima, and had the reputation of being one of the best and most industrious scholars;—which is not saying much. Not that I would find fault with the instruction, management, or regulations of the school.

It was certainly a better period in the history of the school at Stralsund than had been known for some time. The authorities belonged to the magistracy and town council, and in the head, Herr Dinnies, mayor and

provincial deputy, a learned and zealous man, they had a true Musagetes. The rector, Herr Groskurd, formerly director of the German Lyceum at Stockholm, was the incarnation of conscientiousness and order, a man with a special talent for organisation. If his method appeared to me and others sometimes to savour of pedantry, I have since become convinced that it is almost impossible for a man altogether to avoid acquiring such peculiarities after a certain time. Yet Groskurd was in no sense a confused or superannuated teacher, although I must confess that I owe more to the better method of his two colleagues. Both of these were at the happy age when a teacher by the elasticity and flexibility of his mind exerts the most effectual and advantageous influence over a school. Ruperti, a young man of four-and-twenty, brought with him a good store of knowledge, and a noble enthusiasm and love for his work. Furchau, the con-rector, a native of the imperial city of Bremen, next in authority to the rector, was a little stout, kindly man of about thirty, full of life and wit. He had dipped a little into all branches of science, had a considerable knowledge of philology and literature, and pursued his studies with restless industry. He was a man of taste, racy humour, and keen satire; the most pleasant and cheerful of companions; the master of a splendid style which he employed in clothing Tacitus, Sophocles, and Homer in a German garb. He taught both the ancient languages, and the history of literature in the Prima. Unfortunately, however, he was often ailing, so that many of his lectures were lost to us. I lived in his house, and my little room was just opposite his library. It used to

have much the same appearance as my little study has now. Most of the books were on the shelves certainly, but in perfect confusion; a great number, particularly those in use at the time by him, lay scattered about in disorder on the tables, chairs, and floor. Yet in the midst of this apparent confusion there reigned a kind of order, for he could find any book he wanted in a moment. I could nibble as I pleased in this always open library, and slip in whenever I wanted anything, as the con-rector became an intimate friend of my father's, they having many friends in common both in town and country. But we received less help in our studies from Furchau than from Ruperti, who was always ready to render assistance to any industrious scholar.

Thus there was no want of life, intellectual activity, or scholarship at that time in the school. Yet the philological school of Heyne, to which all these men belonged, suffered from one defect, with which the master himself has often been reproached, that of neglecting the teaching of forms of speech, and the want of grammatical strictness. Heyne defended himself from this accusation by calling himself a poet-philologer, implying that he did not trouble himself about the trivial distinctions of the grammarian, but devoted himself rather to the study of the inner life of the ancients, to the search after the beautiful and the formation of taste.

For the first year and a half of my residence in Stralsund, I enjoyed the assistance I have always mentioned, though from whom it came I have never been able to find out. Then it ceased, for my father's circumstances had in the meantime greatly improved. Besides,

there were more tables open to me in the town than I required; my father having so many friends and acquaintances there, that they used almost to fight for me. I could dine or sup out whenever I pleased. Invitations to supper, however, I did not always accept, for they took up too much time, and I preferred some bread and butter and a glass of water or beer at home. This was my usual breakfast also, and so it continued to be in after years, for till my fortieth year tea and coffee were luxuries to me. But later the domestic comfort of my second marriage accustomed me to these dainties, which, in the wisdom of advancing age, I am now beginning again to renounce. But that which Fichte himself did not venture to exclude from his model commercial town—wine, punch, and the like—I never despised. Brandy I took but rarely, and then in small quantities. Indeed I seem intended by nature for a Bacchanalian life, for wine has always agreed with me; but a cup of coffee when I was young would make my blood boil directly it passed my lips, and my hand tremble so that I could scarcely write an intelligible character on the paper. Nevertheless these hospitable tables were a temptation to me. At first I lost a good deal of time through them, but that was the smallest part of it. The chief danger for a lad of seventeen or eighteen was the too rich living. They were mostly wealthy and considerable houses to which I was invited, and the hospitality and kindness of my friends was, after the fashion of the country, unlimited. In those days the mode of life was hearty and jovial, and (though political storms were rumbling in the distance) regulated by the most careless and cheerful, as

well as the most artistic and æsthetic taste. And here let us say something about the people.

Stralsund is a large town, made famous by its sufferings and triumphs, and by the battles of Wallenstein, Gustavus Adolphus, Friedrich Wilhelm the great elector, Charles XII., and the old Dessauer Leopold von Anhalt. In the middle ages it was—after Danzig, the old capital of East Pomerania—the strongest and most splendid town in Pomerania, and its old magnificence is still to be seen in its market-places, its fine town-hall, and in its three great churches. A few decades after its foundation, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, it threw off the yoke of the Princes of Rügen, and afterwards of the Dukes of Pomerania; and in the next century became, in fact, almost a free imperial city, though nominally still dependent. Much isolated by its frequent quarrels with the princes and the neighbouring districts, its intercourse was limited to the country immediately round its walls, or at best to some parts of the island of Rügen; so that, like the great imperial city of Cologne, it had formed a dialect of its own, which had little in common with that of the surrounding country, and which betrays itself to this day in a certain thinness and softness of accent, little in accordance with the doughty, robust nature of its citizens. Like the other great Swedish Pomeranian towns, it possessed, from the time of the powerful Hanseatic League to our own revolutionary epoch, great and important privileges; and very considerable estates, together with wide jurisdiction, were held by its authorities and foundations in Rügen and Pomerania. It remained under Swedish rule until

the fall of the Holy Roman German Empire, a venerable ruin of antiquity, with a certain magnificence of its own. These relics of ancient splendour, at the time of which I am speaking, presented a worthy appearance. The magistracy, that is the mayor and council, appeared in almost regal state in the town and on their very numerous estates, and almost as numerous jurisdictions; the different city councils and companies conducted themselves towards one another with praiseworthy reserve and proper sense of honour, and each citizen, as a member of a community so ancient and glorious, trod the pavement of his street with a greater sense of dignity than the citizen of any other town could do. Stralsund could boast of a fine handsome people, and, like Corinth among the Greeks, was noted for its beautiful women, even among the lower classes. A fine race of inhabitants is indeed to be found in Wolfgast and Barth, and the other large towns of Pomerania, with the exception of Greifswald, which has bad water and bad air, and consequently, though a university town, bad light.

Pleasure and enjoyment were indeed, as I have pointed out, made the chief object of life; few people troubled their heads to inquire for a higher, or the highest kind of happiness, or to consider questions and doubts of a deeper nature. But however free manners might be, sometimes indeed freer than was right, there was enough remaining of the old faith and truth and of somewhat stiff, though seemly forms and customs, to preserve at least an outward decorum. Certain blemishes were amply redeemed by the universal decency, uprightness and kindliness. There was, nevertheless, one

great evil, the Swedish Pomeranian garrison, which however was absent during the chief part of my stay there, on account of the Russo-Swedish War. The officers were mostly Swedes and Pomeranians, together with some Mecklenburg nobles; but the common soldiers were a rabble brought together from all parts of the world. In the neighbouring territory of Prussia the evil was not so great, a more respectable set being drawn by the conscription from its own territories. But in Stralsund the evil seemed incurable, and most injurious to the morals of the place; and the two regiments of infantry, with a division of artillery, engineers, and pioneers, were a cancer in the healthy flesh of the community. To this we must add the constant annoyance that the greater part of the officers were cut off from the better society of the place by their own insolence and arrogance. However, I was initiated into the best society of the place, and enjoyed it only too well; particularly when my father, or my old uncle from Posewald, or other friends came to town for business or pleasure, and then from all the friends in the neighbourhood invitations would pour in to dinner and supper, when the entertainment would be protracted late into the night. Yet I did not fritter away my time in gay and frivolous pleasures, nor in a course of revelry and dissipation, but kept my object steadily in view, and was usually too serious and reserved ever to be accused of lightness or frivolity. In the last two years of my life at Grabitz, events had occurred in my family, the story of which would be out of place here, but which left a deep impression on my mind, and the effect of which

lasted for many years, and is perhaps not even yet quite effaced. Thus I came to Stralsund very deeply impressed, and with many strong resolutions, to which I was never unfaithful. I was healthy, strong and vigorous, and determined to remain so at any price. From all the enjoyments of the cheerful, self-indulgent life at Stralsund, and from all the pleasures at Löbnitz, where my parents now lived, I tore myself away, and returned to school and to the hardships and privations to which I voluntarily subjected myself. I entered school a shy, innocent, uncorrupted boy, and I prayed and struggled to remain unsullied and undepraved the more earnestly, when I perceived that there was among the elder scholars more than one frivolous and dissolute lad, who would scoff at and ridicule such a dismal and gloomy fellow as I often appeared to them. All the woods and shores for miles round Stralsund have often echoed to the sound of my footsteps during my long walks, or when I was hastening to bathe, even in October or November. But the hours which were spent in such expeditions, or in company, had to be made up by others stolen from sleep. Thank God I needed little rest, but perhaps I should have felt the want of it more if I had not been very sensible how good a severe and ascetic life was for me. Thus the lonely scholar wandered about the fields and woods during the years 1787-88-89, comforting himself with the words of Horace, "Hoc tibi proderit olim;" and the saying came true. Through the mist and gloom the sun at last broke forth.

Yet I do not mean to imply that I was always lonely

and sad. No; I had my own friends, and very dear ones. Similar tastes in study united me chiefly to Karl Asmund Rudolphi,* the son of a poor clergyman's widow, who kept a little girls' school; and to Johann Arnold Pommeresche, whose father, a royal privy councillor and *procurator fisci*, was my special patron and benefactor. I also numbered amongst my companions, the amiable and gifted Friedrich Reincke, in later years my most faithful friend; Johann Jakob Grümbke, Ernst von Gagern, Bernhard Cummerow, and Johann Israel.

There was no want of skating, playing at bowls, sleighing and walking, with such comrades, and sometimes we made pleasant expeditions to the isle of Rügen, or visits with one or another to my parents at Löbnitz. My brother Fritz, too, came to the school after I had been there two years, entering the Prima at once, and he had a room close to mine. Our roads, however, lay in different directions;—not that I mean he took a wrong one. Lorenz Stenzler, son of the pastor at Gartz, also joined us. I, as the eldest of the three, and an old schoolboy, was expected to help them, and did so; but Fritz, who soon won a great reputation, needed such help but little.

The following characteristic picture of school-life at Stralsund is taken from one of Arndt's later writings:

* Karl Asmund Rudolphi, the well-known naturalist and physiologist, was born in Stockholm and educated in the Gymnasium at Stralsund and the University of Greifswald, in which he obtained a professorship during the French occupation. His chief work, "Entozoorum Historia Naturalis," obtained him great reputation, and in 1810 he became Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the University of Berlin. He died in 1832.

A, B, C, D, boys belonging to the Prima of the Stralsund Gymnasium, had been at a party where several ghost stories and extraordinary adventures had been related; and on their way home, began discussing the apparitions which were said to haunt the school-house, particularly the German class-room. A, who wanted to pass for an *esprit fort*, said, scoffingly, "Pshaw, for your ghosts! I could sleep quietly among the old Swedes, whom the porter's wife sees so often wound in their shrouds, and no ghost would touch a hair of my head." In short, as usually happens, they talked till the others not wishing to be thought worse of than A, the following compact was agreed to. They were to draw lots, 1, 2, 3, 4, and in the order as the numbers fell, each was to pass a night in the ill-famed class-room; and if any one hesitated or turned coward, he was to pay the forfeit of a bowl of punch and a ducat to each of the others.

The legend of the Swedes in their shrouds in the class-room had arisen in the following manner. The Stralsund school-house was a part of the ancient convent of S. Catherine, and contained long passages and ante-rooms. In the middle was a large hall with pillars, which was used as a play-room between school-hours, and went by the name of the German class-room. It had been used as a Swedish hospital in the Seven Years' War, and, naturally, many deaths had occurred in it. Hence the midnight walks of the shrouded Swedes.

The four schoolboys cast lots for their different nights, and gained over the porter. At eleven o'clock he shut in the boy whose turn it was, and let him out at early dawn; and, that there might be no deception, it

was done in the presence of one of the other three. A bed was made up on one of the window-seats, and was removed quite early, that none of the masters might discover it.

B and D got through their nights quietly and comfortably, and the third fell to A's lot, the originator of this nocturnal scheme; a strong, vigorous, fearless fellow. He had undressed in peace, and was sitting up comfortably in bed with the clothes drawn round him, smoking his pipe in the dark, the inner court of the convent being lighted up only by the summer moon. While he was thus dreamily puffing at his pipe, waiting for sleep to come, he heard a low murmuring over his head, which gradually became clearer and clearer, and it may easily be imagined how he opened his ears and eyes.

Now it must be understood that the old convent was put to many different uses. The eastern side, besides the church and some other little buildings, contained the arsenal. The lower part of the rest of the building was used as class-rooms and lecture-rooms, and as apartments for some of the professors, while the whole upper part, exactly over the head of the sleeper, had been for centuries used as a prison, and was now full of criminals. So A heard the muttering and whispering going on above him, and could not help listening.

Whether, when he first heard it, he thought of the dead Swedes, or the living malefactors, he never said. Probably during the first few moments he could not think at all, and could only tremble and shake. So he lay listening and quaking and looking up at the place whence the sounds came, and at last his terrified eyes perceived—what?

—a man swinging in the air by a rope, and being slowly let down into the inner court; then another, a third, a fourth, a fifth, and still the number grew.

This lasted about an hour, and so did the suspense of the imprisoned boy; but then his anxiety increased, for the fellows held a consultation in the court, on which side of it they should break through the high old windows. Then they tried all the four on A's side, and even the one in the embrasure of which he lay. He cowered down under the clothes, and heard them say that it would be easiest to break through on that side. And they really succeeded in breaking into the German class-room by a window not far from his, where they again stopped to consult, but, fortunately, with their attention entirely directed to a window on the west side of the hall, which opened into the rector's garden. For, if they had discovered him in his bed, they would probably have murdered him.

At last they made their way out through the window over the garden wall into the town. In the early morning, some of them made good their escape by concealing themselves among the cattle when they were driven out into the fields, after the fashion of the much-enduring Ulysses, but the rest were one after the other tracked to their hiding-places in the town and recaptured.

A passed a wakeful night of anxiety and fear, for even after they had vanished, he was still in terror lest the rope should let down more fugitives over his head. At last the porter came to let him out. The joke ended here. C, the last of the four confederates, was let off the ordeal.*

* "Erinnerungen Gesichte Geschichten."

It was well for me that my home always remained the centre of my affections, and though many places and people welcomed me kindly, no place attracted me so strongly. The household and everything belonging to it, soon after my departure to Stralsund, had settled in a much larger place on the mainland to the north-west. My father had become the tenant of the Löbnitz estate, which consisted of several farms and villages, about three miles (German) from Stralsund, on the high-road between Stralsund and Rostock. This property also belonged to the domain of Putbus, which was then under the management of the widowed Countess zu Putbus, Wilhelmine Countess von der Schulenburg, as guardian for her sons, the children of the late Count Malte zu Putbus. It was through the influence which our patriarch Hinrich had with the widowed countess that my father obtained this farm. This great charge was offered to him at a very advantageous moment. The French Revolution and other events of the time sent up the price of corn for many years to an unusual height, and whoever had land under cultivation was sure of large profits.

The place somewhat resembled Schoritz, although the blessed sea was wanting. Like it, Löbnitz was a neglected beauty, whose bloom had certainly in part disappeared, but its youth had surely much outshone that of Schoritz. It had been a seat of the counts of Schwerin. The father of my patron and friend, the Swedish general, Count Philipp Schwerin, had once lived there. After his death his sons sold their Pomeranian estates to Count Malte zu Putbus. It was still a very beautiful place, even in its departing glories. The house, with its two handsome

wings, contained two large halls and more than twenty rooms, of which some were bordered and wainscoted with gilding, hung with silk tapestry, and had beautifully carved chimney-pieces, and others were ornamented with gilded hangings, on which were represented the warlike deeds of Charles XII., or the adventures of the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance. A colonel, Count Schwerin, who had built the house, was one of the champions of the great Swedish king, and the cousin of the famous Prussian marshal. The house stood among green meadows, on a sandy hill, and beneath it stretched the pleasure garden, traversed by a deep brook with linden alleys, summer-houses, clipped hedges and grottos, all in the style of 1740 and 1750. At the end of the garden was a little Olympus, on which stood wooden figures of the dei majorum et minorum gentium, and from which a pretty view of the town of Barth and of the church towers of the neighbouring villages might be obtained. Near the house, and close by the stream, there was a summer-house covered with ivy and jasmine, which was called the Queen's Grotto. Here, as the old gardener Benzin would tell, the Swedish Queen Ulrike Luise, mother of Gustavus III., and sister of Frederick II., would often come for fresh air in the summer-time. In the house the rooms were pointed out, with gilded wainscot and green silk tapestry, in which she had lived and slept. She resided there for some months together, during the time when her husband was carrying on a desperate contest with his parliament, and when the father of General Philipp Schwerin, Swedish Reichsherr and president of the high court of

Wismar, was possessor of Löbnitz. Besides this garden there were two well-planted orchards, with meadows round, and some beautiful oak woods like the Lülo at Schoritz; and to replace the Krewe, a grove at some distance containing the ruins of an old castle, the haunts of ghosts and witches, and mysterious beings of all kinds, and a little farther a large magnificent beech forest. The brook, the pride and joy of the garden, after a course of half a mile, ran into the river Barth, which about a couple of hours distance off falls into the sea near the town of that name. It is never anything but a small stream, but a very pleasant one, full of fish and other creatures, and offering us many opportunities of bathing in summer.

Here my parents and brothers and sisters had settled very comfortably, but their new home was soon darkened by sorrow. My little sister Caroline, a very lovely child of three years old, died of quinsy, to my especial grief; but the next summer God gave us instead of her another little girl, the last of the family, who made up for many troubles and losses. On which account she was named Dorothea, the gift of God.

Löbnitz was about three miles* from Stralsund, miles which, as the common saying goes, the fox has measured, adding his tail. However, my Spartan bringing up had given me fox's legs, and I have often done the distance in four good hours.

This was generally on Saturday afternoon, and I returned to school early on Monday morning, sometimes

* He is probably using here the long German mile, which is equal to 5¾ English ones.

by any chance means that offered itself, sometimes being driven by my father half way. There were many chance lifts to be had both in summer and winter. First, there was the Hamburg mail, which passed close to our house, but which went at a snail's pace, and stopped at every village and every inn. Then on my father's farm there were three or four so-called *Holländer* or dairy-men, and several millers and smiths, who used to go backwards and forwards to the capital with their wares. Thirdly, in autumn or winter there were often ten or twelve four-horse waggons on the road, laden with rye or wheat. These used generally to start about two or three o'clock in the morning, and stopping on the way to bait, used to arrive between seven and eight, so that I reached school in plenty of time. I used to lie on the well-filled sacks wrapped up in an old cloak of my father's, caring little how it might rain or snow, sometimes watching the stars twinkling over my head; and still the sight of the winter stars Pleiades, Arcturus, Orion, make me reflect how many of the joys and sorrows of the boy who used to count the hours by them have passed away, while they still run their eternal course. The school holidays naturally were almost always passed with my parents, though sometimes a week might be given to Posewald and Putbus.

The autumn of 1789 arrived. The usual recitations and examinations were over. My father was present, and I, among others, had received public commendation; but I was to stay another year, much to my satisfaction, in the Prima. About a dozen of the Prima boys were going that autumn to Göttingen, Erlangen, and Greifswald,

Göttingen being the favourite university for boys from the district of the Sound, the teachers being all Göttingen men, and for several days there was nothing but invitations and carouses. I suppose this was too much for me. I fell into an extraordinary state of agitation and self-conflict, and I felt convinced that if I stayed any longer at school, I should turn into a weak, dissolute wretch. But what else was I to do? I might perhaps become a farmer, or get a situation to write and do accounts for a farmer. I did not myself know what to think, or even what I wanted. However, one fine afternoon I walked out by the Frankenthor, where Charles XII. once had slept on straw in a niche in the wall. That morning I had been transacting some business for my father. Among other things I had received four hundred thalers for him, which I had duly transmitted to him. I had about ten or twelve thalers in my pocket, and with these, and my best clothes, and a bundle of linen under my arm, I set off, having written to my father, in the agitated state of my mind, as pathetic a letter as if I was starting for the North Cape or the Straits of Magellan. I went along the high-road which leads to Greifswald, into a part of the country towards the south, in which I had never set foot before. It was somewhere about the first few days of October. As it grew dark it began to rain. I arrived at a village where there was no inn, so entering a shepherd's house, I asked for a night's lodging. The people looked at me in surprise, but took me in, and as they had no bed, gave me some pillows and a rug in the hay-loft, where I wrapped myself up and slept like a king, for the night before I

had spent in a farewell carouse with my dear Reincke, though I was awaked several times by half-a-dozen cocks who had posted themselves on the beams overhead.

This was the first time I had slept among perfect strangers—a little earnest of my future life. The next morning I saw Greifswald lying before me, but did not venture even to go near the town, lest I should meet one of the students I knew. So I went along the left bank of the Rick, keeping towards the west during the whole day, sauntering slowly along in the beautiful sunny weather, and so arrived, though I do not know the way I took, at a little village on the Peene, not far from Demmin, where I passed the second night.

The third day early, passing through Demmin, I crossed the Peene, without passport or papers, but nobody stopped me. I thought myself now far enough from home to set about trying to find myself employment. So I went along the Peene, asking at several large houses and farms whether they did not want a young man to write and keep accounts. After having been refused several times, I came in the afternoon to Zemmin, where an old Captain von Parsenow lived.

On my asking the question, he received me very kindly, ordered them to bring me some food and drink, and showed me to a very clean little bedroom. After a little further conversation with me, he said I pleased him well, and that he would gladly keep me if my father consented, but I must write to him and wait for his answer.

So a letter was sent off by post to Löbnitz, and on the fifth day instead of an answer came my brother

Karl and my uncle Moritz Schumacher, who was at that time living with my parents, with a four-horse waggon and a letter from my father, in which he wrote very kindly that I had better come home; that he would give me the freest choice whether I would become a farmer or a student. If I preferred the first, I could not learn farming anywhere better or more conveniently than under his guidance, and that he should be able to find me plenty to do.

I was very glad of this *dénouement*, for the depression which had driven me away from Stralsund had soon been dispersed by my weary wanderings and my soldier-like night quarters. So I got into the waggon with my people, and the following afternoon we were in Löbnitz.

Thus I left, or, if you like it better, ran away from school, apparently without any motive. But in the conflicting thoughts and feelings which overwhelmed me, there must have been some deeper reason than I can myself understand. For on the days just before my flight I had been particularly merry with my friends, and especially with my dear Friedrich Reincke. What my parents thought about it I do not know; they probably vexed themselves a good deal about me, for how could they see through the confusion of my mind, when I myself did not properly understand it? That they thought any ill of me, I do not believe. They knew me well, and the best evidence that I had not left school on account of anything wrong, or for any wrong purpose, lay in the considerable sum which I had cashed for my father and sent to him untouched.

But the world—the public—made a fine tale of it:

talking about discreditable love affairs, and worse things, which no young man ever more studiously avoided than I. This came to my ears at last in a most roundabout way. I despised it, and learned then and many times afterwards in the course of my life, that nothing is more foolish and childish than to trouble one's self about the opinion, favourable or unfavourable, of the world; or for the sake of it, to swerve a hair's breadth from one's usual path.

My parents allowed me to live with them for some weeks, as quietly as if nothing had happened, and as if I were only spending my holidays with them. Then my father spoke to me, and gave it as his opinion that as I had begun to study I should stick to it, to which my friends and brothers agreed. The letters of my tutors expressed the same opinion; Con-rector Furchau saying that if I thought my health obliged me to live in the country, I could study there perfectly at my ease. This last proposal was a bright idea, and I immediately adopted it. My clothes and books were fetched from Stralsund. Whatever I might need for the continuation of my studies, books, etc., my tutors and other friends promised to procure for me, and they did so. And in this way I lived at Löbnitz from the autumn of 1789 to Easter 1791, most perfectly at my ease and with no relaxation of industry, while at the same time I continued to subject myself to physical hardships and severities. I slept like a soldier on hard boards or a heap of brushwood, passed the night sometimes in the open air, wrapped in my cloak and stretched on the ground under a tree or behind a haystack, or I would

walk for miles, particularly at night, starting off when the others went to bed, all for the purpose of inuring my body in the exuberance of its strength to patience and endurance. My parents were astonished at my conduct, and sometimes troubled about it. I often saw them shake their heads over my ways and doings, but as I appeared to know what I was about, and did not behave like a fool, they did not interfere.

It happened one very beautiful summer evening, that I had been with my parents to some friends at Barth, where there had been no want of cheerful society—lovely girls, dancing and wine. After midnight our four horses drew us home amid the pleasantest fantasies. My blood was boiling, so I walked about for an hour or so in the garden, and then wrapped myself up in my cloak, and prepared to pass away, if possible to sleep away, the last hours of the night in the open air in the fields or under a tree. My eye fell upon a great stack of corn towering forty or fifty feet high, which had not yet been roofed in, and against which a ladder was still leaning. I ran quickly up, and holding conversations with the stars and with the pretty girls, that is with their memory, fell asleep.

As morning dawned, I was suddenly startled out of my sleep by the flapping of a stork. I sprang up as one naturally does when disturbed in an unusual bed, and still heavy with sleep and knowing nothing at the moment of heights and depths, or even where I was, I was stepping out carelessly, when something under my feet gave a loud squall—I had trodden on a cat. Her cry woke me up at once, and I opened my eyes, I was standing at the very edge of the stack; one step more

and I should have fallen into empty space, perhaps into death. I learnt at least not to choose in future such breakneck places for my bed.*

This noteworthy period in my insignificant life was also a noteworthy one in the history of the age. The French Revolution was beginning. Not a great event changing the character of the age, but rather its natural outcome. The unconscious self-complacency—in great part innocent, though luxurious, the chief aim of which in manners and art was comfort and elegance—was exhausted, and had been replaced by flaccidity and sentimentality. Everywhere in fashion, taste, art, science theology, philosophy, there arose new aims and aspirations; or, at least, it was evident that the old state of things was fast passing away. At the same time a new political as well as philosophical agitation began to be felt, the vibrations of which made themselves perceptible from the hut to the palace with inconceivable rapidity and vividness. Even in the narrow circle of my home, in spite of the firmness and constancy which seemed to have become a part of my parents' nature, the effects of the great European change might be visibly traced, not indeed at once, but by comparing it with what it had been five years before.

My father had undertaken the charge of Löbnitz and its belongings for eighteen years, and he passed these eighteen years there in peace. The household kept up its old Rügen character for friendliness and hospitality; indeed the circle of our friends was enlarged in proportion to the improvement in our circumstances, and as the

* "Erinnerungen Gesichte Geschichten."

children grew up, the number of their companions increased. There was plenty of room in the house, and my mother could, if necessary, make up twenty beds.

There was always a hearty welcome, and our friends enjoyed coming, for my father understood in a rare manner how to unite perfect freedom with decorum, and how to arrange his multifarious business so that nothing ever seemed to go wrong. In summer he always rose with the sun, in winter at five or six o'clock, and employed his time till breakfast in settling his accounts and attending to the most pressing business. After breakfast he spent some hours with his sons and head servants in the management of the farm, after which he had leisure for intellectual society. There was a great deal of quiet natural religion in this good man, and in a rolling thunder-storm, or at sunrise and sunset, he would sit with folded hands on his Olympus for hours together in silence, gazing reverently into infinity. My mother also remained unshaken in her clear, firm, unaffected faith, though the foundations of the old world on which she had been accustomed to rest, seemed to be dangerously undermined and to be giving way.

It was not only our old friends and neighbours who came in and out, but also our new school acquaintances, and the neighbouring clergymen, among whom was good Pastor Dankwardt from Bodenstede, and in holiday-time our worthy tutors from the Sound. We boys were beginning to whet our bills in argument and disputes, so that there was no want of intellectual life, and our interest in passing events grew keener every year, though, as yet, in this part of the country, they had not assumed a vio-

lent character. I, too, shared in this excitement, not yet enthusiastically, though, for many years, I had been a zealous reader of newspapers on my own account, as well as reading them aloud for the benefit of other people.

CHAPTER IV.

UNIVERSITY LIFE AND TRAVELS.

Goes to the University of Greifswald, then to Jena.—Travels in Germany, Italy, France and Belgium.

AFTER I had spent a year and a half very pleasantly at my father's house at Löbnitz, I entered the University of Greifswald, to study theology, a study which the son of a farmer or pastor naturally takes up if he is not irreligious.

I spent two years at Greifswald. In theology I studied under Dr. Schlegel, at that time general superintendent of the district, a learned man, but rather too extravagant in his delivery. The Swede Brismann, a man of brilliant intellect, taught natural science; and Muhrbeck, another Swede, philosophy. The latter was a clear thinker, and a zealous disciple of Wolf. He had a splendid style, and considerable learning, and was full of vivacity and petulance. His voice still rings in my ears, when having, as he thought, torn Kant to pieces, and dispersed him to the four winds, he would break out in the fire of his philosophic anger, and in his Swedish German, "And what will you now, Kant, vir juvenis?"

History, geography and languages, for which there was no professor, I studied hard by myself.

In the spring of the year 1793, I left Greifswald and went to Jena, living there until the autumn of 1794. Griesbach, Schütz, Reinhold,* Fichte,† Ulrich, I must mention among my teachers there, and also Paulus, who, then young and fresh, had not been teaching long. Schütz, who was at that time wrapped up in his "Journal of Universal Literature," made his lectures rather a secondary occupation. I gained no very clear idea of the philosophy about which everybody was raving, and which turned many a weak head among my companions, but Fichte as a man inspired me with much enthusiasm. Ulrich was vivacious, witty, and clever, and lectured upon the history of philosophy and literature more conscientiously and thoroughly than Reinhold or Schütz. There was nobody but Griesbach for history. Old Heinrich was as dry and monotonous as the desert of Sela, and Woltmann, who had just come to the university, concealed his elegant superficiality under high-sounding

* Karl Leonhard Reinhold, born 1758, at Vienna, and educated at the Gymnasium there. He entered the Society of Jesus, but in 1783 joined the Protestant Church at Weimar, and married the daughter of Wieland. In 1787 he became professor of philosophy at Jena, and died at Kiel, 1823.

† Johann Gottlieb Fichte, born 1762, the son of a weaver in Upper Lusatia. His remarkable talents attracted the attention of a Baron von Miltitz, who helped him in his education. He studied at Jena, and afterwards at Leipzig, where the writings of Spinoza engrossed his mind. Rejecting this philosopher he turned to Kant, and became personally acquainted with him at Königsberg, and by his recommendation published his first work, which attracted much notice. In 1794 he became professor at Jena, where his lectures were attended by overflowing audiences. In 1799 he was forced to leave Jena on account of his religious opinions. He was received at Berlin, and became professor in the new university. His speeches in 1807-8 contributed greatly to arouse the spirit of the German nation against the French. He died of fever taken from his wife, who had herself caught it while nursing in the hospitals, January, 1814.

words, and "Schillered" perpetually without Schiller's noble intellect.

I pass over my student years shortly, because apparently they had no particular influence on my development. I went on in my old way, only growing gradually freer and more light-hearted, thank God, not light-minded. The good example of my father's house was a great help to me, as well as the notion by which I was entirely governed, that a divinity student should be pure and unspotted. No doubt many little things united to keep me straight, but my greatest help lay in God and my good fortune, which is God. I do not mean to say that I led the life of a hermit, not by any means. I lived and enjoyed myself with the other young men like a German student, passing many a merry night with them, which I could do better than others without encroaching too much on my hours of industry, as I needed so little sleep; and then my life would flow on again in a quieter and more lonely course. However, I would remark once for all, lest I seem to boast too much of my youth, that youth in its innocent and fantastic idealism has arms against temptation, which in later years must be changed for weapons forged on quite another anvil.

My dear brother Fritz passed one year with me at Jena. I saw, however, very little of him; our roads ran too far apart. If I sometimes plunged into the whirlpool of youthful enjoyment, he would often take a long course of it, and drink the pleasures of a student's life in deep draughts. I say often, for this strange and richly gifted being could bear solitude much better than I, and would sit for a month together in a room in some

out-of-the-way village deep in his books, and revelling in the classics and in the philosophy of Kant and Fichte. He was an excellent Latinist, and endowed with an extraordinary memory, which supplied him impromptu with anything he wanted; an exceedingly clear and ready speaker, on which account he often took part in public disputations, when people were astonished that he whom they so seldom saw in the lecture-rooms, and who was famous only through his sword, should show himself so ready and skilled in *omni scibili*.

I journeyed to and from the university on foot, according to my old practice, and made many other expeditions in the same way, not merely for the sake of showing myself, or making myself a strong man, but to become acquainted with the country and people, a thirst for the knowledge of what I may call natural history, which became day by day more and more of a passion with me. On my way home from Jena, I wandered through Leipzig, Dessau, Quedlinburg, through the Hartz Mountains, and Brunswick, as far as Celle, and then through the Luneburg Wood by the mails to Hamburg, where I stayed some weeks and saw Schröder in many parts, especially as King Lear.

I visited Wandsbeck and saw the house of Asmus, but not himself—I was afraid of intruding on famous men, and did too little in that way where most do too much. Even Goethe I had only seen from a distance. Towards the end of October, 1794, I was again in Löbnitz.

Here I passed two pleasant years teaching my youngest brother and sister, and studying on my own

account, or more truly recapitulating. In the six years which had passed since my running away from the Gymnasium on the Sound, when I became my own master, I had devoured all kinds of mental food, and much that was crude and worthless, with a perfectly ravenous hunger, like other eager young men. In fact, I had filled myself with much ill-digested food. All this stock of information began to rise up, like islands sunk in the sea and to assume definite forms. I had long been like one in the twilight, and in many things shall probably always remain a dreamer. There was no want of the stimulating element in my father's country home, so these two years passed away cheerfully enough for the most part.

In the autumn of 1796, our old friend Kosegarten invited me to come to him. For several years he had taught as rector scholæ in Wolgast, and had then been appointed to the best living in the district, that of Altenkirchen, on the Wittow. He wanted me to teach his children, though they were really too young for instruction, and I was glad to go to him, for he had an excellent library.

I was now a candidate of theology, having been put through an indescribably easy examination by Schlegel, and licensed to preach. I did preach sometimes, and indeed obtained some approbation and applause for my performances. I cannot say that I bestowed as much on myself, although I was well aware that I possessed a good deal of facility and fluency. I had known several good preachers, and had set before myself a standard to which it was not easy to attain.

And so it came to pass that in Wittow, where people were beginning to think something of me, I made up my mind not to become a clergyman. Why? I thought it was because I found out by degrees that most of the appointments in Pomerania and Rügen, which were under royal patronage, were usually obtained by a species of buying and selling, and most easily by intrigues in Stockholm, not always of the most creditable kind; but probably the real reason was that the world was drawing me another way, that I had not the true vocation, and that I was, though unconsciously, tainted with the theological lukewarmness of the time. However, so it was, I was not attracted by the fat livings of Rügen, and never assumed the black coat. Yet livings in Rügen might well have attractions for either a worldly or a priestly mind. For many of them, at the then high price of corn would bring in 2000 or 3000 thalers, and their holders were *lords of the manor*, drove four black horses, and signed themselves *Kirchherren* (*church lords*). But they were not all of this kind; not my Kosegarten, who was not tormented by any demon of pride, but I knew one who was guilty of many such absurd pieces of vanity. I met this gentleman once in aristocratic company, and asked him why he had signed himself Kirchherr on some public notice, it being a word so very unusual in Rügen. He answered boldly that it was his due title, and very proper for a lord of the manor on the island, and that in Sweden it was used by every clergyman. I answered rather angrily, "Herr Pastor, you have translated the word incorrectly. The Swedish word *Kyrkoherde* is as different from *Kirchherr* as the

wandering Apostle Paul was from the Pope at Rome. It does not mean *Lord* of the Church, but *Shepherd* of the Church. I think you had better keep to the name *Pastor*."

Though I have told this story, I must allow that my dear island had at that time, even in some of the highest and richest livings, men distinguished for their knowledge and character. I determined then to bid adieu to the clerical office, and to plunge into the world. I was eight and twenty, and I had a great longing to see the world. My father provided the means, and I was quite able to shift for myself. So I got on very comfortably, if not like a nobleman, at least like a gentleman. I passed a year and a half, from the spring of 1798 to the autumn of 1799, in travelling about, now on foot, now by boat or by coach, meeting with many adventures which need not be detailed here, spending some months at Vienna, and studying Hungary, and then passing the Alps into Italy. There the renewed outbreak of the war surprised me, and drove me away quicker than I had intended, so that I was not able to see Rome, Naples, or Sicily. As the flames of war burst forth I reached Nice, then Marseilles, and passed the whole summer in Paris.

In the autumn I went slowly home through Brussels, Cologne, Frankfort, Leipzig, and Berlin. On this journey, as I am sorry to say was the case on many subsequent ones, I was guided by instinct rather than by any conscious object. Without any definite aim or design, without previous preparation or study of the places I was to traverse, I have loitered through the world in too haphazard a manner. I made this journey in a *Bruder Sorgenlos* fashion, almost as if I had been a

high-born aristocrat, excepting for the lack of a full purse and unlimited credit. However I found out afterwards that I had had an object dimly before me, though I was unconscious of it at the time; and I saw and learned to know both men and things. But now when I recall what I have seen in my past life, I think it would be a great misfortune to a man, if he could foresee how troubles would come to him in his course through life.

After his return from these travels Arndt published a long and minute account of his journey. It gives evidence of a very careful study of the countries he visited; and few of his readers would accuse him of wandering about without an aim or a purpose. He revels in descriptions of fine scenery, and his language is often picturesque and poetical. The countries he visited, however, are now too well known and have been too often described, to make it worth while to quote any mere descriptions. But he made his journey at a remarkable time. War had but just ceased to rage in Germany, Italy had witnessed the rise of Napoleon, the Cisalpine and Ligurian republics had sprung into existence, and French troops were stationed in most of the chief towns along his route. The following passages, referring to the state of the country at the time he passed through it, have, therefore, an interest of their own. He mixed as much as possible with his fellow-travellers, and with all the society which came in his way, finding particular pleasure, he tells us, in the company of the French soldiers. In Italy and in France he always passed as a Swede, "for a Swede is respected everywhere, because he belongs to a nation; who would call himself a German now, when the Germans have sold themselves into slavery?"

Erlangen, June, 1798.—My companions pointed out to me how the Imperialists under Wartensleben were posted on the north-east declivity, and the "New

Franks" on the south-west, near Forchheim, until the latter forced the first to retreat. Everybody in Erlangen climbed these hills to see the skirmishing of the outposts. Afterwards the French were posted for several days on this side of the mountain, just where we were sitting under the walls of Erlangen. Their army must have had a very disorganised and ragged appearance. Many of them were without clothes and shoes, wrapped in rags and tatters of all colours, without even the pretence of a tent, but provided with good weapons, and going into battle with the light-heartedness and activity with which they would have gone to a dance. They knew how to collect booty, and understood scraping together ducats and dollars, turning them up out of hiding-places in the ground, and walls, and trunks of trees, wherever their anxious owners had concealed them. Some of them had carried off so much silver, that to make it lighter to carry, they would give six "*laubthaler*" for a louis d'or. It was a curious sight to see them in their plundered finery, and in the clothes they made themselves out of the materials they had stolen. Coats made of bed-furniture, old overcoats, smock-frocks, women's gowns, all in strange combination. They had an astonishing number of Jews among them. Their flight after the battle of Neumark was as rapid as their advance. Then the Bamberg and Würzburg peasants took a terrible revenge. With savage fury they massacred whole corps, killing them cruelly with their rude weapons. Some of them they even threw down into the caves. Thus inhuman and brutal atrocities were inhumanly revenged.

Venice, September, 1798.—During my stay here papers

were sold about the streets for one soldo containing the news of Nelson's victory at Aboukir Bay, and at the corner of every street they were crying, "La relazione della sconfitta dell' armata Francese per gl' Inglesi sotto il commandamento di Nelson."

There was not much that was attractive left in Lombardy, in consequence of the plunder and spoliation of the French, and travelling was very unpleasant from both French and Austrian suspiciousness. I determined, therefore, to go straight to beautiful Florence, there to settle down to Italian life, and thence after a few months to visit the most remarkable places. But all these plans were deranged by the unfortunate state of affairs. Soon after my arrival, the Roman-Neapolitan-French quarrel began, and Rome and Naples were closed to me.

Ferrara.—Scarcely anything is to be seen in this empty and deserted town but poverty and discontent. It has been so certainly for a long time, but the late revolution has chased away the last remaining nobles and rich men, and their places have been taken by 1500 Frenchmen, who live at the expense of the inhabitants. As the citizen is disconsolate, the peasant is ragged; and universal discontent and misery are evident even in the faces of those who do not believe in the thunders of the Vatican, and the graves of Peter and Paul at Rome. They have kept their hands off nothing; not only have the monks and nuns been sent back to the plough and to the spinning-wheel, but the poor-houses and hospitals have been plundered, and every day more people are reduced to want and helplessness.

Bologna.—Several of the chief masters of the Lombard

schools were of this town, and once their best works were to be seen here in rich profusion in the churches, cloisters, and palaces. But this last revolution, which has turned the world and everybody upside down, has changed much here also, and many of the best and most beautiful things, which one used to see here and elsewhere in Italy, one must now go to Paris to admire. Some also have been moved from their places, carried away and concealed; and so many things perhaps will be lost for ever. Many of the first families live for the most part at a distance, hidden in some country, out-of-the-way villa, or they shut themselves up with their best and finest property away from the eyes of the public, because riches and splendour are beginning to be considered crimes. So the former free admission has been stopped. And lastly, several palaces are standing quite empty and desolate, and no one knows what has become of their treasures and works of art. And this must be still more the case with the cloisters and the churches. However Bologna is still so rich in works of art, even in fine ones, that a stranger would hardly discover that it has been plundered, if it were not for the universal lamentation. But I could not succeed in penetrating into the palaces in this time of spies and suspicion. I have seen many absurdities here which are peculiarly French. Although the foolish floating batteries and machines by means of which the English coasts were to be stormed have been long forgotten in France, and were indeed never intended seriously, French pedlars here are everywhere carrying about models for sale, in which the English ships of war are being blown away like bubbles, and everybody on

the coast is taking flight. Crowds stand staring at the things, and the French maintain in the public journals that England will be the next to receive her death-blow. Still more foolish and really pitiable are the public placards, in which you read that Nelson has been defeated with the loss of ten ships, and Brueys' victorious flag will soon be seen floating along the coasts of Sicily. From Grätz to Bologna there is but one opinion about one man; by friends and foes Buonaparte is always represented as a great man, a friend of mankind, the protector of the poor and miserable!

Florence, Dec. 10, 1798. — A public proclamation was issued, ordering all foreigners to present themselves within eight days in the old palace, before the commandant and some commissaries, that their passports might be examined, and that they might give an account of their residence and business in Florence. Those whose papers were found in order were to receive a ticket of protection; those who were not, a passport, with the warning that they would be conducted across the border by the sbirri, if they did not leave willingly. A most unwelcome piece of information for me, for where was I to go, in this time of new wars and uproars, when strangers were not allowed to rest in peace anywhere? But how much worse was it for many poor exiles, who had not the means for the journey, and did not know where to go, for every place was forbidden ground to them; add to which the unusual cold, which even the wealthy here can scarcely bear. There were scenes of human misery during these days, but scenes too of human life in its most varied colours. All those who

usually shunned the light were forced to come out, and expose themselves to the sight and remarks of the crowd of bystanders. Beggars, pipers, the blind and lame, fiddlers, quack doctors, counts and marquises, bishops and abbots, Frenchmen and Englishmen, old women and beautiful girls, all mixed up together, crowding and swearing, pushing and abusing one another, all anxious to get to the pool of Bethesda and hear their fate. There was jesting youth and foolish old age; every one was in the dress of his country, his age, and his fortune, the conqueror and the conquered, democrats and aristocrats, distinguishing themselves by their cockades. But, however disagreeable the crowd might be, it was a pleasure to see how European gallantry was never forgotten; precedence and a free passage was always given to a petticoat, however dirty it might be, and whatever dirty hole it might have come out of, as well as to the beggars and cripples, of whom they were glad to get rid. I myself went three times in vain, although my time was getting short, and it was not till the fourth day that I succeeded, by bribing the guard, in gaining admission, as if I had some special business; and luckily, as a German, I obtained my ticket of protection without difficulty. About two-thirds of this rabble of strangers were emigrants, many extremely shabby and ragged, who perhaps a few years before would have had authority over those who were now judges of their fate.

Turin.—It was about the time when the King of Sardinia resigned his territory of Piedmont. In Turin there was great shouting and jubilation over the new freedom, and it would have come to something serious if the

French soldiers had not kept the peace. There was singing and drumming in every street, and exultation over the fall of the king and his nobles who had followed him, or had fled elsewhere. The theatres resounded with shouting, stamping, and huzzaing about liberty. Unfortunately we could only remain two days in this whirlpool.

Lucca.—This little state of Lucca, too, has been forced into the whirlpool by which Italy, from one end to the other, is agitated. The people are told they have been delivered from tyranny, every ragamuffin is called a citizen and a freeman, one of the sovereign people, and all the rest of the names which have been invented to tickle people's ears. In the meantime they have had to pay well for this liberty, and that the whole people have not yet felt it severely is due to the stores laid up and to the general prosperity, which the old despots knew how to foster. For more than two months there have been from 6000 to 7000 French soldiers in and around the town whom they have been obliged to equip afresh and maintain. A store of fifteen thousand barrels of oil the French have sold to Leghorn, and have accepted as a pledge of friendship a loan of a million and a half lire from the people of Lucca. Now they are wishing to sell the common lands and the property of certain exiles, but they can find no one to buy them. The town has still 1800 Frenchmen within its walls whom they must maintain. Such things make the courage even of the best patriots fail.

The revolution at Lucca was so recent, and the little town so near, that it would have been a sin not to visit

it. Unfortunately, my stay there was shorter than I could have wished, as I could only obtain leave to remain two days. For strangers were not trusted. Here I saw a popular orator in the cathedral square, who was loud in his denunciations of the old Ezeline, as he nicknamed them, and of the queen of Naples, whom he called the Fredegonde of Italy, and who, he prophesied, would soon be swinging from the gallows. But who were the audience who stood around him? Men in torn cloaks, boys who every now and then broke in with a "Viva la libertà," French soldiers and officers, who were not listening to the speaker, but whispering to the women and girls whom the diversion had brought together; and lastly, a few peasants, with their baskets and packs, who, not much wiser than their donkeys, were staring at the new wonder with wide-open mouths and stupid eyes. There was not one real citizen in the whole crowd.

I was at last driven by the force of circumstances to hasten my flight from beautiful Italy, as the prospect on all sides seemed to threaten a general war. As it would have been vexatious to return to my native country by sea, I determined to go to Genoa, and to attempt the journey through France and over the Rhine.

Genoa.—The harbour can receive large ships of war, and is very spacious; but it always seemed to me shallow, because it lies so exposed away from the town. It was now almost entirely empty; except for some American, Danish, and Swedish ships, and a couple of French coasting vessels, there was nothing in it but Genoese timber, which will fall into decay if the war lasts long.

It is only too obvious that the spirit of the people is

not the fine, steadfast spirit of liberty, but rather that of uproar and fermentation. This spirit of ferment has been excited by a recent incident (the murder of one of the revolutionary leaders). It was now eight days after the murder, and preparations were being made to render the funeral of Biagini as splendid as possible. It was a beautiful day on which the ceremony took place—a ceremony worthy of the great man whose shade had gone to the lower world. Five thousand young men, selected from the National Guard, headed the procession with waving banners and mournful music; five hundred French, with the General's staff and the authorities, followed the bier, which was borne in triumph through the town decked with the insignia of liberty. At the "Square of Liberty" at last a pause was made. The new street was full of people from one end to the other. The windows were crowded up to the very roofs, and people swarmed even on the walls. When the procession came to a stand there was a pause while a beautiful dirge was played. Then a voice cried solemnly: "Whoever does not go willingly to the grave of the good let him go home; what happens to-day the people will not punish." That was the best thing I heard in all the speeches and patriotic hymns. The many tears that were shed were the best eulogy on the departed. Many even of the ex-nobility were present, exposing themselves to the scorn of the populace. Their wives and daughters showed themselves on the balconies dressed in mourning, and many of them with handkerchiefs to their eyes, and throwing down flowers. Necessity was urgent; but it must have been hard to go so far. How

many of those noble tears could have been genuine? Nothing could be heard of the speeches and songs, the people interrupting continually with "Viva la libertà," "La morte a tiranni." To me it was a day for thought, and at the same time welcome, because it showed me a great deal of the disposition of the people, and brought almost the whole town to light—even the ladies—as it would have been considered high treason, especially for the *ci-devants*, not to be in the town, or to come into the town on this occasion. In several places and on the gates were to be seen placards, on which were announced the sale by auction of the furniture and valuables from the castles of the ex-king of Sardinia, who, among other pretty titles, was generally called the last tyrant of Turin. One curious circumstance was that the French commissary, in the name of "la grande nation," was to receive the money, which, according to the terms of the king's renunciation, and according to the declaration of the French Government on his expulsion, belonged really to the people.

At last my stay here came to an end, and I longed heartily to be away from Italy because of the bad look-out, and the likelihood of war. There were the old reasons for choosing the sea voyage. About 22 o'clock (I must have the pleasure of counting time once after the Italian fashion) the lading was finished, and we set sail (for France) with a favourable wind. The chief part of the passengers were forty-eight galley-slaves, or men condemned to the galleys, with an escort of fifteen gendarmes and some officers. These slaves, the gendarmes, the officers, and the rest of the passengers, mixed freely

on deck and below. Even the Frenchwomen became reconciled to it, and conversed freely with these "braves garçons," as they called them.

Nice.—They told me, that according to a new law, I could not travel any further in France until I had sent my passport to the Minister of Police in Paris, and had received notice from him that I might continue my journey. I had to stay here, therefore, four *decades*, until I received a new pass from our Swedish ambassador in Paris, Baron Stäel von Holstein, undersigned by Duval, then Minister of Police. On the whole, people here seem not discontented with the new order of things; at least, speaking of the peasantry who inhabit the country, and get what they can out of the ground. The townspeople complain much, and with cause, private interest preventing many from being good patriots. The town formerly possessed a considerable trade, but it is now as good as destroyed. Buonaparte's Egyptian expedition deprived the town of most of its ships, and they have not yet been replaced. Besides, the English have been driven away by the war, and these two circumstances have caused much poverty and discontent.

As for public worship, every one here does almost as he likes. The affected severity which is shown nearer the capital in enforcing a law as absurd as it is impolitic has lost much of its power here. The celebration of the old Christian Sunday is undisturbed, though good Republicans keep the decade holiday as well, and all persons who hold office, or wish to hold office, must keep it. But I have never heard a bell ring here at an unusual time, as that would be resented more severely

in a conquered province than in the interior, where the bell has been the signal for so many riots and bloody quarrels. Another result of Republicanism is to be seen here—that piety is going more and more out of fashion; and there is no need now for half the churches which used to be well filled by a more religious generation.

Italian affairs, which during my residence in Nice took such a bad turn for the French after the famous battle of Verona, caused a great change here. The town was immediately declared in a state of siege, everything was put under much closer inspection, picquets were posted all about, soldiers and national guards were placed at the gates and entrances of the town day and night, that no suspected person might be able to slip through. For a formidable spirit of desertion set in, and every day some were caught trying, in one way or other, to get back to their own country. For me, the town being placed in a state of siege had no more unpleasant consequences than that I was obliged to get my ticket of protection signed oftener.

After the tangled knot of long negotiation had been cut with the sword, Nice became a most interesting place of residence, from the passing through of the troops on their way to or from Italy, and the constant rumours rising like the wind and subsiding as quickly. It was made a depôt, and a sort of parade-ground for the sick and wounded who came back to France from Italy, and the conscripts and fresh troops on their way from France to Italy. Besides this, it was the landing-place of many who were fleeing with their treasures, or their lives only, into a safer country before the successful Austrians.

From all these I was able to obtain as lively a picture as if I had been within a few hours of the scene of conflict, and at the same time saw many things which gave me some idea of the spirit of the French soldiers, and of the system of management among the allies and the troops. At last, after the long quarantine which I had been forced to keep here, I set off on my journey again at two o'clock in the morning of the 3rd of May. I and two officers of the Marine went with the courier with the national despatches, and there were three other carriages besides, with some officers of the Italian army, some women and some merchants, so we were about thirty in all. The first part of the way in the dark was through a well-known and often-traversed district to the stream of the Var, which used to be the boundary between France and Italy. When we had passed the Var by the bridge of St. Laurent day began to break. We got down, and marched armed through the narrow pass and the thick underwood of the hills, as the neighbourhood is dangerous, and insecure from numerous robbers.

Aix.—Life here is of a very revolutionary kind. No one, especially a stranger, goes out after sunset if he can help it, robbery and murder are so common. The evening before our arrival a man was murdered in front of his own door, about nine o'clock in the evening, because he called for help when two rascals tried to take his watch. In the country round the town people are often completely stripped in the fields and gardens.

Marseilles.—This harbour, as quiet and safe as a room, is now, alas, as dead. Few neutrals come, for they have been driven away and made shy by the new laws about

prizes, and the only vessels that run in and out are occasionally a little privateer, and some of the lightest boats which run along the coasts. The huge Levant ships have been lying here, food for the worms, for the last five years; and who knows how much longer they may be here? They look like ruins, and with them are at a stand all the activity and riches of this town, once the most lively in France. The churches are desecrated, and their ornaments and works of art carried away; even the graves have been broken open. In these times, so bad for trade, towns, especially the richer places like Marseilles, suffer most. Not only the old ships, which used to bring gold and life into the veins of the State, are dismasted and deserted; but the best and newest houses are in much the same state, and on almost all the doors and windows you may read "à louer" and "à vendre." Indeed, how can the population remain when the means of living is cut off, when trade is at an end, and the scythe of the revolution has mown down the best families. If you praise the town and the harbour to the Marseillais now, they only answer: "Before the revolution! ah, before the revolution! Then Marseilles was something! Now we are poor, and more than a third of our people are gone," so greatly has the town been depopulated by the guillotine and the stoppage of trade.

Lyons.—I have wandered about this beautiful town for five days, among the living and the dead, among the ruins which bear the traces of the fearful time, among the remains of an earlier period, when some Roman Verres, in the place of a Challier, ravaged and murdered for the good of the freest of nations. With the noble spirits

among the people I have wept over the bloody disasters which have befallen the most industrious and honest people of this great nation. The cannon of the besiegers has chiefly injured the beautiful Rhone side of the town, and traces of the firing may still be seen on many of the principal houses; either because the inhabitants do not care to rebuild in this stormy time, or because they stand empty as national property.

The population used to be reckoned at from 130,000 to 140,000; it is now less by one-third, and those who are left are crying for bread. Whole streets are deserted, and many of the largest and finest houses are without inhabitants.

While English fabrics have been strictly prohibited, the cotton manufactures at Rouen and other towns have fallen away. You see English wares on all sides under Prussian or Saxon trade-marks, and you might run yourself off your legs before you could obtain French cotton goods in Paris. Silk is quite out of fashion, and all the looms might moulder away and all the mulberry-trees die, before any one, from patriotic motives, would dress in home-made silk.

At the next post station, Lucy le Bois, we found a peasant festival going on in the Place, where there were no signs of oppression or distress. Both men and women were well-dressed, many even elegantly, and joy shone on all their faces. Some were dancing, some drinking, some gaming. We mingled with them, and were received by them with the kindness of men who were conscious of their freedom. We spent a pleasant half-hour with them. They were all ready to cry "Vive la

liberté" and "Vive la République," and if any one can do so certainly the peasant can, who, amidst all the horrors and abuses, has got rid of his landlords and bailiffs. He is the gainer, while trade, industry, and commerce loudly lament over the Revolution; but still it is much if the condition of two-thirds of the nation is improved.

Paris.—But let us go on to the busy, bustling life of the political world of Paris. And first, for the theatrical representation by which they tried to shift their own unpopularity on to foreign shoulders—a commemoration of the tragedy which had made the dispersing of the Congress of Rastadt* so famous, the origin of which is still shrouded in mystery, the blame being continually shifted from one party to another. This tragi-comedy was the funeral of the French envoys, murdered close by Rastadt. The whole nation had at first been unanimous in their cry of abhorrence and demand for vengeance, and the Government and newspapers had sought industriously to nourish the feeling. Many thought that the murder would be the cause of a revival of the glory of the French arms, and reawaken the spirit of patriotism. Many said emphatically that "the Austrians must be exterminated to revenge the blood of our emissaries; the commonest soldier would become a tiger, and give no quarter to any Hungarian," etc., etc.

So it went on during the first few weeks; but gradu-

* The Congress of Rastadt was assembled at the end of 1797, to make peace between France and the Empire, but war broke out again with Austria, and the French Deputies, fearing for their safety, determined to leave the place. Just outside the town they were attacked by the Szekler hussars, Bonnier and Roberjeot murdered, and Jean Debry left for dead.

ally many changed their minds, and many reports, perhaps all alike untrue, flew about among the people, and some even accused the Government of being implicated in the dark story. The authorities themselves, therefore, had more than one reason for wishing to have the obsequies performed with the greatest pomp, and to make use of this spectacle to divert the hatred of the people from themselves. June 1 was the day chosen. Jean Debry, one of the envoys, and president of the Five Hundred, gave notice of the ceremony amid curses, prayers, and tears, in a pathetic speech, at which I was present, relating, amusingly enough, the adventures of the dark night of the 9th Floreal, when the deed was done. At first his audience listened attentively to his story, with all its contradictions, which reminded me of Falstaff's deeds of heroism. But when he came to himself and his own adventures, it became too ridiculous. "Pierced with twenty-four wounds, I crept into a ditch full of brambles, and thought my miserable life was ebbing away, when two peasants found me, and brought me, half dead, to Rastadt." As he pronounced these words with the greatest solemnity, most of his colleagues laughed, and looked at him significantly, as if to say: "Show us a trace, then, of these dangerous wounds which you received just four weeks ago."

On the Champs de Mars, where the ceremony was to be performed, everything had been arranged and prepared to strike the eye and touch the heart. The National altar had been changed into an Elysium (as the descriptions said), and surrounded with elms, poplars, and acacias. Amid a group of oaks rose the statue of

Liberty, while sweet odours burned on a marble altar at her feet. Youths dressed in ancient priestly garments stood near, and kept up the flames on the altars and in some little vessels placed here and there. In the middle of the Champs de Mars was a pyramid, the centre of the ceremony, the inscription on which is too remarkable to be omitted. On the four sides were written: "I. On Floreal 9. Year of the Republic 7. The Austrian government, by its troops, caused the murder of the French ministers, who had been sent to negotiate peace. Vengeance! II. France says, that it was not the Germans, but the Austrians, who dipped their hands in our blood. III. The murderous Austrians have summoned bandits, murderers, poisoners, to bring Europe from its state of civilisation back to barbarism. IV. A murderous government, a government which violates the law of nations, sets itself outside that law."

The grove of trees which stood around had been in part transported thither with great expense, for on the Champs de Mars itself only a few poplars are to be seen, the age of which dates back but a few years. Before the pyramid stood two urns of porphyry, with the inscription, "To the murdered French envoys." Cypresses and weeping willows hung over them.

The municipalities assembled first, each in the temple of its arrondissement, and performed a ceremony which was intended to rouse a sense of honour among the conscripts. Before each temple two pillars were erected, one white and one black. The presidents reckoned over the names of the conscripts, and wrote down on the white pillar those who had joined the standard of their

country, and also those who had volunteered to defend the Republic and to revenge the injury which had been done to all nations in the persons of the French envoys. Hymns in their honour and that of the Republic were sung, and then the black pillar was defiled with the names of those who hung back from going, with the declaration that they should not be wiped off till they had fulfilled their duty towards their country. About midday the rest of the officials who belonged to the department of the Seine assembled, the National Institute, the Court of Cassation, etc., and marched slowly from the Louvre to the Champs de Mars, accompanied by troops with arms reversed, to the sound of a funeral march, with crape on the instruments, every citizen in the procession wearing a black band on his arm. From every side single battalions of the garrison poured in, filling the space with arms. The foreign ambassadors, the families of the murdered men, the Directory, with its guard, arrived about two o'clock at the house of the Champs de Mars. On both sides of the field and behind the wall between the alleys a crowd of tents had been set up, as if prepared for a great encampment. Tables, benches, and chairs were prepared for those who were hungry and tired, and great barrels of beer and wine were piled up, one upon another.

After waiting a long time in the burning sun, and among the dust of 400,000 feet, about three o'clock the doors of the palace opened and the procession appeared, headed and brought up by a splendid body of soldiers, and escorted by the magnificent body-guard of the Directory. Behind the first column came the families

of the murdered men, Roberjeot, and Bonnier, and of Debry, and Rosenstiel, before whom were borne two black banners and the statue of Justice, holding in one hand a drawn sword and in the other the blood-stained clothes which Jean Debry wore when he was so cut to pieces. Then came the Directory, in their bright harlequin-costume, and the absurd ministers in red breeches and stockings, while beside them were carried banners, which after being thus dedicated were to be sent to the armies as the wings of vengeance. Then followed the municipalities, the National Institute, the Court of Cassation, the general staff, and divisions of soldiers; then the Invalides, and youths and boys carrying all kinds of symbols and attributes closed the slow procession. At the altar of the Fatherland, where seats were placed for them, they were received with a dirge by the chorus of the Conservatoire, which sounded solemn and touching in the still air, and for a moment stopped the bustle and chatter of the crowd.

Then Chenier, with a branch of cypress in his hand, began a funeral eulogium over the dead, a miserable thing, quite unworthy of the great assembly, from the turgid eloquence and pomposity which took the place of real feeling, and from the barbarous curses and insults he poured upon the Russians and Austrians. Several speakers, who were placed at intervals round the circle, brought their orations to an end at the same time with him at a given signal, and at last the speeches and hymns were closed with a loud "Vive la République," which was faintly re-echoed by the crowd. Some ceremonies were performed by the authorities at the statue

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of Freedom and the National altar. The president, with many anathemas, commended the memory of the murder to the vengeance of the nations and the abhorrence of posterity, and every one laid the oak-twig which he held in his hand at the foot of the altar. The different divisions of soldiers gathered round the pyramid, and while clouds of incense rose from the altars, the president blessed the banners, and with the "Marseillaise" and the thunder of cannon the procession returned in the former order, while the crowd dispersed over the open field, and clouds of dust mixed with the incense of the altars.

I had fixed August 8 for my departure, and had taken a place on the diligence. I was up early, but lo! just when I was going out with bag and baggage, half-a-dozen bayonets were pointed at me from the threshold, and I was told I could not pass, even if the mail was going to the world's end and I wanted to go with it. At the same time they showed me an order of the commissary of police of that quarter, signifying that any one might be let in but no one let out. Six o'clock came, and the mail was already far away, so I was obliged to settle to remain till the following morning.

The news soon roused the whole house, the Hôtel de Bruxelles, where some thirty people were lodging. Every one looked up his papers and passports, etc., while some hid themselves and their papers. A few days before some Bretons had arrived, and they began to wring their hands in the utmost alarm. The host compassionately carried them down to his lowest cellar, where they weathered the storm among heaps of wood and bundles

of straw. One woman who had been there for some months, and usually dined at the host's table, crept into the landlady's bed, where the scrutiny was not very close. Only one young man they fetched out of his bed, ordered him to dress at once and go with them. "He is no better than we are," one of the soldiers said; "and to-morrow our battalion is to march to fight against the tyrants." I left the house directly they were gone, climbed the telegraph-tower of Montmartre once more, saw once more the Palais Royal in the evening, and the next morning I found the house-door not blockaded.

Brussels.—In spite of the beautiful squares, houses, and streets of this city, in spite of its environs which are so unique, the impression it makes upon one's mind is that of being dead and forgotten; and often in its most beautiful parts one is as much alone as if one were wandering about in a buried and rediscovered Pompeii. Everything is quiet and desolate, and nothing is left of the old splendour. Unquestionably Brussels has suffered the most of all the towns of the Austrian Netherlands. Here lived the Stadthalter, who kept a splendid court, the dukes, and princes, and counts of the rich provinces, which certainly did not belong to the poorest in Europe. All these the war has, as it were, blown away, and whoever knows anything of human things will easily guess how many other people who lived by means of them have been blown away with them. The riots which followed, and suspicions and accusations, have driven away many more, and riches, which are a crime in France, have brought their possessors, some to death and some to imprisonment, in which many of the most

respected citizens are kept either from mere suspicion or as hostages. If any one were to intercede for their liberation he would run the risk of losing his own liberty.

In order, as far as the war would allow, to see the beautiful Rhine in its glory, I chose that way back from France to my country; the way by Geneva through Switzerland to Strasburg up the Rhine was closed. On the 15th August, at daybreak, I drove out of the gates of Brussels.

Bonn.—The district of Cologne was one of the happiest when the war broke out, and swept over the beautiful Rhine lands. The hopes of many centuries were trampled under foot. But this little town, which depended entirely on the court, had no manufactures, and could have no trade on account of its larger and more fortunately situated rivals, lost most by the change. With the court its splendour and its trade vanished. The university, which never was large, is almost destroyed, all industry stopped, and it is reckoned that of 12,000 inhabitants, which Bonn contained in 1792, scarcely 8000 are now left, and these are for the greater part reduced to poverty by the demands of the war.

Coblenz.—All externals—costumes, dress, and language—have become very French, and these cheerful, lively people carry it off very well, and have none of the ridiculous stiffness of the people of Brussels and Cologne in their new Sunday coat of liberty, for which they have paid so dear. What I think, and must think of the French nation as a whole, is well known. But it is quite another matter when they are armed and victorious in a foreign land, a nation then is not true to itself.

Every two or three months fresh troops march in famished and ragged, are equipped in fine Dutch cloth, eat till they are satisfied, and then go on their way to leave room for fresh comers. So a Dutch officer tells me, who is here recruiting. In fact, it is not only the ill-treatment of these poor people which vexes me, but also the tolerably certain prospect that the Rhine, of which Germany was once so proud, will be shared with the Franks, that this fine race will be reduced to a hybrid set; that Germany, the unconquered, will become the scorn of all nations.

Mainz.—As there is nothing to be said about Mainz, but of what it was ten years ago, and as I do not wish to make the close of my description as gloomy and threatening as the complaints and sufferings of the town would require, I will be short here. I will drag on the remainder of my journey through a few more pages, for the sake of making the natural boundaries of France my boundaries also. I meant to have added something about the Frankfort blockade, about the Landsturm of Spessart and Odenwald, and its wonderful marches, and so go on to Wurzburg. But there came over me such a disgust at the whole atrocious war that I shall be only too glad if too much gall has not already flowed from my pen.

CHAPTER V.

PROFESSOR AT GREIFSWALD.

The University of Greifswald.—Becomes a Political Writer.—"Germany and Europe."—"History of Serfdom."—Consequent Troubles.—Change in Constitution of Rügen and Pomerania.

I WAS now again at home, and the question was: "What was to be done next?" and this time it was love that settled it. An old love, sometimes hidden under thin white ashes, had been burning silently for five years past. It now suddenly blazed up, led me to Greifswald, and attached me to the university.

The unimportant little university of Greifswald was one of the oldest learned institutions in Germany, and possessed such large estates and foundations that it might have taken a higher rank than it did. But its management was based upon no fixed regulations or principles, but depended entirely upon the character of its heads; and among other standing evils with which it was vexed, it had degenerated into an institution for providing for needy Swedes. Many a clever Swede, who afterwards became famous as a poet, or an eloquent speaker in the Diet, had studied at Greifswald, and had begun his career there as an ordinary or extraordinary

professor. Besides this, it afforded a maintenance to the sons and daughters of professors, and of many of the best families in the town. I married Charlotte Marie, daughter of the professor of natural history, Dr. Quistorp, and became a private tutor ("privat Docent"), and next year, through the influence of my wife's family, Adjunct of the Faculty of Philosophy, with a salary of three hundred thalers, and in 1805* I was made Professor Extraordinary, with an addition of two hundred thalers. In the summer of 1801 my wife presented me with a beautiful little boy, at the cost of her own life.

After this I pressed close, close, a wife to my bosom;
Then what a zest in life, then what a sweetness in love!
So I sang of the stars, the blessed ones yonder in heaven,
And of whatso on earth springs into greenness and bloom.

Then I thought, Roll on and roll on, e'en though ye return not,
Years; and thou, too, my life, ebb from me ne'er to return.
Immortality, have I not thee from of old and for ever?
Gods! let your lightning at will flash, I am out of its reach.

Then the lightning went forth, and my wife sank down in the darkness.
Long time lies she asleep, silent with others that sleep.
First a son she bore me—a priceless treasure—then slumbered.
When now the ninth day dawned on him, we mourned her a corpse.

* Höfer points out in his "E. M. Arndt, and the University of Greifswald," that the date, 1805, is erroneous. H quotes a letter written by Arndt, June 20, 1807, from Stockholm, to the Dean of the Philosophical Faculty, to the following effect: "In the winter of 1800, I received the degree of Master of the Philosophical Faculty of Greifswald, disputing and presiding according to rule; soon after received the right of Docentur in the same University; and in the Easter of 1800 began my lectures, which were occupied chiefly with History and the Greek language. In the autumn of 1801 I was advanced to be Adjunct of the Philosophical Faculty, and in 1806 his majesty graciously appointed me Professor Extraordinary of Philosophy."

Bitter then was my grief; through months and through years I lamented.
Yet in the shadowy vale now there was light on my path;
Had I not seen the gods? Heaven's blessedness, had I not felt it?
Had I not lifted my life whither no lightning can reach?

I was connected with this little university for ten years, about half of which I spent either in Sweden or in travelling, and the other half in teaching. When I first entered upon my duties there were some very worthy old men among the professors, and about half a dozen younger men, who for the most part entered about the same time as I did, and some of whom became famous—Parow, Rudolphi, Rühs, Schildener, and Muhrbeck. The young blood thus introduced brought a little life and animation into sleepy old Greifswald. But there are evils connected with such mills of learning as are in grievous need of water, *i.e.*, students; they may either become dried up and exhausted, or greatly polluted. On the other hand, there is no danger of the young minds being over-taxed through emulation, or forced into premature ripeness, and powers shattered which might have become useful in their proper time. Many of us, though we took life easily according to the fashion of the times, were nevertheless painstaking and industrious. We learnt much ourselves while teaching, for teaching is an excellent school, and obliges a conscientious man to arrange and set in order the chaos of information which he has collected and stored up in his brain. I began by teaching all kinds of things, which I myself only half understood, and ended by confining myself to historical lectures. I had a numerous audience, worked hard, and was in good health, and still recall

* Written at Reichenbach in 1813.

those days with pleasure, though amid many sad remembrances. Besides the young men I have already mentioned, I associated with several other tried friends, whose names I would mention with gratitude—Dr. Billroth, Dr. Gesterding, who are now both burgomasters, Dr. Ernst von Gagern, and Wilhelm Ledebur, also from the Sound, whom, alas, we buried young. Among the elder men were the physician, Professor Weigel, Professor Muhrbeck, senior, General Superintendent Schlegel, Professor Dr. Ziemssen, Professor von Hagemeister, and Sonnenschmidt, members of the High Court of Appeal, my patrons and protectors.

I still often visited the best of homes, besides my patriarch in Rügen, and General von Dyke, at Losentitz, and Superintendent Pritzbur, at Gartz, patriarchs too, though in a different rank of life from old Hinrich Arndt. I often felt a longing to visit these fine old men, who lived within five or six hours' journey of Greifswald, and what I owe to them cannot be written down on paper. They were true metal stamped clearly with God's own image—three patriarchs from whom one could draw strength when speculation, like an autumn wind blowing dismally through dry stubble and arid leaves, threatened to carry one away into a cold, empty world of mists and shadows.

It was here that I first became a political writer. My friend Steffens* has written a book entitled "How I Re-

* Heinrich Steffens, born in Norway, 1773. His father was a German, his mother a Dane, and his early education chiefly carried on in Denmark. His strong religious feeling and gift of speaking attracted him to the ministry, but he was diverted from it by his love for natural science. Residence at Jena brought him into contact with Fichte, Schelling, the Schlegels,

turned to Lutheranism." And so I, in like manner, will explain how a single little germ became a great political plant, or weed, and in doing so I am describing the growth of feeling and opinion in millions of German minds.

The beginning of the French Revolution is rightly considered as the point of transition between the self-indulgent, sentimental, and æsthetic period, and a time of extravagant opinions in philosophy and politics, when all other feelings and interests were for a time swallowed up. But, in a certain sense, I had much earlier, even in my boyish days, adopted many peculiar and one-sided opinions, which cling to me still in my white-headed old age, in spite of my better judgment and experience. From having to read aloud from the newspapers and chronicles, I had, as a little boy between the ages of nine and twelve, become *fixed* in certain political ideas. I use the word intentionally, for I feel it to be a fault in me. I have been always a Royalist, perhaps to an extravagant degree. I think I became so, like most other people, through the influences and associations of my earliest childhood. My father was not much of a political man, even in the years between 1800 and 1806, when the political storm rolled nearer and nearer. He let events pass by him unmoved, and took no part in

Schleiermacher, Goethe, Schiller, Tieck, and other celebrated men of the time. He had immense influence over the young men of the universities, and used it to induce them to leave his lecture-rooms, in 1813, and join the army. He himself volunteered and did not leave the army till after the taking of Paris. After the war he returned to Protestantism, having become a Roman Catholic during his residence at Breslau, 1811—13. In 1832 he was summoned to the University of Berlin, where he died 1845. Besides works on natural history, he published several novels and works on religious subjects.

the discussions and quarrels to which they gave rise. It was only the name of Gustavus III. which could kindle any enthusiasm in him. When a young man he had seen this king in Stockholm, during the first happy years of his reign, and his beauty and splendour had made a deep impression on him. One or two Swedish names besides interested him a little, but all others were indifferent to him.

There were, however, two of my friends who fanned the fire in me, old Hinrich, of Posewald, and my other uncle and godfather, Moritz Schumacher. Hinrich was entirely Swedish—perhaps his grandfather was revived in him—and by his vehemence carried me away with him in his love and veneration for Sweden. As far as was possible to one in his humble position he lived in her history and in all connected with the great North German and Scandinavian Lutherdom, and so to him the magnificent Vasa, Gustavus Adolphus, was well worth millions of other kings. How then could I help adoring kings and placing them above all republics, whether of Greece, Rome, Plato, or Fichte? Moritz Schumacher, on the other hand, was an ardent Prussian, quite against the prejudices of most of my country people, who being used to the careless good-humoured laxity and individual freedom of the Swedish rule, connected everything on the other side of the Peene with military despotism and heavy taxes. These Prussian prepossessions came quite naturally to one of Moritz Schumacher's character and disposition. He was a handsome personable dapper man, with an excellent voice and other gifts, fond of show and veneer. My father was a countryman, and

though not uneducated quite unpretending, never trying to push himself into aristocratic society. But my uncle Moritz was quite another sort of man. Rügen at that time swarmed far more than now with petty noblemen, who had served in their youth as officers in the Prussian army. These he diligently hunted out, and used to repeat every word of the "gracious Herr Captain or Rittmeister," every remark which the "gracious lady" had let fall in his presence; an apple or pear which a Frau Majorin or a "gracious Fräulein" had slipped into his pocket acquired a taste and smell equal to those that were gathered in Paradise. He carried himself like an old Prussian Rittmeister, adopted a military saddle, boots, and spurs, and cocked his hat over his pigtail and curls. He took a Prussian tone from the society he frequented. And how could such men as these fail to adore the name and deeds of the great Frederick? He thus introduced the odour of this martial devotion into our house, and on his side also breathed something *royalistic* into me. This great royal figure was continually before me in my childhood, and inclined the bent of my political faith toward monarchism. I have since been accused of despising the great hero; I do not think I have deserved it. Thus it was quite in accordance with these youthful impressions that I, the little newspaper reader, always took the part of England against America, when most of the older people were partisans of the latter.

And the French and I? In that matter, too, my political creed dates from my early youth. I have mentioned several times already, how in the time when from

my parents' narrow circumstances all regular education was denied me, my mind was fed with the constant reading of old histories and chronicles. Among these were Puffendorf's books, and other German works and translations, describing the Thirty Years' War, and the ambitious intrigues and sanguinary deeds of Louis XIV. This inspired me with a dislike, almost abhorrence, for the whole nation which took part in them; and I used to rejoice over every one of their defeats, and became quite an Englishman in my hatred of them.

Then in my early youth the great French Revolution broke out, shaking and transforming the minds of half Europe. It was the subject of vehement debate everywhere as well as in my own home, where it had more friends than foes, and in spite of my hatred to the nation, I often took part with the first, because the crimes of the governments before Louis XVI. were terrible, and because many of the doctrines and opinions propagated by the revolutionary leaders were undeniably just and holy, however much they may have been afterwards profaned and disgraced. Yet I chafed at every French victory over the Germans and their allies, although I did not as yet own full allegiance to Germany. I, on the shores of the Baltic, was far from the scene of tumult, and was still at heart more Swedish than German. I was vehement and impulsive, and certainly not of a servile nature, but I was not born to throw myself into the misty chaos of conflicting opinions and passions, with the fanaticism which called forth old Klopstock's songs. Perhaps I was too much of a born

Philistine, and was too eager to know all about everything.

This Philistine nature, which refuses to recognise the noblest and highest in its most poetical purity, perhaps displayed itself in the verses from Horace which I used to write in the albums of my fellow-students, such as *Nil admirari* and *Perfer et obdura.* So early did I strive against even the most noble delusions.

Lastly, I had seen the nation itself, and its amiability and light-heartedness as well as its treacherousness and deceitfulness were well known to me. I had returned home slowly through Belgium and along the Rhine, stopping at Brussels, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Coblentz, and Mainz, and I had seen everywhere the old German splendour overthrown and trodden under foot by this insolent people. It depressed and irritated me, but did not produce real anger. In Frankfort and at Höchst, I got among the combatants. I was shut up in Frankfort for several days by the French general Baraguay d'Hilliers. Skirmishers were scattered about on both banks of the Maine, Albini's Spessart Landsturm were raging all round me. It was not much more to me than a play, but I should have been most heartily rejoiced if the French round the walls of Frankfort had been all struck dead in one night by an angel of God, like the host of Sennacherib. However, it was not long before my anger awoke, not indeed to my happiness, though it supported me in many melancholy days, and gave me a kind of happiness in the worst times. For a man is only happy when he is under powerful emotions, that is, so long as

the emotion does not deprive him of the power of thought, otherwise it is a crushing millstone.

Napoleon returned from Egypt some days after I left Paris. I watched the course of the ruling spirit of the age, his manœuvres, his battles, his glory, his conquests. Did I perfectly understand him? I do not know; but after the battle of Marengo a horror of the man took hold of me—of the man who was idolised by so many and great men. It was an unconscious foreboding of the misery of the next ten years. But anger, and anger which became almost fury, during the period of German and European shame, came with the peace of Lunéville, and with the shameful negotiations and bargainings with which Talleyrand and Maret cut away and sold great pieces of the Fatherland. The years 1805-6 tore away the last supports on which Germany had seemed to rest. All was over, and every German, from the highest to the lowest, the most illustrious as well as the most obscure, lay together under the burden of one common disaster, while the overbearing foreign cock crowed his "Victoria" over the ruins of their fallen glory. The day had come when all individual feelings, opinions, prejudices, likes and dislikes, must give way. What kings and emperors had lost, lesser people must also learn to give up. When Austria and Prussia had fallen after vain struggles, then first I began to love Germany truly, and to hate the foreigner with an utter hatred.

It was not Napoleon only; not the cunning, taciturn, sneering Corsican, born in the land where honey is poison, who has been made a scapegoat on which the

anger of Europe should be heaped, whom I hated most; it was the French—the deceitful, the insolent, covetous French—for centuries the cunning and faithless enemies of the empire. I hated them with entire hatred, and recognised my Fatherland, and loved it with entire love. My Swedish predilections were once and for ever dead. The Swedish heroes were nothing any more to me but legends of the past. When Germany, through its discords, had fallen to nothing, I recognised its true unity.

I published, almost at the same time, two little political works;* the first, under the title of "Germanien und Europa" ("Germany and Europe"), was nothing more than a rather wild outpouring of my opinions upon the state of the world in 1802. It serves as a commentary on the first part of the "Geist der Zeit" ("Spirit of the Age"), of which it was a preamble and precursor. The book, as a book, is badly written; the style is frequently careless; here and there the words and phrases are un-German. It is very unequal in parts, the material not sufficiently mastered, the contrasts too abrupt, the theoretical part loose, misty, uncertain, and frequently false. The practical part shows a clear and healthy insight and foresight. In short, the intellectual part of the book gives evidence of an uncertain hand.

The second publication, "Geschichte der Leibeigenschaft in Pommern und Rügen" (the "History of Serfdom in Pomerania and Rügen"), touched upon an evil nearer home. Friends warned me not to write this book; but I persisted, though neither fame nor favour was to

* He had already in 1800 published a little book entitled "Ueber die Freiheit der alten Republiken," (The Freedom of the old Republics,) but it had received very little notice.

be got by it. I wrote it in the firm conviction that history must not yield an inch of her sacred rights, and whoever feels himself a coward is unworthy to approach the illustrious judge of past and present. I prepared myself for writing it—not by the study of the windy doctrines and noisy nothings of the day, but by travelling in the secure road of written records and personal experience. People who will not believe that even a Tiberius once said,—words which I chose for the motto on the title-page of the book,—that "In a free State tongues and minds must be free"—people who really almost seem to think that one half of mankind comes into the world saddled and bridled, and the other half booted and spurred, to ride upon them—such people declared that I had committed a State crime because I had brought to light abuses which had gone on, unfortunately, for only too many years.*

Its contents were something as follows:

The islands and coasts of the Baltic, according to historical probability, were not originally inhabited by Slavs and Wends. The shock of the destruction of the great empire of the Goths by the Huns in the last half of the fourth century, the continual pressing of the Huns towards the west, caused the great movement which is known as the migration of the nations. We have scarcely a glimmer of light on the events which took place on the Vistula and Oder; but about that time it appears that the Slavs and Wends were pushed farther towards the west, and took possession of the forsaken or depopulated districts of East Germany.

* Nothgedrungener Bericht.

When the Germans, who had declined in importance after the time of Charles the Great, rose again under the Saxon emperors in the tenth century, they began to extend their dominion towards the north-east. These emperors waged a war against the Slavonian nations, which was carried on by them and their successors to the end of the twelfth century, and which, in spite of the most courageous and obstinate resistance on the part of the Slavs, ended in their subjection or extermination.

The German dominion advanced, towns and fortresses were built, from which for the most part the Wends were excluded. The immigration of Germans was encouraged, and they were planted in the devastated lands of the conquered Wends, and all which had in earlier times been German became thus by degrees re-Germanised.

From the earliest period when history begins to concern itself about these regions, we find almost everywhere in Pomerania and Rügen serfdom or villenage of a more or less severe nature existing, but not of the arbitrary and despotic character belonging to it in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. In the laws of the sixteenth century we find the dues and services in almost every place carefully defined and limited, and no nobleman could arbitrarily destroy farms or districts held by peasants, and change them into large estates.

It appears also that in the island of Rügen, where, in the eighteenth century, the despotism and oppression of the nobles were the most unrestrained, and the thraldom and dependence of the poor people the most complete, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the peasant had

been in a much better and more independent position than even in Pomerania. We have a document on the subject of the relations between master and serf, written by a nobleman of Rügen, Governor von Normann auf Tribberatz, in the sixteenth century, under the title of "The Customs of Rügen." Of course the governor, being a noble landowner, would have no partiality for the peasants. Nor is he silent on the subject of their faults and vices; but represents them as insolent, quarrelsome, haughty, and violent, and in ungoverned arrogance almost the equals of the young nobles. These vices were the natural and miserable consequences of too much prosperity and unlimited freedom. It is clear, from the public registers, that a Rügen peasant spending money on an estate tenanted by him obtained a just profit, and that if he left the estate willingly, or upon notice served him by his master—a power which was limited by legal regulations—the whole property, together with the buildings, crops, and stores, was to be compensated for, and on his departure he was made free of any service, and as a freeman might go where he liked. On the death of one possessor, and the accession of another, the heriot and the profit had to be paid off. In courts of justice, whether courts of the manor, "Gard" courts,* or provincial courts, the peasants sat among the nobles as judges and protectors of their rights, and—that which much displeases the old governor in his aristocratic exclusive-

* From "Gard," a "Burg," or fortress. These courts were peculiar to the isle of Rügen, and exercised jurisdiction over all persons and property not coming immediately under that of the nobles, cities, or "Landvogts."

ness,—they also frequently married their sons and daughters into noble families.

In this century we find, both in Pomerania and Rügen, a great many single farms, and even whole villages, of which there is not a trace left in the middle of the seventeenth.

After the disappearance of the old ruling race, the Swedes, by the peace which ended the terrible Thirty Years' War, came into possession of the land desolated, depopulated, and enslaved, and in this condition they undertook to rule it, knowing and caring little about its previous state. The best of its rulers and administrators were influenced then and afterwards by the opinions and prejudices of the Pomeranian nobility and Pomeranian jurists, at the head of whom was the famous Möwe, afterwards Von Mevius, who explained the German land laws according to the later Roman jurisprudence. Thus the liberties of the people in this district rapidly disappeared, and all their rights, which had at least the sanction of custom and precedent, were explained away, till they were reduced to a state of the most abject servitude.

So it came to pass, after the close of the Seven Years' War, between the years 1760—90, that the peasantry were everywhere not only burdened with a service to which there was no limit, but were almost extirpated by the conversion of the land belonging to the peasant communities into large noblemen's estates. The rage for the suppression of the peasant districts did not merely influence a few individuals among the nobility, but took possession also of the managers of the Domanium, and

of the estates belonging to towns and institutions, although the peasants who were attached to the last-named possessions could not be subjected to arbitrary rule or ill-treatment. In short, in the year 1800, Lichtenberg's joke that he would offer a prize for the discovery of a salve to be rubbed on peasants so that they might be shorn two or three times a year, was still most fully applicable to Swedish Pomerania. I had been an eye-witness of this oppression, and had been enraged by it. Many communes had disappeared from Rügen even in my days, and the inhabitants of the farms had been driven out homeless and impoverished, so that many who had formerly employed servants now themselves had to serve on the larger farms. Some noblemen even made it a practice to buy large communes, destroying the buildings and gardens upon them, laying them out on a larger scale, and then selling them again at a profit of twenty thousand or thirty thousand thalers. This caused actual riots among the peasants in some places, which had to be put down by military force and imprisonment. It was also whispered, though the matter was hushed up, that some bad noblemen and farmers had, like Tiberius, been smothered in their beds. But these horrid rumours only served as a temporary warning, and things went on again in the old hateful way.

Not only was a master of a hard, unpitying nature, or one sunk in debt, at liberty to devastate the land, but the persons of his serfs being bound to the soil were in his power. In almost every German province, where serfdom or villenage was still in force, established custom

or a definite law had fixed a moderate sum for which a man, woman, or child could buy his liberty. This was usually at the rate of from twelve to twenty thalers for a man, ten for a woman, five for a child. But here there was neither established custom nor definite law, and many a master demanded as much as one hundred and fifty for the freedom of a fine strong young man, fifty or sixty for a girl, and they might refuse to liberate at any price.

According to law, the peasant whose land was absorbed was allowed to go out free, with his whole family and all his live stock, which was often considerable. For there were peasants who possessed as many as twelve horses, ten or twelve cows, together with oxen, pigs, sheep, and poultry. If he had really been obliged to give up all this, many a bad master would have thought twice before he decided upon turning his tenant out and destroying the farm. I stirred up my brother Fritz, who was living as a lawyer at Bergen, in Rügen, of which place he afterwards became mayor, and he instituted several lawsuits against noblemen, and obtained decisions in favour of the peasants. He drew down upon himself in consequence bitter hatred, to the loss and prejudice both of his income and position, though at the same time he won several faithful friends from among the better class of the nobility. Among these were the worthy old Herr von Scheelen, of Stedar, and Baron von Barnekow, who lived at the little paradise of Ralswyk.

My little book was naturally very distasteful and alarming not only to the nobility, whom I had attacked most severely, but also to the semi-nobility and to many

rich farmers of aristocratic tendencies, who vociferated that I was a dangerous person, and a stirrer-up of the people. Many of the critics even cast this in my teeth, and one asserted, in so many words, that the relations between the great landowners and the peasants in Swedish Pomerania were not so bad, and that it was clear from my writings that I belonged to the peasantry, and had suffered from oppression in my own family, and that this had made me, though perhaps unconsciously and unintentionally, represent things in a one-sided and partial manner.

I must take this opportunity of speaking *ex domo pro domo.* My father was certainly a shepherd's son and a count's freedman, but from my childhood up I had never suffered anything from my position. While I was still a child he had become an independent and respected Stralsund farmer. Before I was grown up he had removed to the beautiful estate of Löbnitz, once a count's seat, and had authority and patrimonial jurisdiction over at least three hundred souls. This patrimonial jurisdiction, which some have dared to hold up to admiration as the beautiful patriarchal relation between the great landowner and his peasants, was enjoyed so irresponsibly and treated as of so little importance, that not merely the nobles, but even the royal Domanium itself let it out to the highest bidder, though he might be of the lowest and roughest class. My father was not a man to abuse his power from covetousness, hard-heartedness, or cruelty, but I have witnessed the commission of much wanton injustice by others, even after the appointment of a very

worthy and learned attorney, Sonnenschmidt, afterwards member of the High Court of Appeal, to watch over these petty tribunals, whose frequent acts of injustice and oppression had become so notorious. And great was my joy when the exposure of these secret abuses caused these courts to be replaced by public district tribunals.

But I did not merely suffer from abuse and hatred; a formal accusation was brought against me. Several noblemen, led by a Baron Schultz von Ascheraden auf Schloss Nehringen, near Demmin, one of those who had bought and transformed communal districts by way of speculation, as above described, and two brothers Von Bagewitz, of Rügen, who thought themselves very wise in their generation, conspired together, and brought my book under the notice of King Gustavus IV., having previously underlined several passages in it, in which I had expressed, as they considered, too freely and improperly my opinion of the conduct of some long-deceased Swedish rulers in the government of my native land.

These gentlemen would gladly have entangled me in an accusation of high treason. The king, in his first irritation, sent the book with its dangerous dashes to Baron von Essen,* then Governor of Pomerania and

* Hans Henrik von Essen, born 1755, one of the handsome favourites of Gustavus III., whom he accompanied in his travels. He was with the king at the fatal masquerade, and enjoyed for some time the favour of his successor, Gustavus IV., by whom he was appointed to be governor of Pomerania and Rügen. During the unfortunate closing years of Gustavus IV. he was in disgrace, but Charles XIII. recalled him and made him a count. In 1814 he became field-marshal, and subsequently Chancellor of Norway. He died in 1824.

Chancellor of the University of Greifswald, commanding him to bring the audacious author to trial. General von Essen invited me to Stralsund, pointed out to me the persons of my accusers, who had however discovered themselves in other ways, and showed me the dangerous red lines, asking how I thought I could get out of this bad business, for the king seemed to be much irritated and excited. I asked for the book and a pen, and underlined a number of passages in which the cruelty and injustice of the whole state of things was represented, and begged him to bring these before his Majesty's consideration. This he did, and the king answered: "If things are so indeed, the man is in the right."

So I went back to Greifswald without a hair of my head being hurt. Perhaps the passages which I underlined may have contributed to the abolition within a few years of serfdom by this king, and to the substitution of royal courts of justice for patrimonial jurisdiction.

The history of this change as given in the following extract from a later work of Arndt's is interesting as throwing some light on a matter which seems not very familiar to English readers.

The first war of the French Revolution came to an end in 1801. It had really been a European struggle, though the next one was the first to be called so. France was calm again after a long and bloody time of tumult and change. A bold and cunning Corsican had placed himself on the throne of her old kings, and governed and kept in awe her unruly people with a strong hand. The kings and princes of Europe feared and hated the success

and ambition of a man who seemed to them only a fortunate adventurer, and the war of 1805 broke out. But Napoleon, the Emperor of France, brought it to a close within two months with unprecedented good fortune, and dictated his conditions. The old constitution of Germany was abolished, the Emperor of Germany renounced the empire and the imperial dignity, and the miserable Confederation of the Rhine* was formed, which included most of the States of South Germany. The North German States floated like islands with no foundation on the wide and now shoreless German Ocean, seeking in vain for a firm spot to which to anchor themselves. At this time the King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, was in Germany. He was at the head of a combined army of Swedes and Russians, which had been collected to fight against France. He marched as far as the Weser, where his army was joined by twenty thousand English. The battle of Austerlitz and the peace of Presburg put a too speedy termination to a war which was to have crushed Napoleon, and towards the spring the king with his little army, which Napoleon called a

* Confederation of the Rhine. At the conclusion of the war of 1805 so disastrous to Austria, several German princes showed a disposition for an alliance with France, and on July 12, 1806, sixteen German princes, by an act signed at Paris, renounced their allegiance to the empire, and formed themselves into the Confederation of the Rhine. Napoleon assumed the protectorate of this alliance, and its members bound themselves to take up arms at his invitation, and to look upon any French war as their own. During the time when Napoleon's power was at its height, the Confederation included four kings, five grand dukes, eleven dukes, and sixteen princes. Their troops fought in Spain, and afterwards in Russia, where the greater number of them perished. At the downfall of Napoleon, the Confederation naturally broke up. Some of its members lost their territory in consequence of their connection with it.

"Stockholm Parade," came back to Pomerania. And here, too, this spring a new order of things was to arise. Gustavus Adolphus wanted to create a Landwehr of five thousand men in Pomerania and Rügen. He wished also to make other innovations. The States and the Government appealed to the privileges of the country, and remonstrated. The king, who probably wished for this result, at once took decisive measures, and declared that he could not hold himself bound by the Constitution and its laws, as it had no longer any foundation, since the German Empire had ceased to exist. The emperor had abdicated, a new order of things had been imposed by foreign power, all old ties had been severed, and princes and their lands separated. Pomerania could not pretend to exist as a little German Empire by itself, and therefore he declared the old Constitution abrogated. But it was in no way his intention to rule with despotic power. On the contrary, it was his wish to procure for his German territories the happiness of the Swedish Constitution, which was more free and more just than that which they had hitherto enjoyed.

Soon after this declaration, in the summer of the year 1806, the king put forth an edict abolishing serfdom within certain limitations, and not long after summoned a general Landtag for Pomerania and Rügen to meet at Greifswald, in which the new order of things was to be discussed, and consultations held as to the necessities of the country under its present circumstances. At this Landtag, according to the Swedish fashion, four estates were represented—that is, besides the nobility and the

towns, the clergy and the peasants. At the same time, the revision of the Swedish law by a committee, formed both of Swedes and Germans, was begun in Sweden, for Swedish civil law was to be introduced on this side of the sea. The king presided over the Landtag with great earnestness and ceremony, and formed with his councillors many schemes for the improvement of the country. Then came Napoleon again, with war in his train, from the south-west. The king returned to Sweden, and in the February of 1807 a French army swept over the whole country, except Rügen, which was protected by the mildness of the winter and Stralsund, in which lay a garrison of ten thousand men.

Many dissentient voices were raised in opposition to the peasants being admitted to the dignity of an estate of the realm, and being summoned to the meeting of the Landtag. It must have been hard for the masters to see those whom they had been accustomed to consider as their bondservants thus put on an equality with themselves. But they were not wrong when they maintained that the representatives of the peasantry were not free and independent men; that they were dependent on the king, and must follow his plans blindly, and were, therefore, entirely incapable of being courageous champions of their rights. For, as there were absolutely no free peasants in the country, and as those on the noblemen's estates had been almost entirely rooted out, and the king wished to have the form at least of a Swedish Parliament immediately, the royal farmers and farm labourers were chosen for the purpose. They were called together ac-

cording to their districts, and chose from among themselves their delegates and speaker, and the king, according to Swedish custom, appointed a lawyer as secretary for the Landtag. Thus, they were indeed not independent men; but the king's schemes tended to make them so, and gradually to form a free order of peasants.

He and his Swedes, who were accustomed to a more humane and regulated condition of things than was to be found among this little people, had soon discovered where the root of the evil lay,—in serfdom and oppression, and in the destruction of the peasant class. They saw the large estates; they saw the great royal farms; and around the first there were scarcely any peasant communities left, and not enough around the latter. The king determined to begin where his hands were free. As the leases of the Crown farms fell in, they were to be cut up into several little estates, according to their size and the value of the land, on each of which one family was to live. The idea, according to the royal declaration, was, indeed, only that of a long lease; but if the king's circumstances had only allowed him to carry it into execution they would soon have followed the Swedish model, and the little pieces of land would have become actual properties, as has been the case in Sweden with land belonging to the Crown peasants, who have come into actual possession of the land, and have been raised to the rank of free peasants.

Besides the edict for the abolition of serfdom, which was to come into effect after the lapse of four years—in 1810—the king issued one abolishing the so-called

"patrimonial courts," which had been guilty of many abuses, and frequent acts of tyranny.

The country was divided into circuits, and courts were appointed for each district which contained from fifteen thousand to twenty-five thousand souls. In the course of ten years these courts have had opportunities of showing their moderation, and the benefit they are to the whole district.

But many of the other schemes of Gustavus Adolphus are still only on paper.*

* "Geschichte der Veränderung der bäuerlichen und herrschaftlichen Verhältnisse." Berlin, 1817.

CHAPTER VI.

SWEDEN.

Visit to Sweden.—Death of his mother.—The Pomeranian Landtag.—"Geist der Zeit."—Escape to Sweden.—Swedish Revolution—Adventurous return to Pomerania.

AFTER these little works were finished, and I had completed some other matters which had employed my time at Greifswald, I determined to make a journey to Sweden, and to satisfy a desire, which I had long cherished, of becoming acquainted with that northern land which is so closely connected with Germany and German history, especially with my own home. I felt I could do this by personal observation, and by residence among the people, more thoroughly than from books, or from intercourse with the Swedes settled amongst us. For this journey, which I made at my own expense, I had to ask leave of absence, and, unfortunately, obtained it. Unfortunately, I say, for no sooner had I received it, than there came a letter from a rich friend and countryman at Hamburg, asking me to spend a year and a half with him in the Spanish peninsula, and offering to pay all my expenses, as he wanted a cheerful and enterprising travelling companion. How gladly would I have made

use of this rare opportunity, but I had bound myself so that I could not go back, for I had given such reasons for asking for leave of absence for my journey to Sweden, that I could not have given it up without running the risk of offending Baron von Essen. So I started for Sweden in the autumn of 1803, returning after the lapse of a year in the autumn of 1804, at a time when the demon of politics was beginning to grow uneasy, both in north and south Germany. Then came the year 1805 with the Austrian misfortunes, and then the more terrible year 1806, which saw the downfall of Prussia.

Of this visit to Sweden, as of his earlier travels, Arndt after his return published an account. In 1804 he printed his first volume of poems, entitled "Der Storch und seine Familie nebst eine Zugabe" ("The Stork and his Family, with other Poems"), a tragedy in three acts, describing how the stork sent his sons to the university against their mother's wish, and how they returned home from their philosophical studies too proud to work, and fancying themselves emancipated from all filial ties, so that the whole house of Stork was brought to ruin. In 1805 he published a speech delivered on the king's birthday, entitled "Ideen über die höchste historische Ansicht der Sprache" ("Ideas on the Historical Treatment of Language"), and "Fragmente über Menschenbildung" ("Fragments on Education"), in two parts; a third part being afterwards published in 1809.

It was in the year 1806 that the Pomeranian Landtag was held. How it was called together by the young king Gustavus IV.,* after the dissolution of the German empire, for the pur-

* Gustavus IV. Adolphus, born at Stockholm, 1778, was called to the throne of Sweden while yet a minor by the assassination of his father, Gustavus III., at a masked ball. He married the Princess Friederike of Baden, and happened to be staying at Carlsruhe when the Duc d'Enghien was carried over the border and put to death. The act aroused his utmost in-

pose of arranging the new Pomeranian constitution, has been stated in the last chapter. Arndt himself appears to have been absent from Greifswald at the time of its meeting, being probably at Stralsund; but his brother Friedrich, himself a member of it, gave him by letter frequent descriptions of its proceedings, and of the state of the country in that unsettled time, and some of them it may be worth while to quote. The first letter was written at an earlier period during Arndt's absence in Sweden.

"Our good mother is no more. My father will certainly have written to you about it. You know how little she seemed to belong to this earth, and it is always a wonder to me that she nearly reached the age of sixty, and was the mother of half-a-dozen such sturdy fellows as we are. She was not ill long, thank God, and passed away easily and gently. I was in Löbnitz not long ago. My father has become much whiter, and his step and voice much more subdued. Everything, even the best, is only short and transitory. Here is a home destroyed, a home which had few equals in cheerfulness and kindness.

"Oct. 1804, Bergen."

"I am glad to hear that you think our father is beginning to brighten up again. Perhaps you have helped to cheer him a little. I have not seen him, indeed, for three months, but he seemed to me then very much broken since my mother's death.

"Bergen, July 10, 1805."

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dignation against Napoleon, and from that time he opposed him with unchanging bitterness. Refusing to become a party to the Peace of Tilsit, he broke with Russia and Denmark. Finland was conquered and annexed by the Czar, while Pomerania and Rügen were overrun by the French. Meanwhile the Swedish nobility were strongly disposed to the French Alliance, and, finding it impossible to force him to make peace, in 1809 they dethroned him and placed his uncle, Charles XIII., on the throne. Gustavus IV. retired into Germany, refusing to accept the pension offered him. Failing to obtain support for his claims at the Congress of Vienna, he spent the rest of his life in obscurity, separated from his wife and children—now in St. Petersburg, now in London, and now living as a citizen of Basle under the name of Colonel Gustafson. He died at St. Gallen, in 1837.

"DEAR BROTHER,—The devil has broken loose here since the king abolished serfdom. You can form no conception of the tumult and commotion our tyrants are making. They make as much noise as if it was *now* the German empire was about to fall. To me the matter is neither vexatious, nor ridiculous, nor important. It would be a different thing if the king were to give us ten thousand of your Swedish peasants with their free lands and hearts. The rascals have destroyed in the last half-century the best part of our sweet little country. Where are there any peasant villages left?—and that servants and day labourers should be loosed from the soil, and made free beggars of, is a matter of no great importance.

"Greifswald, August 10, 1806."

"I was yesterday in Trantow with my wife; I do not know whether old people have an instinctive foreboding of bad weather or bad times, but I found our good father unusually gloomy and restless. He lives certainly on the borders, and has a great deal of confusion in the house. A Swedish Rittmeister and thirty hussars are quartered on the farm and in the village, and there are Swedish outposts in the Viepower wood, guarding the Peene. The storm seems now indeed hushed, but if the Prussians had dared come here, they might have driven the little Swedish force right into Stralsund.

"Shall I tell you about our great Pomeranian Reichstag? If I only could open my eyes and mouth as wide as most people have been doing, that I might relate to you, as the Fama Grypeswaldensis, the great deeds and events of the last few weeks! Jesting apart, it was really splendid, and the women and girls of Griefswald have had a show, gratis, which they will be able to talk about for months. Balls and banquets; handsome ensigns and lieutenants; Prussian emissaries with waving plumes; lies and rumours in abundance. How many merry days have the born lords of the human race enjoyed at our expense! You have had to translate the 'Acta et Formalia,' of the Swedish Reichstag for our benefit, and you can represent it to yourself *informatione idearum poetica;* but your bodily eye has

never seen it. The proclamation of the Reichstag and the entry were really splendid, and were received with shouts and huzzas from all the street boys, and with the waving of handkerchiefs from all the pretty girls in the windows. For your patron the handsome Chancellor Wetterstedt, the herald, sat his horse finely, and two lions-d'armes (I don't know what they are called in Swedish) rode by him. Lastly, the opening of the Reichstag!—that really carried me away; one forgets one's self at a moment like that. It would have been splendid for a people of a million souls, so it could not fail to suffice for a little nation of one hundred and thirty thousand. The king, the magnates, the peers, the marshal, a herald, the generals, the knights of the Seraphim, and of the Glave, the handsome long-limbed Swedes, our gaily-dressed nobles, burgomasters, etc., and all to the sound of trumpets and trombones, and the roar of cannon. So we buried the old German empire beneath the new Swedish liberty!

"We have now the four Swedish orders—nobles, priests, citizens, peasants. Pontus de la Gardie is Marshal of the Realm. Of course you know the tall stately man. He looks, indeed, not unworthy to represent him who once made the Muscovites at Novgorod, and even at Moscow, tremble. Our old superintendent, Schlegel, for the priests—bent, humble, and confused both in step and gesture, a fit representative of our German evangelical theology, with all its confusion. The masters of both the other two orders were well chosen: Burgomaster Kühl from Stralsund, and the crown farmer Karl Samuel Ascher, from Neuendorf by Loitz, for the citizens and peasants.

"As for me, the representative of the capital of Rügen, I have had little practice as yet in speaking, and scarcely know what we have to speak about. I could find plenty to say about my little town of Bergen, and my little country of Rügen, but can I make *proponenda?*

"Greifswald, Aug. 15."

"I wrote to you that our good old father is often restless and dejected. I was yesterday afternoon with brother Karl at

Trantow. Our father is a very good man, and in his quiet way a very clever one. I wish that kings, who unfortunately never talk to the right men, could sometimes listen behind the curtain to the conversation of such people of the lower orders. As he understands the wind and weather so well, and can foretell it as well as an experienced hunter, from the course of the clouds and from the movements and flight of spiders, swallows, and snipes, he makes me almost anxious when he prognosticates the future from the course of the political clouds. He feels and speaks in such a way about the times that I cannot help feeling and speaking with him. He might feel proud that he has sent three of his people to the Reichstag: his broad-chested son-in-law Samuel Ascher, the speaker of the peasants; his eldest son Karl, a representative of the peasants; and his third, my not very slender self, elected from the honourable order of burghers; but he shakes his head at all the nonsense, and says: 'Look towards the south; there's a storm coming.'

"Greifswald, Aug. 19."

"The Reichstag is blown out, and everybody is going home. I am glad that the tragi-comedy is over. These people can produce nothing but wind, and when dreams are taken for deeds, can a sensible man cherish hope?

"What splendid words he has spoken again! I mean our king. The conclusion was something like this—see the account in the papers:—'May I live to see the day when Germany, my second fatherland, is restored to the splendour and power to which its worthy people, and the glory of centuries, give it a right.'

"The good man spoke with evident emotion, but several of the Swedes who were standing behind him visibly betrayed their contempt. The man has evidently fallen in love with the Germans, and would make a good prince in some little German country; but he has not strength to hold in his Swedes; the northern horse must be managed differently."

At this time appeared the first part of my "Geist der Zeit" ("Spirit of the Age"). This book has been praised

by many, and approved by the noblest and truest of the people, not on account of a few rash words wrung from me by the circumstances under which it was written, but because of the genuine, honourable anger proper to the year 1805, and the condition of the Fatherland and the faithful love for truth and justice which it breathed; because of the prophetical foresight of the future, and, lastly, because of the hope which illumined even its despair. Some have declared the book to be the best which I have written. It does not become me to have an opinion on the subject. But any one judging the book should bear in mind the hour at which it was born, the state of men's minds, the condition of the Fatherland, and the position of Europe at the time of its birth. Its best judge will be the heart of one, born like it under the inspiration of that time of terror and calamity. Only one who, like him who wrote it, experienced those times can judge it fairly, and he will not condemn as a crime what, and I say it with glad consciousness, comforted and inspired thousands in its time.

I wrote those 457 pages in the November and December of 1805. By Easter, 1806, they were already printed. I wrote them in Greifswald, when we had received the news of the first disastrous battles of the Danube and the misfortune at Ulm, when the Russians and Swedes, who were to unite with the English and Hanoverians on the Weser, were marching westwards along all the roads and paths of my native land, when the Prussian army was marching towards the south-east, and the fall of Napoleon was the wish and the prayer of all good men, and the hope and expectation of many

sensible ones. But, alas! how soon came Austerlitz, with all its calamitous consequences, giving a gloomy colour to the last pages of the book. Contempt, slavery, despair, utter overthrow of all; endless, hopeless misery in the background, and the terrible Corsican trampling in the dust the last honour and glory of the Fatherland. So, in five or six weeks, the book was forged on the glowing anvil of the time, and even now I am not ashamed of the feeling of manly anger at the destruction of German and European honour and freedom, the brightness of which seemed to have faded for ever during that gloomy and terrible autumn.*

The summer of that year, 1806, I lay in Stralsund, working in the government offices for Swedish affairs. I say I lay, for I had received a bullet wound in a duel with a Swedish officer, who bore the beautiful Apollo-like name of Gyllensvärd (Golden-sword), and had to spend two months on my bed. I do not defend myself. We are taught, "Thou shalt not kill;" "Thou shalt not fight duels." But there are peculiar circumstances.

* "Nothgedrungener Bericht." A translation of a part of the work here spoken of ("The Spirit of the Age,") was published in England, in 1808, by a German refugee, the Rev. P. W———. In the preface he says: "When the heroic Palm, the unfortunate bookseller of Erlangen, was executed by the order of that Man of Blood, who impiously tramples under foot all laws, both human and divine, I requested my correspondents in Germany to send me a copy of the 'Corpus Delicti,' but received for answer that the publication which had drawn upon the murdered Palm the sanguinary vengeance of the French Attila, had suddenly disappeared, and that it was highly dangerous even to speak of it. Arndt's 'Geist der Zeit' was at the same time mentioned to me as the work which had chiefly kindled the tyrant's savage rage, the more so as the author, a Pomeranian by birth, had evaded his resentment by a timely flight into Sweden." The historian Häusser describes the book as "One of the most powerful and rousing that a German pen has ever written."

I was sitting in cheerful conversation over our wine, in a public garden, with some of my dearest friends, when the Swede let fall a contemptuous expression about the German people, just when I had been praising the Swedes. I was moved like Moses in Egypt, we fell out, and three days after met with pistols about a mile and a half from Stralsund, on the sea-shore, at a distance of fifteen paces. When the ball struck me I fell, thinking the wound was mortal. It was about six o'clock on a beautiful sunny evening, and I gazed lovingly, as for the last time, at the opposite shore of my beautiful green island. But it was but a momentary failure of nature; I was soon on my feet again, and went into the town with my second, had the ball extracted, and the wound bound up, and then was forced to lie up for six or eight weeks. It was curious, but when the ball penetrated my body the sensation was quite a familiar one to me. I had often been shot in my dreams with precisely the same sensations, just as if some one were driving an icy-cold skewer through me. I asked, What is this, and whence?

A short time before this dangerous game, I had escaped a peril of a rather ludicrous description, which reminded me of my childish adventures with Asmus's "Giant Goliath." I had to appear in the royal presence to pay my respects, and return thanks for my promotion to be a professor extraordinary. The king received me in a large hall, quite alone, and with his customary ceremonious gravity. But there were two rooms open behind him, right in front of me; and there General Armfelt and the Lord Chamberlain, Count Stenbock, were carrying on a joke

together, and making such ridiculous grimaces, that nothing but a strong sense of the respect due to his Majesty prevented me from bursting out laughing. I was in a terrible fright, for there never was any one more absurd than this Stenbock, whether he was actually playing the buffoon himself, or amusing himself at somebody else's expense. His whole appearance, attitude, and gestures were more than ridiculous. He was a degenerate descendant of Charles XII.'s great general.

Towards Michaelmas my work at Stralsund was finished, and I went to my father at Trantow, a royal property near Loitz, on the Peene, where he had been living for two years. Here the news of the battle of Jena reached us, and soon after the fugitives began to arrive. As friends and enemies alike began to press towards this boundary river, we betook ourselves to Stralsund, from whence he went to Rügen, and I to Sweden. The military arrangements of this little Swedish province were so entirely disorganised that little could be hoped from it. I had no desire to be taken by the foreign troops and shot like a mad dog.

When the Peace of Tilsit, in the summer of the year 1807, brought the bloody and unfortunate war to an end, and enemies should have become friends, Gustavus Adolphus could not find it in his heart to humble himself to the triumphant Napoleon, and to acknowledge as a right what good fortune and skill had won. He would not accept the conditions of the insolent conqueror. So a French army of 50,000 men marched over the border, and besieged Stralsund; in the autumn of the same year the Swedes evacuated first Pomerania and Stralsund, and

then Rügen. The land was in the hands of foreigners, and suffered exceedingly in a short time from the unnecessarily large numbers of hostile troops. Its affluence, the fruit of thirty years' prosperity, vanished in a few months; but the evil did not cease for three years, and then only for a short interval.*

Thus I came to Stockholm as a miserable fugitive on my birthday, the day after Christmas Day, 1806. But I had many old friends and acquaintances there, and took up my quarters at first with my friend Karl Nernst, director of the German Lyceum.

However, this only lasted a few weeks, till I obtained an appointment. My friend Dr. Schildener, from Greifswald, Professor of Law, and Councillor von Schubert, from Wolgast, had been summoned to Stockholm to revise and adapt Swedish laws to our little district. Schubert had gone home on leave and remained away, and I succeeded to his place and his salary. I spent some years in this useless labour, and was also employed in some little business in the government office, under Cabinet Secretary Wetterstedt.

I had to translate the Swedish proclamations and manifestoes issued in the year 1808, in connection with the war with Russia and with English and Spanish affairs, which were sent over to the Sound and into Prussia by separate messengers. Among these was the famous state paper of the Spanish minister, Don Pedro Cevallos, in which he exposed the whole series of intrigues and plots by which the Spanish royal family was

* "Geschichte der Veränderung," etc.

beguiled into abdication and brought down to misery and imprisonment. Through this paper I nearly brought heavy misfortune upon one of my best friends. Having determined at any price to return to Germany, in the summer of 1809, I sent off by a ship sailing for Stralsund several chests of books and a little box to my friend Reincke. In this box were some little remembrances of Sweden, and a copy of this writing of Cevallos had got slipped in among them. The custom-house officers, among whom were some Frenchmen, searched them most carefully, but fortunately overlooked this particular paper. When Reincke got the box home, he turned out this hidden snake, which might so easily have ruined him, and burnt it.

I had many dear friends in Stockholm, including Pomeranians of all ranks, the chief of whom were my dear faithful Schildener and Nernst, and a long-tried friend, the king's physician, Baron von Weigel. The society of these, and of many good Swedes whose acquaintance I had made in the years 1803–4, was a great comfort to me. Life was very endurable in the pleasant beautiful town and among its hospitable and polished inhabitants. Nevertheless this time I stayed there unwillingly, and three years' enforced absence from one's native country is a long, long time. The storm which had driven me from my home, passed over into Sweden in the autumn of 1807, and the following year was signalised by a detestable treason in Finland, and great disasters to the land so dear to me. I had many friends there, and enjoyed more kindness and affection than I deserved; but, nevertheless, those were miserable years

to me. For, first, how was it possible to forget the misfortunes of my beloved country on the other side of the sea? and, secondly, how could I live happily and peacefully in a land where discord and dissensions threatened to bring everything to utter ruin; where the people were divided into factions and parties, most of which wished success to the foreigner, and the king remained immovable and obstinate in his opinions, and just as immovable in his actions, or rather in his inaction, at a time when kingly daring and strength of will were needed?

In September and October (1808) disease began to rage so fearfully in the coasting fleet that the "Landwehr sickness" was spoken of in Stockholm as an incurable pestilence, before it reached the place. In the beginning of November the fleet ran into Stockholm, and brought on shore the terrible evil, which had hitherto been only heard of in the distance. Five thousand young men were landed, besides several thousand who were marched in from the land force. It is fearful, but it is true, that no preparations were made, either for hospitals for the sick or quarters for the healthy. For two days ships full of the sick remained there, some of them open boats, and the unfortunate wretches were not only not carried into warm rooms, but were left in the ships without necessary food, not to speak of medical care. This was in November, when it was already snowing and freezing. For two nights several thousands of the fleet Landwehr* were encamped under open sky on the little islands of Lake Mälar, in the largest town of Sweden, where a hostile army of 50,000 would easily have found com-

* The fleet organised for the protection of the coast.

fortable quarters. The blame, as is usually the case when all goes wrong, was thrown on the king, the board of war, and many others. One must not be too hard on the inhabitants of Stockholm, for every one knew if he took them into his house he was taking the pestilence into it. At last they were brought under shelter, first to fill the hospitals and then the churchyards. The chief hospital was the opera-house, which was thus changed from a house of mirth to a house of mourning. Hour by hour the black dead-carts passed by, followed by the imprecations and curses of the people, which were all heaped on the king. It died out at last, when there was nothing left to prey upon, as the most raging fire dies in its own ashes, but for three months the silent black processions traversed the town, renewing daily the remembrance of past and the foreboding of future evil.

The evil course things were taking, and sometimes a dark feeling of what they were leading to, combined with the displeasure or indifference manifest on the countenances of many of those who surrounded him, the remonstrances and warnings of some true and conscientious servants, all worked on the king's mind, and made him grow more impatient in his self-willed obstinacy. But he concealed his dissatisfaction and his foreboding of his fate within himself; he shut his eyes that he might not see the dark storm-clouds gathering round his head. Sometimes again, even in this unhappy time, he grew extraordinarily cheerful, so that people often thought he must have had some good political news. But he had heard nothing; it was only that he had been finding in the study of distant lands and distant stars the solution

of a destiny which was not unfolding brightly here. When Finland was lost, and the Russians were threatening Aland and Norrland; when the sailors were dying like flies, and means for a new campaign were being sought in vain, he pointed significantly to Spain, and named with mysterious joy the year 1809, as one which would bring great things. What mistakes poor mortals make in their study of the sky and stars! He found in Dr. Jung-Stilling's interpretation of the Apocalypse the fall of his opponent in 1809; but in 1809 he himself passed from the throne to a prison.

After he was arrested they carried him the first night to Drottningholm, where he spent some days; then he was taken further from the capital to Gripsholm. In June his wife and children joined him, and the following winter they crossed the sea to Germany. During this long imprisonment, the king justified himself to some extent, as far at least as a king could, for his earlier conduct. After the first hours of his arrest, during which anger, rage, and despair threw him into a state of extraordinary excitement, he was himself again—as cold, reserved, ceremonious, calm, as if nothing had happened. He would be told of everything that passed in the outer world, read all the statements and protocols of the Reichstag and Government about himself, and remained unmoved by the bitterest expressions and outbursts of hatred against him. But the Bible still remained his chief study. He convinced many even of those who hated and calumniated him that he had really ruled conscientiously, to the best of his knowledge. This he himself declared before the world, for when the Assem-

bled Estates sent him the Act by which they renounced their allegiance to him and his family for ever, he answered that he had read it with a quiet conscience, but with the most painful feelings. The domestic virtues, in which he had been a model to his subjects, threw a mild halo over his misfortunes. His queen was the most blameless, tender, beautiful, and amiable of women, and had shown, by a rare constancy, what noble pride is. Her son was a pleasant picture of blooming youth. The rest of the family were in a manner included in the respect, honour, and sympathy which could not but be felt for the queen, and so they passed out of the country into the misery of exile not unaccompanied by tears.*

In the meantime, although every one knew me to be a hater of the French, and no admirer of Napoleon, who was idolised by most of the Swedes, yet, to confess the truth, it made no difference in their kindness to me, even after the fall of the king. But with many of my friends I was always at strife on this subject. I grew melancholy and irritable. These miserable, feverish feelings increased when commotions broke out again in Germany on the Danube and in the Alps, the vibrations of which were felt like electric shocks throughout Germany, and even in Sweden. The news reached us that Schill† had

* Brief über Gripsholm.

† Ferdinand von Schill joined the army at an early age, but devoted himself so entirely to the science of war, neglecting its practical part, that after sixteen years' service he was still only a sub-lieutenant. The campaign of 1806 awoke the warlike fire. At Auerstedt, after the battle was hopelessly lost, he could not be induced to retreat, but, surrounded by the enemy and desperately wounded, still refused to surrender, and was only saved by his horse carrying him, unconscious, through the enemy's ranks. Carried by his comrades to the neighbourhood of Colberg, during his recovery he per-

entered Stralsund with 10,000 men, and was only waiting for some English ships to embark for Schonen, to raise the standard of the imprisoned Gustavus Adolphus there.

My friend General Schwerin came to me one morning, and laughingly told me of this report which had spread in all directions, and how some people were beginning to feel alarmed. "But," he added seriously, "I don't believe it; 10,000 men are not conjured up in a moment so easily." Next morning I met him in the park at Haga. He came up to me at once, and seized my hand, saying, while the tears rushed into his eyes, "Schill and his 10,000 are gone. The Danes and Dutchmen have cut him off while crossing. Now Satan will have it all his own way."

Having arranged my affairs, and obtained money and passports, I started for the south, towards the end of the summer. I had obtained, through the help of a faithful friend, two passports, one for England and one for Germany. I took the precaution, in taking leave of my friends, to give them to understand that I was intending

ceived the importance of the place, and obtained leave to form a free corps to help in its defence, which performed such prodigies of valour that when peace was concluded at Tilsit, it was made the king's body-guard. In 1809, fancying he perceived signs of a determination to throw off the French yoke, Schill left Berlin at the head of his regiment, without the knowledge of the king, intending to join the Austrians. Failure, however, awaited him; he lost his best officers in a skirmish near Magdeburg, and was driven to take refuge in Stralsund. There, struggling in vain against 10,000 Dutch and Danish troops, he fell. His head, it is said, preserved in spirits, was sent to the Museum of Leyden, and some of his officers, who were taken prisoners, were shot by the French, and others sent to work in the galleys.

to go by Gothenburg to England, only letting two persons know my real destination, for half the people one met were foreign spies and agents. I went to Blekingen, and sailed at the beginning of September, in a Prussian ship, from Karlsham to Rügenwalde, where, after a very rapid voyage before a driving wind, I landed under the name of Allmann, teacher of languages. The next day I left in a coasting vessel for Colberg. I did not venture to trust myself in a mail-coach, in a country where fortune might throw some unwelcome acquaintance across my path, or where I might come in contact with French spies or agents. Neither could I find my way on foot, as I should have liked to do, by little-frequented paths through the woods and marshes, in night and darkness, for I was a stranger on this side of the Oder, never having set foot in this part of the country before : added to which, from my long absence from Germany, I was perfectly ignorant of the existing condition of the country. Although Gneisenau and his brave men and Schill's hussars had brought new laurels to Colberg, yet to me the shadow of death seemed to hang over it. I saw the Prussian hussars and artillerymen exercising on the plains ; I saw the forts on the sea-shore, in and around which such desperate fighting had taken place, and I thought of the heroes who had fallen before those green walls, and my feelings were in harmony with the barren, marshy plains, with their ever-brooding canopy of vapour from the salt-works, and the hollow moan of the bare, ragged fir-trees which stood round the forts and on the dunes. In the inn I found newspapers containing the melancholy tidings

from the Danube, that peace would probably soon be concluded.

I had to stay here three days, waiting to proceed by one of the salt-boats which run along the coast and into the Oder. I embarked, indeed, the second day; but we had scarcely been half-an-hour at sea when a violent contrary wind arose, and the miserable flat-bottomed little craft was obliged to put back. The skipper told me that, from the appearance of the sky, they should most likely have to wait for four or five days. Indeed, he said they were often delayed for eight or ten, hoping for favourable winds. What was to be done? I was forced, at last, to venture on the land journey, and arranged with a man to convey me in a day and a half by Treptow and Kamin to Wollin. There I again stuck fast. I could easily have gone on foot over the islands of Wollin and Usedom to the familiar Wolgast, if I had not, in the first place, been in danger of meeting with some one who knew me; and secondly, if I had not had heavy luggage, which I did not like to send by itself, and yet which had a very suspicious appearance. I had two boxes, and a huge hamper with very edifying contents; for my Stockholm friends had crammed it to overflowing with excellent wine, chocolate, tea, sausages, cheese, etc., etc. So I was obliged to return to the water plan, and desired to get over the Achterwater, and up the Peene to Anklamm. But the wind refused to enter into these arrangements. Twice I tried to cross in a little sailing-boat, and twice a calm and a contrary wind drove us back to the little town of Wollin. It was not till the fifth day that I reached the little town of Neuwarp, and on the sixth day,

at midnight, the bridge of Anklamm. Here I ordered my things to be left on the Swedish bank, and carried straight to the Custom-house. Not knowing what sort of people I had to deal with, I behaved like a man of an impatient temper, and quite beyond suspicion, and stormed and thumped at the door, for everybody was asleep, and I did not know what sort of people they might be.

One of them at last shook himself up; but he scarcely looked at my things, for the night was cold; and thankful for a considerable gratuity, gladly turned in again. I signed to my boatman, and he and his wife carried my packages to an inn close by, which I knew of old. It was on the Anklamm dyke on the Swedish side. I stayed here only half an hour, took some refreshment, left my luggage with the host, promising to send for it on the morrow, and then pushed on rapidly along the dyke.

Leaving Ziethen on the left hand, the road led to Gützkow, which I had often visited in my younger and happier days. The night, or rather early morning, was pitch dark and foggy, and near Lüssow, the seat of my friend Von Wolfradt, I hit upon a wrong path, which led me down to the Peene, and in trying to find my way back again I got into a wrong village, where the watchman was rather disposed to raise the hue-and-cry after me as a thief. So I lost many hours in wandering about; but as soon as I could discern the tower of Gützkow my difficulties were at an end, and I walked in at one gate of the farm at Trantow, in the early dawn, just as the oxen were being led out to the plough by the other.

CHAPTER VII.

GREIFSWALD.

In hiding at home and in Berlin.—Reinstated in Greifswald.—Resigns his Professorship.—Escapes to Berlin.—On to Breslau.—Blücher.—Scharnhorst.—Leaves for Prague.

THIS adventurous hegira of mine took place at the beginning of October. Here I was, once more at home with my brothers and sisters, and my child, my little eight-year-old boy; but alas! not with my father. They had buried him the summer before. Care and anxiety, and the destruction of his property in all directions, as was unavoidable in such evil and lawless days, had killed the strong man before his time. The peaceful, kindly nature which God had given him was not fitted for such a period. My mother had passed away four years before. She was fifty-six years and he sixty-eight years of age. How far short of the years granted to his mother and his brother Hinrich!

Yes, I feel thee, 'tis thou! 'tis the woman that bore me, the dauntless,
High and courageous heart, holds me in loving embrace.
So am I stronger, meseems, to contend with sword and with lyre,
Thankfully now I hail wounds for my country, or death;
Virtue now, though cynics flout, with stouter endurance
I can serve, and with heart pilgrim it heavenward along.
From that presence divine comes such large influence pulsing,—
Words to my boyhood said, oftener still to my youth!

The country, in which there were many Mecklenburgers belonging to the Rhenish Confederation, being still under French control, and full of French officials, I had to spend my days at Trantow, concealed in a little out of the way room, my presence there being kept secret from most of those coming and going. I sometimes went out in the evenings after dark with one of my brothers, or my dearest sister Gottsgab, or good old Aunt Sofie. We made only one expedition in December across the country to visit my brother Karl, who lived on a crown estate at Zipke, near Barth, some twenty miles from Trantow. I was so mysteriously cloaked, and capped, and muffled, and disguised, even having let my beard grow in preparation for this expedition, that if we had met any one we knew, no one could have recognised us. But we took the precaution of not stopping at any house by the way, but feeding our horses and ourselves in the open air in some little woodside nook. I had brought some Swedish wine from my great hamper, and some Pomeranian smoked goose. We halted for the last time in the fir-wood near Franzburg. There I drank to the memory of long-past days; once I had dreamt a happy dream there with my bride, one pleasant summer evening when the finches and nightingales were singing all around, and we were travelling from Greifswald to Löbnitz. I drank to the health of the kind friends at Stockholm, who had given me the wine. So was I forced to steal about the land close by my home, among my friends and relations, like a bandit. They were strange times; but this journey was made on a bright frosty December day.

Yes, these were strange times. It was a strange year,

that year 1809. It had begun with the banishment and flight from Berlin of the noble Minister Vom Stein. All his labours had been lost, all the struggles and conflicts, which had cost the lives of so many men, had been rendered fruitless by a disgraceful peace. The hopes of millions were engulfed in an abyss of despair. It ended with the surrender and execution of the good Andreas Hofer.

I was at home, indeed; but the state of things here was but too evident. The country was in the possession, —not indeed of French, but of Mecklenburg troops, though in certain places French officials were stationed. Foreign adventurers and agents roamed about the country. Indeed, there were some German rogues and spies who were in the pay and under the instruction of the foreigners, and who might have been dangerous to an outlawed man. Among these Germans I do not include any Pomeranians. It is not for me to blacken the character of my country-people. They are rather lazy and easy-going, but thoroughly good-natured and straightforward. Their justly-lauded cheerfulness and bravery seldom stoops, thank God, to cunning and deceit.

I went to Berlin. I hoped there to be lost in a crowd, and to be able to live and study in peace and retirement. I scarcely knew the town at all, having only passed through it a few times, and once having spent a week there eleven years before.

I had reason to hope that "Allmann, teacher of languages," would be recognised by nobody, and that no one would find him out except those to whom he could trust

himself. There lived one of my most faithful and dearest friends—a friend of my youth—the bookseller, George Reimer, a native of Greifswald. I wrote to him to find me lodgings, not too far from his house. My brother drove me with his own horses as far as Pasewalk, and from thence I took the *snail-post*, which a foot-passenger could very easily distance, to Berlin.

I arrived two days before Christmas, the day before the state entry of the king and queen of Prussia. I saw the procession and the rejoicing. Every heart in which there was a spark of German feeling had become wholly German, through the common misfortunes which all alike felt, and which all more or less deserved.

Berlin, once so proud and glorious, still in its dust and ashes, lay like a queen of lands, whose lord and master had been ensnared by a wicked enemy. I could not help leaving my little room and limping down into the street Unter den Linden, and into the great square round the castle, among the shouting and weeping people. I had one knee bound up with a handkerchief, for in climbing out of the mail-coach at Zehdenitz, I had slipped and hurt myself badly. I have spoken of the weeping people among the crowd. Many eyes were wet with grief and pain rather than with joy. The red eyes of the beautiful queen, when she showed herself at the window to the shouting crowd, testified to her deep grief in the midst of the joy. And where had the old victorious eagles flown to? My eyes sought Scharnhorst,*

* Gebhard David von Scharnhorst, born of a burgher family in the territory of Hanover, 1756, and educated in the military school formed by Count Schaumburg Lippe Bückeburg. He went through the campaign of

who, pale, with downcast eyes and bent form, let his horse carry him along among the other generals.

I remained thus in my enforced concealment. I divided my leisure-time between my kind Reimer and the Thier Garten, and in long walks along the Spree, in Belle Vue, with whose darkest and loneliest corners I became well acquainted. Sometimes I went with my friend and some companions to practise shooting with rifles and pistols, in the hope that one day we might be ready to use them against the enemy.

In the houses of this and one other friend, I became acquainted with several excellent men, old and young, who have remained true to the feelings which united us then. There were pleasant things even in that time. Every one was oppressed, suffering, and poverty-stricken, and in constant alternation between hope and fear; yet, if a spark of hope appeared, what a glow immediately spread over the whole future, and words were heard at night by the listening stars which fear scarcely dared to whisper in company. It was a time of storms; but every one knows that light always looks brightest among the darkest clouds.

1793-95, in Flanders, with honour. In 1801 he entered the Prussian service, and was employed till 1806 in teaching at the Military Academy in Berlin. In 1806 he was attached to the Duke of Brunswick's army, and, although wounded at Auerstedt, joined Blücher, and was with him in his memorable retreat to Lübeck. After the Peace of Tilsit he was entrusted with the reorganisation of the army, and it was in great part due to his efforts that Prussia was able to shake off the French yoke. In 1812, when the King of Prussia joined Napoleon in his Russian campaign, Scharnhorst retired to Silesia, but, after the French retreat he urged forward the alliance with Russia and the organisation of the Landwehr. At the battle of Grossgörschen he received a wound, which proved fatal at Prague, June 28, 1813.

PRAYER.—1810.

Thou, Who, ruling, standest nigh,
Father, hear me, hear my cry:
For the evil days oppress me,
And my burning wounds distress me;
In my heart, deep-burning, sore,
Wert Thou not, I were no more.

For, oh, faithful, ancient God,
Thou, the German's great, good God,
Hast poured out Thy wrath upon me;
Men and horses rushing on me,
Trodden in the dust I lie,
Freeman now no more am I.

And a vain and wicked folk,
Threat me with the headman's stroke,
Stealthy knife, or shameful dying—
I must bow me, meekly sighing;
They who from my fathers fled,
Heap their insults on my head.

During Arndt's absence in Sweden the Professor of History at Greifswald, Möller, died, and the only three members of the philosophical faculty who were left in the half-deserted university, resolved to nominate to the vacant professorship E. M. Arndt, and F. C. Rühs. The entrance of French troops into the province, however, cut off all communication with Stralsund, and in August, 1807, the whole district fell under French rule. By an order of his Excellency the French Field-Marshal Soult, given at Stettin, June 1, 1808, Dr. Kosegarten was appointed to the vacant chair, and three weeks after, the following decree was published:

"In the name of his Majesty the Emperor and King Napoleon, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, and in execution of the imperial decision dated Jan. 18th, 1808, the Marshal of the Empire, Commander-in-chief of the 2nd arrondissement of the Grande Armée, taking into consideration the report of M. l'Intendant, Commissaire Impériale in the province of Swedish Pomerania, on the necessity of replacing M. the Professor Arndt, for two years past resident in Sweden, and appearing to have given up his employment in the University of

Greifswald: Arrête, M. the Professor Arndt will cease to be inscribed on the rolls of the members and professors of the University of Greifswald. . . .

"Given at Stettin, June 22nd, 1808.

"(Signed), LE MARÉCHAL SOULT."

Professor Rühs was named by the marshal to the professorship thus made vacant, and this arrangement lasted till the French evacuated the province.

About Easter, 1810, I left Berlin. My native province had been given back to Sweden, and I was reinstated in my old position in Greifswald by the Swedish governor, Count von Essen. He welcomed me as one returning from England, so far had the report of my journey thither been spread. I entered upon my post again, but with little hope of being allowed to remain long undisturbed in it. Who could feel that anything was secure even for a couple of years? But I wanted once more to occupy a position of respectability and honour; and I also wished to arrange my family affairs a little. By the following summer (1811) all these matters were settled. I sought and received my dismissal, packed up my furniture, books, and papers, and went into the country to Trantow. I had freed myself from all ties, and was prepared, bodily and mentally, for anything that might happen; for storm-clouds were gathering again on the horizon of Europe. I had enough warnings to take care of myself, from my forebodings and those of my friends; among others from the noble Villers.*

* Charles François Dominique de Villers, born 1764. Though a lieutenant in an artillery regiment in Strasburg, he devoted himself to the study of philosophy, magnetism, the Greek and Hebrew languages, etc. Finding himself in danger in consequence of a book entitled "De la Liberté,"

I will give here a little note which he sent me in that glorious comet-summer of 1811, written in the German language but in Greek letters, and which I have kept among my treasures. It was as follows:

"There is a great deal of apprehension felt in Paris and Hamburg about a secret society in Germany, which is said to nourish hostile designs against France. It is imagined that its headquarters are at Berlin, and that it has spread itself over the whole of the north of Germany. Orders have been given to Davoust that a close watch is to be kept over it."

My last year and a half in Greifswald was strewn with many thorns,* chiefly from the indifference and foreign sympathies of many whom I ought to have held in honour from early recollections and family ties. Kosegarten had become a professor in Greifswald. He and my father-in-law Quistorp, and his brother, Quistorp the painter, were so caught by the magic of Napoleon and the French, and by the idolisation of their so-called liberal ideas, that our old hearty intercourse was completely disturbed, our opinions were wholly divided, and we took up entirely different views. And this was unavoidable. It often went beyond mere annoyance—went so far that old Quistorp once chastised his grandson, my little nine-year-old boy, for having said that the great Germans ought to kill all the little Frenchmen

he fled to Germany, 1793, where he lived at Lübeck in intercourse with many of the chief learned men of Germany. In 1811 he was arrested by French orders and sent away from Lübeck. He afterwards became Professor at Göttingen University, and died at Leipzig, in 1815.

* He was refused permission to defend some anti-Napoleonic theses at a university disputation, and the substance of a speech prepared for the king's birthday becoming known, he was not allowed to deliver it.

dead, saying that he was saucy, and must hold his tongue.

But although Johannes Müller might cry, "I have seen Napoleon, I have seen the finger of God, and everything must bow before him;" although Perthes' "Deutsche Museum" might bewail, in hopeless dirges, the German nation, and though many other croakers followed its lead, and were ready to justify and palliate cowardice and shame, like opera-heroes, as Niebuhr said of them afterwards, who have fallen among shepherdesses, and willingly submit to be fettered with chains of flowers—yet there were everywhere indignant men, who protested hopefully against this detestable doctrine of fatalistic submission; and, thank God, there were a great many in Greifswald. And if from those most closely connected with me I met with opposition instead of sympathy, yet in company with those revered men, Von Weigel and Von Hagemeister, and my younger friends, Schildener, Billroth, Gagern, Gesterding, and Eichstedt—Rudolphi and Rühs had left Greifswald for Berlin—I was able to give full expression to my indignation and my hopes. Our hopes were not grounded on the appearance of the comet, which was supposed by the superstitious to betoken great changes; we had a better foundation for our belief. We had Spain—and Arthur Wellesley.

How often have we drunk to the health of the great European deliverer, Wellington! In my intercourse with the farmers and country gentlemen, on my visits to my brothers, I awoke such romantic interest in the great Englishman, and in the Spaniards, Romana, Ballesteros,

the Empecinado, and Castagnos, that whoever possessed a flock of merino sheep, named the finest wether after one of them, which was better than naming German dogs after the French generals and devastators, Melac and Duras, as they used to do in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

I spent some time at Trantow, near Loitz, prepared either for travel or flight. Friends at St. Petersburg obtained for me letters of recommendation to the Russian ambassador, Count Lieven, and directly after the new year, 1812, I went for a week to Berlin, and there received from him a pass to Russia. This was still Europe. My desires had never turned towards America—to its money-seeking educated barbarism—even when I thought Europe was lost. I had only returned from Berlin one day, when being with a great company assembled in the evening, at the house of Provost Barkow, of Loitz, a messenger on horseback brought me a letter from my friend Billroth, at Greifswald, telling me that the French were over the border, and would probably overrun the whole land immediately. We packed up and dispersed with the utmost speed. I set off the same night for Stralsund, which the French had not yet reached, where I obtained some money, slept the next night with a worthy Swedish friend, Baron Munck, in Branshagen, and set off in the morning in a sledge, continually meeting French hussars and dragoons by the way, at dawn reaching Greifswald, which was already swarming with foreign soldiers. There I took a hasty leave of some friends, and then started for a place where a sledge belonging to my

brother from Trantow was waiting for me, and reached it by by-paths in the darkness of the evening. I had one serious alarm in Greifswald. At the entrance of the bridge near the Steinbeck gate, I caught sight of a suspicious-looking fellow, who recognised me immediately, and greeted me in an excessively friendly and crafty manner. I knew him to be a Greifswald rogue, who had good reason for not being my friend, and whom every one accused of having been a French spy during their last visit. But apparently he did not desire my blood.

I slipped into the house at Trantow by a back-door, and betook myself to a little room, whence I could easily have got into the thickly-planted garden, with whose labyrinths and means of exit I was well acquainted. Thence it would have been an easy matter to escape to the woody spots on the marshes of the Peene. There were already several French officers and soldiers in the house. My brother cunningly plied them with wine and brandy. They were weary, and half frozen with long marching through ice and snow, and snored peacefully, while I spent the night in arranging papers, writing letters, and taking leave of my friends; for as long as a man is alive he always imagines he has something to settle and arrange, even when his light is burnt nearly to the end. At early dawn, I stepped through the kitchen and out at the back door, with rapid steps over the snow, which crackled under my feet. My aunt, my sister and my little boy clung to me, and I had to shake them off with many kisses and hurry away. I heard my little boy running after me, and crying aloud; my

heart was full of anger and bitterness. I sped rapidly through the bushes and reeds down to the Peene and away over the frozen river. As I came up out of the meadows into the hill-country, over the Prussian border, the sun rose brightly on the most beautiful winter's day. I accepted it devoutly as a good omen, and soon met my brother, who had driven in his sledge through Loitz. We went on to a gentleman's farm, and ate a Pomeranian breakfast with an old Captain von Glöden, arriving towards evening at Clempenow, on the Tollen-See, at the house of a magistrate named Fleischmann, a dear old friend of ours.

The bright auspicious day which rose upon me and my prayers on the Peene reminds me of a letter which my dearest youngest sister, pupil, and friend wrote to me in those days of turmoil at Clempenow. She and my brother Fritz were my mother's most gifted children. Sometimes the feelings of those past days will blossom again through the grey moss of years.

"DEAR MORITZ,

"I do not know whether it is a happy omen for your future, but since you have been away I have grown calmer, and only feel the gentle melancholy which follows on bitter grief for the death of a friend. Your Karl Treu is so lonely, and we cannot enjoy the last beautiful days which have been given us in peace and happiness. I feel a courage in me which does not easily bend; only I pray God daily that I may use it rightly. If only our aunt remains well all will go right. My dearest Moritz, I too saw the moon and the beautiful

sunrise when you left us, and it seemed to me as if a thousand protecting angels were hovering over you. Karl Treu kisses this sheet, and I and my aunt send a thousand blessings and good wishes."

So again through the midst of enemies I reached a place of security. There is much need for caution and discretion on such occasions. One must not ask too many questions, nor appear too anxious nor too composed; but must endeavour to keep the happy medium. However, one must be ready to show a bold front if needful, as I did two years before when I stormed the Custom-house on the Anklamm dyke at midnight. Yet courage alone is not enough. God carried me safely through.

I rested at Clempenow a fortnight, and arrived at Berlin at the beginning of February. There I found the city in a state of utter confusion, and swarming with every variety of people, now in hope and now in despair, waiting to see when and where the storm would break which now darkened the horizon, and what part the King of Prussia would take in it. I came fresh into this whirl, and of course joined the circle of my old friend Reimer, and my friends of the winter of 1809. Here was life and energy, enthusiasm and activity to the full. Hearts beat faster, love found perfect satisfaction; hatred and resentment, in their youthful vigour with their wings yet unclipped, yielded for the moment almost as perfect bliss. There I formed friendships with many excellent men, and entered at once a great league, whose bond of union was hatred of the foreigners, and a burning desire for their expulsion and extermination. We had few

other doctrines or shibolleths; I, certainly, no other at all.

However, the word to march was soon again given. Circumstances had forced the King of Prussia to ally himself with the arch-enemy, and in the beginning of March I set off towards the east to Breslau, being provided with an Austrian passport for the Bohemian baths, besides my Russian one. When the alliance with Napoleon was made known, many Prussian officers, who could not bring themselves to fight under French colours, asked leave of the king to retire, which was graciously accorded them. The ruler understood and did not disapprove their conduct. Some went to Silesia, there to wait till the course of events should be made clear; others made the best of their way to Russia, before the ways over sea or land were closed to them, hoping there to find employment for their swords.

Colonel Count Chazot took me with him in his carriage to Breslau, where he stayed some weeks, and then fled to Russia. The spring months at Breslau were at first as lively as my February at Berlin had been. At first I had acquaintances from Berlin, Colonel Chazot and Von Gneisenau,*

* August Wilhelm Anton von Gneisenau, the son of an Austrian officer, was born in Saxony, 1760. In 1780 he went to America, fighting in the service of the Margrave of Anspach Baireuth, but on his return to Europe entered the Prussian service. He served in the campaign in Poland, 1793 and 1794, and obtained the reputation of being the officer who understood his business best. In 1806 he was present at the battle of Saalfeld, but it was in the defence of Colberg that his genius was first displayed. After the Peace of Tilsit he worked with Scharnhorst in the re-organisation of the army, and was sent on several political missions to England and elsewhere. In 1813 he fought under Blücher, succeeding to Scharnhorst's post as chief of the staff, after the latter's death. He was present at the battles of Ligny

the President of Police, Gruner,* who, being well known as an enemy of the French, had naturally not been able to remain at his post in Berlin, and several others besides. Closely united for some weeks, they then dispersed in different directions. Sometimes old General Blücher† came in; even in gay company always

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and Waterloo, and was most active in the pursuit of the French—a rich booty, including the Emperor's own carriage, falling into his hands. After the peace he withdrew from active service, but was induced, in 1818, to take office. He died in 1831 at Posen, according to one account, of cholera.

* Karl Justus von Gruner, born at Osnabrück, 1777, entered the Prussian service in 1803. He was made President of Police after the Peace of Tilsit, but, in consequence of the suspicions of the French, retired into Bohemia, where he worked energetically, by secret correspondence with England, Russia, and different parts of Germany, to overthrow the French power. Arrested upon French requisition and sent to Peterwardein, he was only released at Russia's demand in 1813. Afterwards, when Governor of the Provinces on the Rhine, he contributed essays to Görres' "Rheinischer Merkur." He died in 1820.

† Gebhardt Leberecht Blücher, born 1742. The son of a Rittmeister, he was sent, during the Seven Years' War, to be brought up in Rügen. He ran away from home and joined a regiment of Swedish hussars, but being taken prisoner by the Prussians, was persuaded to enter the Prussian service. Being unjustly superseded by Frederick II., he demanded his dismissal and lived fifteen years in retirement, employing himself in farming. On the accession of Frederick William II., he rejoined the army and was engaged in the campaign of 1793–95. In 1806 he commanded the rear-guard, which fought bravely to cover the retreat, but was forced to capitulate at Rathau. In 1813 he was placed at the head of the Prussian army, and fought at Lützen and Bautzen—won a brilliant victory on the Katzbach, and was the first to force an entrance into Leipzig, where the three allied monarchs heaped honours upon him. Crossing the Rhine he fought the battles of Brienne and La Rothière, where he won the victory over Napoleon himself, and led the Prussian army to Paris. After the conclusion of peace he visited England, where he received an enthusiastic welcome. In 1815 he was again commander of the Prussian army, and after having a narrow escape of his life at Ligny, led the army to Waterloo, and conducted the pursuit of the French army, reaching the gates of Paris on June 29. He died on his estate of Kriblowitz, in Silesia, in 1820.

retaining something of the field-marshal air. In spite of his age he had a splendid appearance, tall and quick in his movements, and with all his limbs as firm and well-rounded as those of a young man. His face astonished you most; even in the midst of jokes which, like a soldier, he exchanged with every one, it seemed composed of two distinct natures. His brow, nose, and eyes were divine; but his mouth and chin were quite those of an ordinary mortal. There was not only beauty and greatness in the upper part of his face, but also a deep melancholy, which resided chiefly in his eyes, which were as dark as the blue of the sea, and almost as melancholy. For though they could glance and laugh pleasantly, they would often suddenly darken with a terrible earnestness and anger. The savage gloom of the old hero overturned his reason for a time after his misfortunes in East Pomerania in 1806-7, and he would transfix the flies and dark specks on the wall with his sword, crying, "Napoleon." But his mouth and chin gave one quite a different impression, although they were sufficiently in character with the rest of his face. There you could read the hussar nature which was every now and then revealed in the play of his features and the gleam of his eyes, giving him the look of a weasel lying in wait for his prey.

Here I also saw Scharnhorst, who had taken flight from Berlin before the beginning of the new order of things, and his never-to-be-forgotten daughter, Countess Julie zu Dohna, who strongly resembled her father, and who, with her noble aspirations, dwelt in a perpetual seventh heaven.

Her husband, Rittmeister Burggraf Friedrich zu Dohna, at present general of the Pomeranian forces, called upon me and introduced me to his wife and her father. After that I was a great deal with them, often accompanying them into the pleasant country round, where one could be more free, and give fuller expression to the hope or sorrow of the moment. What a completely different man Scharnhorst was from Blücher! Slenderly made, and rather thin, he would saunter about in a most unsoldierlike manner, generally rather bent. His face had a good contour, and his features were finely formed; his blue eye was large, well opened, beautiful, and intelligent. Yet, as a rule, it was impossible to read his face; he usually kept his eyes even half-closed, like a man who is no longer evolving ideas, but rather resting on ideas already formed. Yet thoughts were really always swarming in that clear brain; only he had learned to hide his thoughts and feelings under a half-transparent veil of calmness. Yet, however carefully and guardedly he kept his features and gestures under control, he gave one the impression of a plain, sensible man. The bolts and bars were not noticeable.

Such was his manner, and it was as much the result of circumstances as of his natural character. He had raised himself from a humble position, and had learnt, by long experience, the lesson of obedience and of yielding to stern necessity. His position in Prussia, though his merits had been recognised by the king and many good men, had been that of a foreigner—of an envied foreigner; and in the bad times which followed

on the years 1805 and 1806, watched by his own people and by strangers, and long suspected by the foreign spies, he was forced to assume the appearance of a simple, insignificant person, after Brutus fashion, even when he was engaged on some great and bold undertaking. This could be seen in his manner of speaking, which was slow and almost inaudible. He gave expression to the boldest thoughts with sententious brevity, and in a drawling tone. Plain, simple truth, straightforward yet prudent boldness—such was Scharnhorst. He belonged to those few who think that no danger should make a man go a hair's breadth out of the way of truth and justice. Shall I add to this that this noble man, through whose hands millions passed, never soiled them with a penny that was not his own. He was a *vir innocens* in the ancient sense of the word. He died poor.

Such was the outward appearance of this earnest, virtuous man, who felt more deeply than any one else the woes of his country, and worked harder than any one else to save it. Any one seeing him leaning on his stick, thoughtful and meditative, with half-closed eyes, and yet dauntless brow, might have thought him the genius of Death leaning over the sarcophagus of Prussian glory, and expressing the thought how great we once were!

I did not spend these months entirely in Breslau and the neighbourhood; but wandered about beautiful Silesia, and the Prussian and Bohemian Riesengebirge, studying in my usual way places and people, and at the baths of Rheinerz, Landeck, and Kudowa meeting friends from

Berlin, with whom I discussed the great hopes of the day.

If any one should ask, How did you obtain the means of subsistence during this fugitive life? I answer: God had implanted in me as a boy a foreboding of my fate. In my abhorrence of effeminacy and luxury, I had accustomed myself to hardship and fatigue, and while I could enjoy comforts, I had learnt to do without them. Nor had I given up these habits after I was a full-grown man, but kept myself inured to night-watching, hunger, and thirst; and proud of my pedestrian powers, which God graciously preserved to me, I often went six or eight (German) miles on foot, when my brothers, according to the luxurious fashion of the times, would ride on good horses. After the rise of Napoleon, I prepared myself for hard experiences, and arranged my life accordingly. I had managed to save a good deal from my salary at Stockholm; the arrears of many years at Greifswald had been paid to me in 1810. I had also made some money by my writings.

Although in the sentences above he does not allude to it, it is evident that Arndt had some difficulty in obtaining this money due to him at Greifswald. The administration was willing enough to grant it him, but the treasury, after the departure of the French, was so low that they found it hard even to provide for those who had remained at their posts during the war. In a letter to a member of the administration, dated Greifswald, September 7, 1810, Arndt writes:

"I have described to you my condition and my necessity. If I could only obtain between now and Easter four hundred thalers, I should be able to get over my first difficulties." Again, in a writing of the same date, he says, that "in this fatal

time, in consequence of the pressure of many embarrassments, he is greatly in need of the whole sum, but that he will be content with notes of hand for the greater part, if he can have four hundred or four hundred and fifty thalers before Easter—a favour for which, under the circumstances, he shall never be able to be sufficiently grateful." And again, on February 20, 1811, after having stated that his salary from Christmas, 1807, to Easter, 1810, was still in arrears, he begs that a few hundred thalers may be given him, and that they will not keep him waiting *too long* for the rest, as the pressure on all sides is often great. In the end, on March 1st, five notes were given to Arndt, for two hundred thalers each, payable with interest at five per cent., in the following five years, dating from Trinity in that year. Whether he ever obtained the rest of the money there is no evidence to decide.*

If I sometimes spent a friedrichs d'or or a ducat in entertaining my friends in my solitary journeys, I had few expenses. What did it matter if the fugitive fared like a hunter in the forest, or a soldier who has lost his regiment?

At last I was forced to leave. About the middle of May Napoleon arrived in Dresden, where he had appointed to meet the kings and princes for the last great consultation. On May 29th he left Dresden, and swept down upon Poland, and I could no longer doubt that there would be war. In June I went to Prague, determined to push on as quickly as possible towards the east before all the roads were stopped.

His prophecies and those of his worshippers concerning this Scythian campaign were read by every one, and they were to come true, though God brought them to pass in

* Hoefer's "Arndt and the University of Greifswald."

quite a different manner from that which men expected. Thus the God of the Christians also deceives the proud and audacious through their own oracles.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, of Dresden, wrote on the day of the dreaded tyrant's departure: "Dresden has enjoyed the happiness of entertaining the greatest hero and ruler of the age for twelve days within her walls, under circumstances which must make the event for ever memorable in history. *Every moment was heavy with fate, and weighted with great resolutions, and the consequences of the negotiations here carried on, and the measures decided upon, will astound the whole of Europe.*"

And he himself, in the declaration of war issued to his soldiers on the 22nd of June, used, among others, the following words: "An irresistible destiny carries Russia along. The will of Fate must be fulfilled."

CHAPTER VIII.

JOURNEY TO RUSSIA.

Leaves Prague.—A Viennese Smuggler.—With the Russian Ambassador's Suite. — Smolensk. — Moscow. — Count Rostopchin.—Novgorod.—St. Petersburg.

IN Prague I met Gruner, who told me that the Minister vom Stein, who had been summoned from Prague to St. Petersburg by the Emperor Alexander, wished me to go to him at once. Gruner had told him that I had my passport for Russia ready when I was at Berlin. He was surprised that I was so long in coming to Prague, for he had written to me at Breslau, several weeks before, about Stein's wish, but the letter never reached me. Now arose the question, what was the shortest, quickest, and most secure road, under existing circumstances to Russia? How could a passport through Austria be obtained? War was declared, and fighting probably already begun, and Austria was allied with Napoleon against Russia. We found that to obtain a passport in these circumstances for such a journey was impossible, although I was an unknown and insignificant person. It would have been easier to return to the Baltic, and try to make my way from some harbour there, by

Sweden, into Russia. But at last, fortunately, a way out of the difficulty offered itself, which might succeed, though there was some danger connected with it. But there must be danger any way. We discovered a merchant in a small way, a native of Vienna, who was accustomed to travel as a smuggler over the Reisengebirge and the Carpathians, between Bohemia, Silesia, Hungary, and Poland. He was now planning a journey to Brody. I offered to share the expense with him if he would get me entered on his passport as his clerk or servant, and we came to an agreement.

So I set off with my little Viennese, and was destined to share a long and difficult journey with him. He was a little, thin man, and, as I thought, looked determined. I hoped I had found a rapid travelling companion in him; besides, I had made it a condition that we should not stop on the way, because, to me, much depended on the rapidity of our journey. I was afraid that if I was delayed, the districts through which I had to pass would be blocked by the tumult of war. Oh, what a mistake I had made! The thin, haggard form concealed a genuine, thorough-going Viennese, to whom the smell of a roasted fowl was irresistible. At every post-house we must sit down and eat and drink. I soon schooled myself into patience, and tried, when I had learnt to understand my master's capacity for eating—for he was my master during the journey—to turn the whole matter into a joke. I would not allow myself to be enraged by the rapidity with which my ducats melted away, but the loss of so much valuable time was another matter. My part was often droll enough. At Olmütz, for instance,

we stopped at a magnificent hotel. He ordered a good dinner immediately, with the best Hungarian wine, and sat down to it, saying to me, "It might look suspicious and be dangerous if you, as my clerk, should sit down to table with me. You had better stay outside and keep about the chaise, as if you had something to do there." So he sat inside for an hour and a half, while the horses stood waiting and I walked about in the rain, enjoying some bread-and-butter and half a bottle of bad wine. The next day when we reached the charming pastures round Biala, he pronounced all the wine too bad to be drunk, and, with the air of a baron or student, flung several bottles, which I had paid for, out of window. "The people here," he said, "are half Poles; one must be short with them." However, except for these interludes, we got on pretty well, for he was no talker. The good wine I had provided did not fail of its effect. He snored through the greater part of the journey, and I was free to enjoy the glorious country of Bohemia, rich Moravia, beautiful Gallicia, lying at peace under the shadow of the Carpathians. Gallicia is lovely indeed, with a constant variety of hills, woods, and meadows. But, alas! Sarmatian dirt, Polish beggars, and miserable huts in close connection with the castles of the grandees, met one everywhere, and the dirt and misery increased as we left German territory behind, and drew nearer to the Hebrew town of Brody.

Here we were close to the Russian border. I threw off my servant's disguise and dressed myself for the next act. My Viennese accompanied me still. My heart beat fast as I caught sight of the fluttering pennons

of six mounted Cossacks at the frontier gate of Radziwiloff. My former master nudged me, saying, "Let me run on in front and give them five ducats, for I know the fellows, and here you will have to pay your way!" I cast a disdainful glance at him, feeling sure that the rogue only wanted to get something further out of me, bade him adieu and drew out my passport. The lancers looked at it, bowed respectfully, and led me to a really pretty and pleasant custom-house. The custom-house officer, a Russian Councillor, and I think a Courlander, named Giese, came up immediately and looked at my passport, and then took me most kindly to his house, where I was introduced to his wife, a very beautiful Pole, and some other ladies. I was shown into a very clean room, and the officer, when I asked for news of the war and directions for my further journey, answered, "Come, we are going to have dinner; stay here and rest yourself to-night, and to-morrow we will arrange about your going on."

Both here and at Brody there was a great deal of lively bustle. Austrian and Russian officers went to and fro. On the Austrian side there was no watch kept, and several Austrian officers who, like many Prussians, were burning to fight against the foreigner, passed through that very day—among others, Colonel von Tettenborn and a Rittmeister Mäuser, whom I was to meet again in several different places, and finally in St. Petersburg.

Thus I had come well through the purgatory of my journey with the smuggler, and soon forgot my vexation and the loss of my ducats. After the dirt of the Jewish inn at the last stopping place, and the perpetual irrita-

tion of my companion's presence, I found myself in a paradise. A capital table, excellent Hungarian wine, well-educated women who could speak both French and German, and a refined and kindly host. This paradise became even more perfect when my host made a discovery which changed his hospitality into kindness.

At first I had attributed my good fortune to the contents of my passport, but now I could no longer doubt that his kindness was the overflow of real affection. After we had emptied several glasses and talked about different things, he asked me to tell him my exact name, which he could not quite make out from the passport. When I said "Arndt," "Arndt," he repeated, "what Arndt? I had a very dear friend when I was studying at Jena, whose name was Friedrich Arndt, from Pomerania, and it seems to me you talk very like him;" and he ran and fetched his album and showed me some comic verses which my brother had written in it. When I explained that Friedrich Arndt was my brother, and told him where he was living and what he was doing, I became at once a friend of the house.

After that we discussed my journey to Moscow and St. Petersburg, and he said, "Your passport gives you an escort, and that would do very well, but I have a better idea. I have to make preparations for some of the attachés of the Russian Embassy at Vienna, who will probably arrive to-morrow or next day. It will be a capital opportunity for you to travel in company, and it will be more comfortable and secure for you." I agreed, slept that night with my friendly host, and was to have stayed another; but the second day, quite early, the

caravan arrived to which I was to attach myself. They came in two splendid carriages, having with them some of the Russian ambassador's luggage.

There were three gentlemen and some servants. The first was an affable little man, very talkative and animated, a Secretary of Legation, Count Ramsay de Balmaine. The second was a Frenchman, the Marquis de Favars, a blasé young braggart; and the third was a captain in the Russian navy, a handsome Greek, who unfortunately seemed to be an effeminate fellow of the worst character. He had spent the last few years in Paris attached to the Russian ambassador, Prince Kurakin. With this trio I started, after some hours, on my journey.

I attached myself to the little count, and after we had made a few halts at posting-places, I was satisfied that I had made the best choice. The little man afterwards became famous as one of Napoleon's companions and guards on the island of St. Helena. He was of old Scottish blood, a Catholic, and had been educated by the Jesuits at Mohilev; not wanting in talent and vivacity, and possessing a great deal of miscellaneous information, but with an endless fund of absurd, though good-humoured small talk.

The company of this young man would have been very burdensome to me for any length of time. However, I made use of the two days I passed in his company to extract whatever might be useful to me out of him. I led him into descriptions of the habits and customs of the district of Russia in which he had lived most, and his otherwise too fluent conversation became instructive and entertaining to me. I did not discover

in him much that was soldierly or indeed manly; and I was rather surprised to hear that his brother was a major-general, and that he himself was about to buckle on his sword in defence of the Fatherland. Some weeks afterwards, indeed, I saw his name in the papers as colonel.

We travelled through Volhynia, a rich, glorious country: there the so-called Red Russians dwell. These people seemed to me more earnest and thoughtful than the Poles, among whom we had been travelling until now. The fields and the dwellings, as we journeyed on, continued to improve in appearance, and to grow cleaner, till they were almost as good as those of North Germany.

The people had a fine breed of horses, and the fat pastures were full of cattle of a silver-grey colour—the same kind which are constantly being brought by thousands from Hungary to Vienna. They were great bee-masters too. There were bee-hives in hollow trees, half as high again as a man, and forest trees, whose tops were still green, bored through ten or fifteen yards above ground and peopled with bees, and closed with doors and lids. Here and there stakes were planted under the trees, for the purpose, I think, of spiking any bear who might attempt to climb up.

In the town of Zitomir we were much amused by an incident we witnessed. We were dining in a Jewish inn, when suddenly there arose such a clashing and jingling of instruments all playing at once, and such a bustle and tumult of people, that we ran quickly to the window. And what did we see? Truly a sight for

gods and men. A magnificent Jewish wedding, or rather wedding-dance. Round the market-place of this somewhat dirty town, some hundreds of Jews were dancing—old and young, men and women, boys and girls — round and round, always keeping the widest circle which the surrounding houses would permit, with the fiddles and bagpipes in front, and a confused surging tumult behind. It was indeed the most charming, natural dance, and we enjoyed it royally! Every one was bright in the most splendid attire, and there was no want of pearls, gold, and silver, nor indeed of beautiful forms.

One notices at once that the Jews, both men and women, are a much finer race in Poland than in Germany, and that their manners and habits are much more dignified and composed than those of our restless, curious, prying Hebrews. This may arise from the fact that the Jews here in many places live together in great numbers, and also that many of them are employed in the quiet and innocent work of agriculture and cattle-rearing.

At last we reached Kief on the Dnieper, once the great capital of the rising Russian empire, and still displaying the signs of past splendour. It was a beautiful summer morning when we arrived, and we as strangers were quite astonished with the distant view of its strange lustre. To me it was a first glimpse of the East, with the gold glittering on the cupolas and towers of the churches and convents, and even on the roofs of some of the larger houses. Yet, when we entered the city, its many wide, empty spaces gave me the impres-

sion of a desolation, a beautiful ruin of the past. In situation, it is the queen of cities, lying on and between the stately hills of the Dnieper.

We put up again at a respectable Jewish house, where there was a very beautiful family—a mother and several daughters—who made us say, like General Holofernes of old, "Truly the Hebrews have beautiful women."

The country beyond Kief is still a rich fruitful land; but not to be compared with the plains we had seen before. The Jews became fewer and fewer, though there are some still dwelling on the left bank of the Dnieper.

We entered Russia Proper: everything became cleaner and neater, the houses better built, the villages better laid out, the people more vigorous in appearance and better clothed. Yet we had some very hot days, and endured a torture in the houses which we had not before experienced; though no mortal in Poland can preserve himself from certain insects. The houses literally swarmed with fleas, not indeed of the large Italian breed, but, in spite of their small proportions, enough to drive one to despair. Indeed, at some of our halting-places, we picked up so many of these blood-thirsty little beings, that we were forced to stop at the first convenient little wood we came to, and almost entirely undress, and shake our clothes in the wind so as to send the little multitude out into the wide world again.

We came upon villages in this district, inhabited by Roskolniks,* a primitive Russian sect, where we noticed

* Roskolniks or Raskolniks, *i.e.* heretics, a name applied to all dissenters from the Orthodox Greek Church.

with surprise that the women would immediately tear up any towel with which we had dried our hands, as they considered anything unclean which had been touched by one of a different faith. A vessel out of which we ate with a spoon and did not touch with our hands, they did not look upon as polluted.

We were eye-witnesses, about this time, of the manner in which travellers, escorted by soldiers, conduct themselves in Russia; how they do conduct themselves, though perhaps not how they should. If the horses are over-driven or the soldiers do not think them strong enough, and they happen to come in sight of a troop of horses feeding not far from the road, they fly upon them like arrows, choose out the best, unharness the tired ones, put the captured ones in their places, and so "paschol!" (off). But on several occasions I noticed that the keepers, as soon as they perceived the flying postchaise in the distance, took to flight with their horses, and would not allow themselves to be caught by the soldiers. It is also a usual thing, when a halt is made, for the traveller to take a scythe and cut as much clover and oats from the surrounding fields as he needs for his horses. So that one is constantly reminded of descriptions of journeys in Moldavia and Wallachia.

When we were across the Dnieper, the others had something to do to their carriages, and I went on alone, promising to order tea and supper at the next post-station. I did so, but my rear-guard did not come up. I began to think that one of the carriages must have broken down, or that something even worse must have happened. At last they appeared, driving slowly, and

got out still more leisurely, separating at once. Little Count Ramsay came to me, looking very red and disturbed, as if some great misfortune had befallen him, and told me that the other two had so fallen out during a conversation about Paris and the French, that he was afraid of a sanguinary result. Indeed, the marquis had spoken of balls and pistols; he did not know how to keep the wild fellows apart, and it might be very dangerous for him—the marquis, being a special protégé of the Prince de Rohan, a general in the Austrian service, had been specially commended to him. The family had great connections also in St. Petersburg, and if any misfortune befell the youth he should be blamed for it.

I interrupted him by bursting into a laugh. "My dear count, don't make yourself unhappy with such gloomy ideas. I can see that neither of these are fire-eaters or fighting men. My advice is, that you should go at once and put before them that this is the most capital opportunity for settling the quarrel with swords or pistols; we are quite alone, here is a nice little piece of shrubbery some hundred paces from the post-house; we have weapons and ammunition in abundance, and they can work off their angry feelings most conveniently this beautiful sunny evening."

At first he would not agree to it, but at last he consented to lay this chivalrous proposal before the marquis. The Frenchman, making a foreign caper, answered, with the gentlest, most lamb-like expression of countenance, "Bah! a Marquis de Favars fight with a Greek!—that would be too ridiculous, when battle-fields

are open to us. And you will confess, yourself, count, that it was child's talk over which we quarrelled." But he said that he should be glad to be rid of his Greek *vis-à-vis* in the carriage—he could not endure an eternally smiling face.

So we arranged that I should take the Frenchman into my carriage, so as to separate the two tame turkey-cocks. It was a great sacrifice to the cause of peace. He was a poor, frivolous lad who had fled from France when only a child, when his father's head fell by the guillotine—one of the first victims of the Revolution. He was possessed with a real demon of French vivacity, and filled my ears with the mighty deeds he was about to perform. He created a regiment of Cossacks in the carriage, who were to give quarter to no single follower of Napoleon, etc., etc.

More enlivening than the empty bellicose chatter of my magpie, who till now had spent his life in hopping about the drawing-rooms of the fair Viennese, was the tumult of war all round us, or, to speak more correctly, the tumult which betokened a warlike spirit and warlike preparations. Thousands of waggons of provisions, recruits for the army, tens of thousands of oxen and horses, a few companies of Uhlans and Cossacks, convoys of prisoners on foot and in waggons—apparently political prisoners, not prisoners of war—endless watchfires surrounded by soldiers and peasants: the whole country seemed in a state of ferment and excitement, occasionally breaking out into dancing and singing.

It was strange and amusing, by the light of the moon and stars, to watch masses of naked men round the fires

where their food was cooking, shaking their shirts and trousers into the flames. It surprised me at first, but dire necessity soon forced us to do the same, though it made one feel like a barbarian and a Tartar. Add to this my tedious, wearisome companion, the heat, the dust, bad food, and hours of waiting for horses—for there was an unusual number of travellers on this road, and we always needed twelve horses—and the shameless bloodthirstiness of the Russian flies, not forgetting the gadflies which were attracted by the long train of horses, —and you have a description of our journey.

I have complained of the bad food. We almost always found the people in the villages friendly and ready to help us, but many of the houses had been already cleared out, and the last fowl plucked, so that we were glad if we could find bread, milk, and brandy. Yet in many places we fared very well, particularly at Tschernigov, and nowhere did we miss the northern hospitality. Russian merchants in the little towns and villages forced us to come into their houses, and fed us with capital tea and bread and butter. Russian nobles led us with patriarchal hospitality into their elegant halls, and refreshed us with food and drink. We saw no more Jews in the villages, but found them employed about the coaches, in the conveyance of cattle, and at the post-houses, accompanying foreigners, German and English, as couriers and interpreters often from a great distance, Pesth, Jassy, or even Constantinople. In these capacities they enter Russia, where they may not reside, and generally only stay a few days. It is remarkable that all Polish Jews understand and speak German; we may thence conjec-

ture that at some former time they have wandered from the west of Germany into Poland and Lithuania and the region of the southern Carpathians. Their integrity and trustworthiness in all affairs in which they are employed is generally admitted. I was much amused with the cheerfulness and liveliness of the Russian drivers and post-boys. When a rough soldier, often as it seemed to me without the least cause, let fly at the back of a poor wretch until it resounded like a piece of wood, he would shake it off as a duck does water, swing himself on to his little horse, and ride away singing, whistling, and chattering, as cheerfully as ever. These children of nature seemed to have a way of holding conversations with their horses, which were perfectly intelligible to both parties, for a horse most loosely harnessed and guided only by a single rein would alter his course immediately at a sign, word, or whistle from his driver. I also noticed the great tenderness which the men displayed towards their animals, wild, rough, and brutal as they might be to their own species.

A great part of my journal was stolen from me, with other valuable things, on my return home through Poland, and I cannot remember exactly the day of our arrival at the famous town of Smolensk; but it must have been somewhere about the beginning of August. It was a bright morning; the sun was already hot, and we were travelling slowly through a wild throng of cuirassiers, Cossacks, and artillery, being often obliged to halt for five or ten minutes at a time, and being powdered and pomaded with the most fearful dust. Möser says, truly, that dust is the cosmetic of heroes.

At last we pressed into the town and reached the hotel to which we had been recommended, some hundred yards from the gates, kept by a respectable German-Italian, Simon Giampa, and our throats and stomachs had been looking forward to this happy moment ever since sunrise. We fought our way at length through a crowd of men and horses into the court-yard of Giampa's inn. There I found a German officer, a brave Saxon Major von Bose, with whom I became better acquainted afterwards in St. Petersburg. He was sitting on a flight of steps, and when we called for bread and wine, he answered: "Patience, patience, gentlemen! I have sent out my servant, and have been baking here for the last hour, waiting for some refreshment. Unfortunately, there is nothing to be got here—neither rooms nor food. You see, the Uhlans and Cossacks have taken possession of the whole house and court-yard, and there is hardly room left for a mouse." So we sat down patiently by his side, our little count running out and returning after an hour's absence with a bottle of very bad Don wine and a loaf, saying: "This has cost a ducat; let us divide it among us." So we did, together with a bottle of water, which we obtained besides, and shared our provisions with the Saxon. It was not till nearly dusk that the crowd gradually streamed away, and we succeeded in getting two rooms and a supper of roast fowls. It was a scene of war; the fields all round were one great camp, and fresh troops were daily arriving, for Barclay de Tolly and Prince Bagration had combined their forces.

My fortunate star, however, shone upon me even here

There were many German officers in the town, some having posts in the Prussian army, and others hoping to share in the struggle, Saxons, Austrians, and Prussians, who were eager to try their weapons against the French. I soon met old acquaintances: Count Chazot; the brave Leo Lützow, from the Spanish war; my countryman, Gustav Barnekow, of Rügen, and others. In this place, where scarcely anything could be procured for money, Chazot took care that I had my share of the bounties of nature. He was Adjutant-General of the brigade of the elder Prince of Oldenburg, now the reigning duke, and dined daily at the table of the general of the division, Duke Alexander of Würtemberg. He took me with him to this great dinner-table, and twice at night I shared his straw in the great hall, where fifty other officers lay snoring together on the ground.

The four or five days passed here in all the excitement of a martial life, were exceedingly edifying and entertaining to me. Specimens of all the various and widely different Russian races passed before me—those from the Frozen Sea and from the Ural, those who watered their horses in the Volga and the Black Sea; handsome Tartars from the Kabarda and from the Crimea; stately Cossacks from the Don; Kalmucks with flat noses, wooden bodies, and crooked eyes and legs, such as Ammian paints his Huns fifteen hundred years ago; and ugly, deceitful-looking Bashkirs, with bows and arrows. But the finest of all was a squadron of Tcherkess horse, in breast-plates and helmets, with waving plumes; fine, well-formed men, with the most beautiful horses.

I travelled to Moscow with a young German officer belonging to the Russo-German Legion, who had been sent into the camp, and wished to return to St. Petersburg. I was accompanied part of the way by Colonel von Tettenborn,* whom I met in Wiäsma the day after I left Smolensk. Some members of the Imperial Cabinet were in that place—Count Nesselrode, Herr von Anstedten, and others—and we dined together at the house of the President of Police in an immense hall which would have seated a couple of hundred guests.

Almost the whole nobility of the neighbourhood had assembled; and thousands of young peasants, recruits for the army, were encamped round the town, still accompanied by their mothers, sisters, and sweethearts. The place was also thronged with waggons, carrying the wounded into the interior. Many officers in the same plight used to dine with us at the table.

There was much enthusiasm and rejoicing, and the cup went merrily round; and when we rose from table the strangers too, of whom it was known that they had not come to Russia as followers of Napoleon, received

* Frederick Karl, Baron von Tettenborn, born 1778, the son of an officer in the service of the Margrave of Baden, began life as page to the Elector of Mainz. In 1794 he entered the Austrian army, in which he served for many years. He narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the French at the surrender of Ulm by Mack, and afterwards distinguished himself at Wagram. In 1812, quitting Austria, he entered the Russian service, and at the head of a body of Cossack cavalry, followed the French retreat, driving them from point to point to the Beresina. Supported only by one company of infantry he captured Wilna, and pushed on to Berlin. Clearing Pomerania and Mecklenburg of the French, he proceeded to deliver Hamburg from the foreign yoke, and rendered important service with the light cavalry to the end of the war. In 1818 he left the Russian service and entered that of the Grand Duke of Baden. He died in 1845 at Vienna.

their recompense—embraces, warm pressures of the hand, and kisses from beautiful women and girls who loved their fatherland. The whole people were moved to enthusiasm and deep emotion, even the very lowest, whom the foreigners stigmatised as slaves. And it was not a forced or artificial enthusiasm. It welled up from the inmost recesses of the heart, like the gush of a fountain.

We left again on the morrow, stopping some hours in the middle of the day at the clean little town of Gschat; the colonel being obliged to have his carriage made water-tight. I went out of the town into a green meadow, where flocks were feeding as peacefully as if there were no such thing as war, and stretched myself on the ground by a haystack; a shady birch waved over me, and I was gazing dreamily out into space, or rather at the clouds, which were passing over my head, when suddenly I heard the sound of music, coming nearer and nearer, and a long line of waggons passed by full of Landwehr, accompanied by their parents, sisters, and sweethearts, while pipes and fiddles were playing in front of the march. So merrily they went to war and death, as if it were nothing but a fantastic wedding dream, full of flowers and music.

Here I parted from my colonel. He went straight from Gschat to St. Petersburg, while I and the young officer travelled in a little Russian *telegga*, by a circuitous route, to Moscow. I only spent two days in this wonderful city. It seemed to me like seeing Asia. Poverty and splendour, huts and hovels, and barns and stables, not only in the suburbs but right in the middle of the

town, and among them splendid palaces and beautiful gardens; churches and convents, with gilded cupolas and towers; and the Kremlin, with its golden gates and pinnacles; and then, in that strange time of excitement, the unusual stir and throng in the streets. Two days was not time enough to see anything. I could only wonder.

In this place, too, I met with a friendly reception, at first from the Commandant of the Kremlin, General Hess, a German, who appeared to have lost nothing from his life in Russia of his German straightforwardness and good-nature. After he had examined our passports, he entertained us both at a pretty little breakfast, and afterwards took us in his carriage to the governor's house, as he was obliged to see him on business.

Thus we saw General Count Rostopchin,* the governor, who only a month after became so famous at the burning of the capital. I had, in truth, seen him already at Smolensk in the person of a wounded major who lay with his knee bound up on a sofa in the next room to ours at Giampa's hotel, and used to assemble us round him at tea in the evening. There was the same countenance, the same eyes, the same brow, the

* Feodor Count Rostopchin, born of an old family, 1760, rose to distinction by the favour of the two Romanzoffs, and at the beginning of the reign of Paul I., was overwhelmed with honours and distinctions by that king. Afterwards he fell into disgrace and was dismissed. Alexander, on his accession, made him Governor of Moscow. He himself denied having ordered the conflagration, but at any rate he set the example by burning down the magazine and his own house in 1826. He accompanied Alexander to the Congress of Vienna, and died in 1826 at Moscow. He is described as a man of a peculiarly amiable disposition.

same downright, yet kindly, bluntness; the same middle-sized athletic frame, short broad face, short regular nose, large blue eyes, and quick movements.

Such was Rostopchin, and such were many other Russian officers whom I met afterwards in different places. They all belonged to the same type, which is probably no longer to be found in the present great families, who are too much Europeanised, refined and polished, or rather polished away. It may still be found among the lower nobility. We were invited to his table, and were present at a great ceremony, a Te Deum, in the church of St. John, in the Kremlin, for a victory of Wittgenstein over Marshal Oudinot.

The way from thence to St. Petersburg passes through Twer and Novgorod — the country between Moscow and Twer being fine, rich, and well cultivated. I saw several large villages with neat cottages, several of two stories, with bright windows and painted fronts, and decorated with some good carving and plenty of bright flowers inside and out. The houses were built almost entirely of wood. I was here reminded of Helsingland, Dalarne, and Norrland in Sweden, where the peasants ornament their carts and the harness of their horses, and even their houses and churches with the same kind of skilful carving.

In the erection and arrangement of many of the villages I was inclined to think they must have had the advice of Hippocrates, or Dr. Faust of Bückeburg, concerning sun, air, and water, in their minds. Some villages are regularly built in a circle, but most of them in a half-circle, described from south-east to south-west,

and thus receiving the greatest possible amount of the heat of the sun, and the least possible of the north and north-east winds. Just in the same way you find many farms in Sweden built in a half-circle. What a difference in this, and many other respects, between the Russian peasants and the unhappy Poles.

In the villages and all along the roads there was still the same crowd of armed men. We also met some miserable groups of prisoners, among whom were some Spaniards and Portuguese. The days were very hot, on account of the short northern nights. One does not suffer quite so much from vermin in Russia as in Poland, but the armies of barbarous inhuman black hoppers are not greatly diminished. To escape these I avoided the houses as much as possible, and if I had to wait a couple of hours for horses, which, however, did not often occur between Twer and St. Petersburg, I used to wrap myself up in my cloak, and lie down under the *telegga*, if it happened to be raining, with my valuables under my head, hum to myself, "Hoc tibi proderit olim," and sleep like a king.

I had no servant with me, and therefore had to look after everything myself. I had already had two intimations of the care that was necessary. First at Smolensk, at Giampa's, where many things were pilfered from us owing to the carelessness of the servants, and where I was greatly alarmed at missing my purse, containing several hundred ducats, which however, fortunately, I found I had hidden, as if by instinct, in my bed; secondly, in Wiäsma, where several things vanished actually in the middle of dinner in the very dining-room

of the President of Police himself. In this respect Russia is like Arabia, and the common Russians like the Arabs, *giving* in the tent and *taking* in the road.

At length we entered the famous Novgorod, of which the Hanseatic proverb used to say, "Who will fight against God and Novgorod! But this Novgorod, as it is now, did not make such a very great impression upon me, though in some of its churches, and in the circumference of its walls, it bears some traces of its former greatness, and may be compared with Kief. Ivan Vasilivitch, the Terrible, trampled under his iron heel the freedom and independence of this splendid city and its proud citizens, transported many thousands of its brave inhabitants to the south of the empire, and replaced them by others accustomed to blind obedience.

The fourth day after my departure from Moscow, I passed rapidly by pleasant Tsarsko-Selo, and then, before my admiring eyes appeared the river Neva, and the new Palmyra on its shores. Thus I had made more than one hundred German miles in four days. The whole road from Twer to St. Petersburg is extremely monotonous, the country being nothing but a flat plain, full of swamps and moors, with little groups of pine and birch trees, but few villages, and here and there a solitary neat post-house, or an inn, generally kept by an Italian. The road was in most places tolerable, like a high-road in the great empire. There were none of the Mecklenburg, Holstein, or Belgian stone causeways, but plenty of log roads, some of which might have been called trunk roads, and which, made of whole pine trees laid together, are carried over the swamps and morasses. The ground un-

derneath them being hollow and marshy, trembles under the wheels as they pass over. And over this shaky road I travelled on the *telegga*, a little low carriage on four wheels, in which every jolt is felt. My ribs were the worse for this soldier-like journey, during the four days and nights of which scarcely a wink of sleep refreshed my eyes. It was not merely the crowds of people and the trembling of the road which kept me awake; it was partly my own uneasiness, which made me guard my property like a fairy dog set to watch an enchanted treasure, so that I might not be plundered of all my possessions before I reached St. Petersburg.

I have called this journey a soldier-like one, thinking not of what soldiers are, but of what they should be. As for my two military companions, both brave, active men, Count Tettenborn and the German officer, I found them, the day after my arrival in the capital, both stretched on their beds, and very much out of sorts, while I was still on my legs, and said to myself, "Please God, you will hold out for a few years yet."

During my Russian night journey I made an observation which amuses me still when I think of it. It was only a recurrence of a sensation which I had experienced in similar nights, never in Germany but often in Sweden, when my senses were over-excited through wakefulness. I think it was partly caused by the strange lights and shadows of the northern nights, whose starlight and moonlight is quite different from that of Germany, and has a magic proper to itself.. Anyhow, the trees, the rocks, the houses and other lifeless forms, seemed suddenly to come to life and to spring forward as we

passed, like magic monsters. I do not know whether this effect is produced by the action of outward objects upon the mind, or of the mind upon outward objects. About this philosophers will probably dispute till the end of time, but the fact remains the same, and in my opinion it accounts for much of the belief in supernatural appearances in Sweden, and also for Swedenborg's spiritualism.

CHAPTER IX.

LIFE IN ST. PETERSBURG.

Stein, and his influence in St. Petersburg.—The burning of Moscow.—Arndt's position and employments.—A rare bird.—The Russian character.

I ENTERED St. Petersburg at the end of August, 1812, and went at once to the château of the Minister Vom Stein.* The château bore the name of Demuth, after the name of the host of the inn where the Minister had lived for some months, and whence he had removed to this palatial building, at a short distance.

I found rooms allotted to me in the Demuth, and immediately engaged a German servant, a native of Esthonia, it being impossible to do without one here. I had a fixed position under the Minister, being at the same time in the Russian service, and receiving my salary from that Government. This continued even when I was resident in Prussia. Later, of course, it

* Karl Heinrich Friedrich, Baron vom Stein, the great Prussian Minister, born at Nassau, 1757. He entered the Prussian service in 1780, and occupied various posts, but finding himself thwarted in his plans, retired in 1807. After the peace of Tilsit, recalled by the King, he issued his famous edicts, remodelling the constitution. Outlawed by Napoleon, he entered the Russian service, and was at the head of the Central Commission for the management of German affairs during 1813-14. From that time he retired into private life until his death in 1831.

was paid by the Central Administration for Germany. Even the money I had spent during my adventurous journey from Prague to St. Petersburg was made good to me.

Thus I was established in a position neither unworthy nor distasteful. And here I may say ended my youth, which I may observe had been an uncommonly long one. They say youth is fortunate; and certainly I was fortunate in both my flights,—first when I stepped into Schubert's place in Sweden, and next at St. Petersburg.

I had never heard the name of Herr vom Stein before the year 1807. In 1808, it was known throughout Europe, by the laws and institutions which he called into existence to revive and re-establish the fallen Prussian kingdom. And in the year 1809 Napoleon's proscription pointed him out as the guiding star of the German Fatherland.

This great man heard of me, and invited me to come to him. Fate and inclination alike drove me to Russia, and by his means I obtained a safe and honourable position there. God opened a way for me then, or rather, He smoothed the path before me. Later, He seemed to close it. Such are His mysterious decrees.

I arrived on, I think, the 26th or 27th of August, and paid my respects at once to the Minister, whom I was able to supply with information from Prague. I was received very kindly by him. His form and appearance struck me as similar to one I had seen before, but at first I could not remember where; and it was not till some hours afterwards, when I was sitting with him at the tea-table and my first impressions grew clearer, that I said

to myself, "Fichte." And, indeed, in many things he resembled Fichte—the same figure, short and broad; the same forehead, only wider and more retreating; the same small, keen, sparkling eyes, and a very similar, only more strongly marked, nose. And his words, downright, clear, firm; going straight to the mark like arrows from the bow. The Fichte-like, inflexible, moral severity of his principles, I was soon forced to admire. The difference between them lay in the fact that Stein was a baron of the Empire, and came of an old family on the Rhine, and Fichte was the son of a poor weaver of Lusatia; and that the baron struggled steadily up through the shadows and mists of the *not I* to the *I*, while the philosopher was ever vainly seeking to descend from the heights of the *I* to the shadows and mists of the *not I*, hoping by that means to grasp it.

This was my first passing impression. I will describe this great and good man shortly, such as he appeared to me then and in after years.

I have spoken of the two distinct natures represented in Blücher's face. Perhaps this is true of most countenances, and you may discern in some three, four, or even more; but when there are so many, they cannot be called natures, but rather passions at war, destroying and counteracting one another. The upper part of Stein's face was the continual abode of bright and peaceful divinities. His grand, massive forehead, his thoughtful, kindly eyes, and large nose betokened calmness, deep thought and the power of ruling. But the lower part of the face was in striking contrast. The mouth was obviously too small and too finely cut, and the chin too deli-

cate for the strength of the upper part of the face. There ordinary mortality dwelt, and it was capable of expressing anger and passion, sometimes in the most violent bursts, which, thank God, if met with firmness, soon passed over. But even when this weaker lower portion of the face was convulsed with anger, and the small mobile mouth was pouring forth invectives with inconceivable rapidity, the upper part still wore an Olympian calm, and the sparkling eyes even did not threaten, so that any one alarmed by the one might be reassured by the other.

Honesty, courage, and goodness spoke in all the features, words, and gestures of this great man. He was a ruling spirit, born to be a king—in fact, a number one. I do not mean to say that a man cannot be an excellent man and do a great work as number two—that is self-evident—but Stein was not one of those. He had too strong an individuality, and his nature was formed of such stubborn material that it would not be welded easily into another, far less yield to another, as the noblest minds have had to do for great objects.

I do not know in what way, or for what particular cause, Herr vom Stein had come to St. Petersburg, but it was on a written invitation from the Emperor, as he has often told me. Others have told me that the Emperor, when on the brink of a great danger, remembered some prophetical words which the Minister had spoken at Tilsit in the summer of 1807, and that he mentioned them when he wrote to summon him. However that may be, Herr vom Stein had no struggle here, for he always went right on and left the rest to God.

But Alexander was forced to fight his way very slowly. This ruler was capable of very great and noble impulses; but there was a weak spot in his nature which deprived him of perseverance and manly firmness.

War was declared with Napoleon, and the first sanguinary engagements had taken place. But Romanzoff was still at the helm, and had driven the deserving Minister of the Interior, Speranski, and Privy Councillor Beck into prison and exile, because they counselled bolder and more rapid measures.

I had formed an acquaintance with a German, Dr. Trinius, a native of Mansfeld, physician to the Duke Alexander of Würtemberg, who was a useful friend and companion to me during my life at St. Petersburg. Just at the time when the Minister vom Stein and the Russian Emperor's change of views were beginning to shake Romanzoff's system, Trinius took me with him on a visit of condolence to the wife and children of a friend. Her husband had suddenly disappeared, and it was whispered that he had been carried off to Siberia. This friend of Trinius was Privy Councillor Beck, an honest Thuringian, who had come to Livonia as a youth in the capacity of Utschitel, or tutor, in the family of a Count von Pahlen, and now, under Romanzoff, was at the head of the secret department of foreign affairs. As he was leaving the Imperial Palace, with his portfolio under his arm, he was seized and carried off; not indeed to Siberia, but to the Citadel of the Neva, which in a straight line was only about five hundred paces from his own house and garden. His wife and children mourned for him as if he were already travelling

through the icy deserts of the Obi and Yenesei. He remained in the citadel about six weeks, and then one day suddenly reappeared among his friends. Naturally, after the Russian fashion, there was no inquiry nor explanation respecting his imprisonment. He entered upon his office again, and, if I remember right, his salary was increased by five hundred silver roubles, as an indemnification. I often saw him, and he visited me twice afterwards in Bonn.

Romanzoff* was known as the soul of the disgraceful Napoleonic league against Spain, England, and Austria, which had been in existence only too long. He, miserably effeminate in manners and habits, belonged to the weak-minded class who saw in Napoleon the instrument of the Almighty, whom no earthly power could overthrow. Therefore he always counselled peace and submission. The Emperor Alexander had not the courage to break loose at once from the old man, though Stein represented honestly and faithfully, both in writing and speaking, how this course of action must injure him in the opinion of England, Austria, and Prussia, and all those who might combine in shaking off the yoke of the

* Nicholas, Count Romanzoff, the Chancellor, born 1753, was the son of the great general, and became Russian Ambassador at Frankfort in 1785, and after holding other minor offices, was made Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1807. He headed the French party in Russia, until he resigned his post to Nesselrode, when he retired into private life, and devoted himself to literary and scientific pursuits. He fitted out the ship *Rurikau*, in which Otto von Kotzebue sailed round the world; and printed at his own expense the Codex Diplomaticus, and an edition of Russian chronicles, for which he made a journey into the provinces of the interior in 1817. He also founded some model schools on his own estates under the superintendence of an Englishman. He died at St. Petersburg, 1826.

Corsican. I have had to copy letters which he wrote to the Emperor, that the copies might be sent to London and Vienna, in which in his usual terse and clear manner he described the position of things, and the uselessness, and worse than uselessness of this characterless sensual man, with his soft step and honied mien. In this way he produced some impression upon the Emperor, but probably he worked upon him more effectually through the society of St. Petersburg, over which he had obtained great influence. His courage and boldness, and still more his wit and amiability, were felt and acknowledged everywhere, and they shone, and kindled into flame wherever there was anything to kindle. The moral beauty and purity of his nature and his innate courage, the kindliness and amiability which made him such a pleasant companion at table, when he was glad to unbend and join in lively chat, soon made him a power in Russian society. Anecdotes of his sayings and doings and *bon mots* attributed to him were constantly in circulation. He soon had a very considerable following, which was devotedly attached to him, as it was well known that he was only there on a pilgrimage, and would travel back to the West as soon as victory was won. At length he became the conscience of St. Petersburg, always prompting to honour and justice, and the Orloffs, Soltikows, Ouwarows, Kotschubeys, Lievens, and a crowd of beautiful and intellectual women, so powerful to animate and inspire, drew together under his standard.

Thus he became the invincible prince and leader of the war-party. When the news of the battle of Borodino and the burning of Moscow arrived, and Czar Constantine was

raving "Peace, peace!" which was echoed in a whisper by the Empress-mother and Romanzoff, he only held himself the more proudly and cheerfully erect. I myself saw him at that time. The day after the news of the conflagration arrived, I was with him at dinner, together with the gallant Dörnberg and several other brave Germans. I never saw him more splendid. He bade us fill our glasses, and said: "In the journey of life, I have already three or four times lost all my luggage. One must accustom one's self to think little of such things. As we must die, let us be brave."

The battle on the Moskwa, or at Borodino, on the 7th of September, the entry of the French into the old capital on the 14th, and its burning on the 15th and 16th, caused great agitation in St. Petersburg, the first great ebullition of feeling in the course of this campaign, people of the most opposite views and opinions being alike carried away in the great wave of excitement, till at last a spirit of patient enduring courage took possession of both Emperor and people, like the setting in of a hard bright frost. Even in that city opinions were at first divided as to whether it was the French or General Rostopchin who was responsible for the burning of Moscow. Those who knew the man said Rostopchin, but most people denounced the deed as an act of atrocious cruelty. However, when the French began to execrate it, and to represent Rostopchin as a detestable barbarian, the Russians turned round and discovered for the first time what glory for the people and what ruin for the enemy would spring from the flames of that sacrifice. Rostopchin became at once the great

Russian hero, and stories began to be circulated of the great preparations for the conflagration, which certainly he had never made or even thought of. People were told of a huge infernal machine, a shell spitting out fire and balls, which Rostopchin had had prepared by several skilled artificers in the neighbourhood of Moscow, and which it was intended to throw into the middle of the French army, a story which was repeated in the French journals.

Rostopchin was a genuine Russian, understanding his countrymen and knowing how to speak to them. All his proclamations and manifestoes in Moscow testify to this, and he could exhibit the most desperate courage on occasions. He had formerly been Adjutant-General to the Emperor Paul, and this Czar was safe in all his strongholds as long as he was defended by his tried bravery. It was not till Rostopchin had, much against his will, been promoted to a distant post, far from St. Petersburg, through the machinations of those who were conspiring in secret that they ventured to take the last step.

The burning of Moscow was fatal to this campaign of Napoleon. What misery the flames of the burning city brought upon the French, may be seen from a passage in the *Journal de l'Empire* of that date. It is as follows:

"If one had ever had a doubt of the barbarous nature of the Russians, their conduct in their own country must convince us more clearly than anything which could be written concerning their habits and manners. Defeated by our arms, they revenged themselves by burning down the towns they could not defend. Women, children, aged people, and even their own wounded fell victims to their senseless rage and barbarous pride. We must pur-

sue them now to defend them from their own rage, and those in whom a few disorders in the heat of victory might have been pardoned, are employed in saving the people from the excesses of that army which ought to have defended it. What would become of civilised Europe if these hordes of devastators could sweep over it? The ruins of Rome and Italy are a sufficient answer. The barbarians of to-day are the same as the barbarians of former ages. If there ever was a popular war, it is indisputably that which has for its object the destruction of this bloodthirsty Colossus, who has been advancing against us for hundreds of years, clanking the chains with which he threatens Europe, and waving the torches with which he intends to light its destruction. At the siege of Vienna Europe was protected from the irruption of the barbarians, but there was no security for its peace. It was necessary that a mighty genius should arise, who, at the head of all the martial power of the civilised world, should penetrate to the centre of barbarism, and give it its death-blow. This is the great picture which is unrolling itself before the eyes of the astonished world, and of which the capture of Moscow forms one of the principal objects. One would have thought that the enemy would have spared his old capital, and especially as, according to trustworthy letters, the Russian commander had sent a flag of truce to the French headquarters to beg the mercy of the victors for Moscow. But so great is the confusion reigning in Russia, that a governor ventures on his own authority to organise bands of robbers and murderers, and hopes to be able to defend with a handful of criminals a town which a whole army had not

been able to hold. Never did the most infatuated cruelty imagine a more horrible deed. The name of the man who committed it must ever remain the execration of his contemporaries and the abhorrence of posterity. Moreover, in spite of the detestable caution of the governor in spreading the fire and continuing the destruction, it is hoped that several quarters which were cut off by large fields will be spared. According to a letter we have before us, large stores of rice, brandy, and flour have been saved, and more is being constantly discovered. The retreat of the Russians was so precipitate that they did not even give themselves time to spike a large number of guns lying in the arsenal. But it was horrible, and enough even to make cannibals shudder, that the Tartar who was governor in Moscow set fire first to the quarters in which the hospitals were situated, and thirty thousand (?) sick and wounded, who had escaped death in the battle of September 7, were forced to meet it in the flames lighted by their own countrymen. Can madmen who burn their own countrymen be called a nation? No! Europe will give them up to the contempt of all civilised people, and will call down upon them the curses of the centuries to come."

So bitterly did the French feel that the sun of Austerlitz was extinguished in the smoke of those flames. It had risen again brightly on the field of Borodino; as Napoleon said to his soldiers, "It is the sun of Austerlitz!" "The army accepted the omen, and beat to arms."

But the Emperor Alexander had not courage enough either to acknowledge or disavow the great deed by which so much property had been destroyed, which

would otherwise have been at the mercy of the French. So that the deed of General Rostopchin was never ratified, and he himself soon after left the country in a kind of disgrace. But it was equal to Numantia and Saragossa—and no Frenchman can hear the name of Saragossa unmoved—and yet, in the flames of Moscow shine the lights of ten Saragossas. And Europe breathed no curse upon the deed, but stood silent in dread amaze before an act of which it could not comprehend the vastness.

My position here was that of a writer, under the protection of Stein's great name and ready to his hand, or, to use more dignified language, I was a German author, who, aware that there were some places in Europe where his head would not be safe from the claws of the great "roc" of the day, had made the journey to St. Petersburg, whither the Minister Stein had been drawn by similar motives. Here he was fully occupied in hurrying through the press various writings; some written on his own impulse, and some directly ordered by the Cabinet: little pamphlets, proclamations, manifestoes, answers and refutations of Napoleonic and French accounts and proclamations; some cut and measured in the Russian style and Russian way of speaking; but most from the German, may I say, the Stein, point of view.

They were occasionally printed in German, and distributed everywhere, sometimes sent out of the country; sometimes also a French translation of them was circulated. They were blown about like scattered sparks, and we hoped that they might light upon some

heart here and there and kindle a fire in it as in a powder magazine, from which the conflagration might spread further.

Stein, in announcing his arrival to the Emperor Alexander, says, "Herr Arndt must immediately be employed in composing songs and writings, which may be distributed among the Germans, to correct their ideas; he will be attached to the German legion that, by his writings and all the resources of popular eloquence, he may inspire them with enthusiasm, and such a spirit of devotion as we have witnessed in the corps of the Duke of Brunswick and Schill."

It seems that the second part of the "Spirit of the Age," which was written in Sweden, and had been published there and in London, in 1808, was now re-issued, and under Gruner's direction secretly distributed in all parts of Germany. The most important book that he wrote in Russia was his "Catechism for the German warrior and defender of his country, (Katechismus für den Deutschen Kriegs-und Wehrmann), in which is taught what a Christian defender should be, and how he should go into the struggle, with God." The book became extremely popular, and was republished with additions many times.

In this writing business I had nothing to do with any members of the Russian Cabinet. Only at last I was caught by an old Russian, who, after the fall of the Minister Speranski, was for a time a kind of Minister of the Interior. His name was, if I write it correctly, Admiral Schischkow.* He was a fine old man, and

* Alexander Schischkoff, born 1754, entered the navy very young, but applied himself ardently to scientific study, and whilst a mere naval cadet published three volumes of poems. In 1812 he became Secretary of State, and after the conclusion of the war published a volume of his manifestoes, proclamations, etc., which has been admired for its style. He was afterwards Minister of Education, and died in 1828. Among his other publications are a prose translation of Tasso, and an edition of the oldest Russian poem.

possessed the genuine Russian talent for mimicry and pantomime, and at the critical time of the autumn of 1812 was always more ready for jokes and laughter than for lamentations and forebodings. He had been told that I was a good war-trumpet, and had read some of my trifles, partly in German, which he scarcely understood at all, and partly in their French translations.

And so it came to pass that when he wished to issue any proclamation or intimation to the Russian people, with reference to the war or the enemy, he called me in to help. I soon grew to like the genuine old Muscovite, with his spirited, faithful, patriotic courage, and we often had very amusing conversations; although, when he sometimes kept me too long, I grew impatient. As he knew little German, and I no Russian, and we neither of us had a large stock of French, particularly of the higher and finer diplomatic part of the language, we often beat about for hours together before we could find the right word. For the old man liked to hurl strong, emphatic language at Napoleon.

My brains and my pen were not at the service of any others. But at Stein's command I often had to look through papers and essays of other people, and communicate his and my comments on them to the authors. Most of these pamphlets, as far as I remember, came from the pens of younger men, who after the resignation of Romanzoff worked with and for Stein. Two of these I often met in society, as well as in Stein's cabinet; and Stein would sometimes ask for my observations and criticisms on their papers, but I never wrote or composed anything in conjunction with them.

Both were Germans, as was evident in their writings and in their manners, and their works were often given me to estimate and judge. They were Von Anstett, a native of Alsace, and Count Nesselrode,* also from the Rhine, but from the Lower Rhine, north of Cologne and Bonn. The first, a fine, well-built, jovial man, half a Frenchman; the second, a more refined, delicate young man, very youthful in appearance, a scion of a family which had long been friendly to the house of Stein, whose ancestors had often tilted with Stein's ancestors on the heights of the Westerwald, or on the fields of Wetterau, and in the Imperial cities of Wetzlar and Limburg. However, Nesselrode's father had died in embarrassed circumstances at St. Petersburg, leaving one son, a helpless child, behind him. The great Catherine took him up, and he was sent to Berlin to be educated, and afterwards the Cabinet found him a useful tool. He now seemed to be studying diplomacy. In contrast to Stein's impetuous strength, he showed too smooth and pliant a nature, which the strong man used to attribute to mere weakness, or, worse still, to underhand cunning.

* The Chancellor, Count Nesselrode, born at Lisbon, 1780, and educated under the patronage of Catherine II., at the Military Collége of St. Petersburg, was attached to the embassy at Berlin, and afterwards at Stuttgart, but it was while at Paris in 1807 that he earned the favour of the Emperor Alexander. From that time he took part in all great events and signed the alliances and treaties of Kalisch, Reichenbach, the Quadruple Alliance of Chaumont, the treaty for the surrender of Paris. He was one of the most prominent members of the Congress of Vienna, and in March, 1815, joined in the famous declaration of the allies against Napoleon. Nicholas also gave him his confidence and made him Chancellor in 1844. He is supposed to have inclined to peace in 1854, but continued in office until the conclusion of the Crimean war. Retiring from public affairs in 1856, he died in 1862.

Such were my little political connections in the summer and autumn; but I then drew much closer to Stein himself, in whose hands was the chief part of the correspondence with England and Germany; particularly with Count Münster, who was then the agent for Anglo-Hanoverian and German affairs in London. The English correspondence was the heaviest for me, and I often bewildered myself over the ordering and arranging of letters and papers which I had to seal and deliver in person, for security's sake, into the hand of the English Ambassador, Lord Cathcart.

Many German officers, and these not of the most ordinary type, had stolen away from their own country and gone to the East. There was a dim conviction in the minds of these men that God would sooner or later overthrow the prosperity of a man whose power, through skill and cunning and force of arms, had been raised to such a pitch that common, weak, and cowardly minds bent before it as before an irresistible fate. They thought they could already see the beginning of the downfall in the events in Spain. Napoleon, whose pride and thirst for empire had suffered cruelly in the modern Iberia, would finally succumb in Scythia. These voluntary exiles, who were for the most part Prussians — brave, loyal men — considered that they were not fighting against their master, but on his side. They felt it hard indeed that their courage could only find an outlet in a strange land, and not in their own. But they knew that their king's case was a thousand times harder, in that he was forced to act as the friend and ally of a man who had dishonoured

his country, and who cast to the winds all promises and treaties like cobwebs, just as seemed convenient to him at the moment.

They did not lie on roses, certainly, in this land of strangers, for a man of honour cannot but suffer when he comes among foreigners as a fugitive. Two thousand five hundred years ago Callinus sang, "Envy, hatred, and spite will follow him wherever he goes!"

Many of these exiles were engaged in the army, others were in St. Petersburg, employed in forming a German Legion out of German prisoners, deserters, and volunteers, whose swords were to be employed in turning back the tide of war towards the West.

The reigning Duke of Oldenburg, himself a fugitive, Count Lieven, formerly ambassador in Berlin, and the Minister vom Stein, though men most unlike each other in every way, took the lead in the formation of this corps. Their dissimilarities in character gave rise to many petty quarrels. The duke, a most worthy and excellent prince, was ceremonious, cold and deliberate, and certainly did not possess the necessary warlike enthusiasm. The more rapid Stein was in despair whenever he had to speak or consult with him about anything. He used to say, "He is like the old German Imperial law processes, and lectures me for hours together, *stans pede in uno*." When I first went to pay my respects to the duke, he warned me to let him talk on quietly, saying that he would probably give me a discourse on the history of the empire and the princes. And so he did.

Lieven was easy to work with, and readily subordi-

nated himself to the superior activity and stronger will of Stein. He had just come from Berlin, where he had been Russian ambassador. He was well-meaning and friendly to the good cause, but a man of no force of character. Yet he had a man behind him, and this man was the power in the house, and was called Countess Lieven.* She was of the noble Courland family of Benkendorf; and was a genuine, lively, impressionable *Curländerin*, having all the lithe and flexible grace which distinguishes the German nobility of Courland, and, though past the first bloom of youth, full of a natural charm, and easy unaffected vivacity. They both received me very kindly. I had made their acquaintance in Berlin, and had been invited to their house there several times, and had obtained my passport for Russia from him. In the subsequent fêtes and rejoicings for victory at St. Petersburg, amid the universal joy which broke down all barriers of rank and sex in the capital, I was honoured with many an embrace and warm pressure of the hand by the beautiful Curländerin. Even in her old age Countess Lieven was a brilliant and active diplomatic figure in the drawing-rooms of London and Paris.

I was sometimes employed in the matters connected with the Legion, having now and then to carry on nego-

* Dorothée, Countess, afterwards Princess Lieven, née Benkendorf, born 1784, was brought up at St. Petersburg, under the patronage of the Empress Marie, wife of Paul I., and married by her at the age of sixteen, to Count Lieven. She accompanied her husband to Berlin, where he was ambassador, and about 1812 to London. She made herself a great reputation for talent wherever she resided, and took a very active part in political affairs. After her husband's death she settled in Paris, and it is said the chief business of the Russian embassy was conducted in her house. She had correspondents in all parts of Europe, and forwarded the information she received from them to the Czar, or to her brother, the Minister of Police, in St. Petersburg. She died in 1857.

tiations between certain officers and my master. The poor officers were driven almost to despair by the duke's slow, pedantic manner. The most fiery were often ready to refuse to have any more to do with the plan, proposing rather to join the Russian army, although it would not have been easy for them to obtain employment in it worthy of them, for the Russians, as soon as things began to look brighter, displayed unbearable pride and contempt for strangers. It was a very hard trial of patience to many most excellent men. But they were allowed, in 1813, to use their swords for their country.

Among all these different annoyances and vexations, there was still a good deal of real, heroic pleasure, which does not come to those whose sleep is never disturbed by the tumult of war. What hours I have passed with you, heroic souls, of whom so many already look down from above on the battlefields of those days! There were Dörnberg, Clausewitz,* Goltz, the Counts Friedrich and Helvetius zu Dohna, besides some notable passing visitors—Boyen,† Adolf Lützow,‡ etc.; and there were

* Karl von Clausewitz, born 1780, entered the army when scarcely twelve years old, and served in the campaigns of 1793–94. In the military school of Berlin he attracted the attention of Scharnhorst, and was employed by him until 1812, when he entered the Russian army, in which he served during 1813 and 1814. In 1815 he returned to the Prussian service, and was made director of the military school, 1818. He died of cholera, 1831. He published a review of the campaign of 1813, and his other writings produced most important changes in the management of military affairs.

† Hermann von Boyen, born 1771, was a member of Scharnhorst's commission for reorganising the army, and fought in the War of Liberation. After the peace he was made Minister of War, but being discontented with the acts of the government resigned his post in 1819. Frederick William IV., on his accession, made him a general, and he returned to the head of the war department.

‡ Ludwig Adolf Wilhelm, Baron von Lützow, one of Schill's officers,

jubilant meetings when hearts grew warm and cups went round, especially after the flames of Moscow had kindled boundless hopes.

Such was the circle in which I ordinarily moved. But there was another about which I must not be silent, and in which I found considerable pleasure. There were in St. Petersburg some large houses of business, the heads of which were countrymen of mine, and I soon found myself at home there, and in several other houses of German learned men and professors. The hospitality of the North reigned supreme here. I found also some old Swedish acquaintances, and among them, General Count Armfeldt,* at that time Governor of Finland. It was impossible to escape from invitations and banquets. It was a nocturnal life, as is inevitable so far north, and especially in large cities. No one ever left a party before midnight, and often not until two or three o'clock,

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was authorised to form a partizan corps in 1813. Lützow's Black Jägers soon made themselves famous, but they were nearly destroyed by a treacherous attack of the French and Würtembergers during the armistice, 1813. Lützow himself was made prisoner in France in 1814. He was present at Ligny, and attained the rank of major-general in 1822.

* Gustav Moritz von Armfeldt, sprang from one of the most powerful families of Finland, and by his great beauty and shining talents won the favour of Gustavus III. He was appointed by him, on his death, a member of the Regency, but finding himself in danger from the jealousy of the Duke of Sudermania, he escaped, and after wandering about in Germany in disguise, found an asylum in Russia. Recalled by Gustavus IV., he commanded in Pomerania and elsewhere, but fell into disfavour with the King, and on the accession of Charles XIII. he returned to Russia, of which he was now the subject, Finland having been annexed by Russia. From the first he was a steadfast opponent of Napoleon. Alexander honoured and employed him, until his death in 1814. He is said to have been able to speak and write almost all the languages of Europe.

and no one was expected to see visitors before twelve o'clock in the morning.

Among many other men of note I became acquainted with Schubert* the astronomer, Klinger the poet, and Krusenstern, who had sailed round the world, all three Germans, though Krusenstern sprang from a Swedish stock. I was introduced to Schubert as to a fellow-countryman. He was a tall, handsome, and intellectual man, but eaten up with pride. He was also a worshipper of Napoleon, and could not be brought to believe that any attempt against him could succeed; a cold-hearted scoffer and disbeliever in humanity, making intellect and success his idols. Perhaps he had learnt this in Russia, though probably his natural disposition inclined him that way. He gave me this piece of advice: "Man is born to be a slave and beast of burden—in this country he is a specially vicious one. Accustom yourself to appear harsh and haughty, and then you may pass for somebody." Such offensive maxims might have been useful to some characters elsewhere. I paid two visits to this imperious and aristocratic man of letters, and that was all.

Klinger† was a tall, powerful man, with hair as white

* Friedrich Theodor Schubert, born 1758, studied at Greifswald and Göttingen, and was summoned to the Imperial Academy at St. Petersburg, 1785. He was sent as head of the scientific department, with a Russian embassy, to China, but it was unable to proceed beyond Kiakhta. On his return he received an appointment under the Government, and devoted himself unweariedly to scientific studies until his death in 1825.

† Friedrich Maximilian von Klinger, the dramatist, was the son of a citizen of Frankfort, and was born in 1753. To please his father he went to study theology at Giessen, but an enthusiastic admiration for Shakespeare soon diverted him from that study, and he obtained employment in writing

as snow, an iron constitution, a lofty and piercing glance, and a mighty voice. But this simple Frankfort man had also changed into a polished, reserved, hard man of the world. Trouble fell upon him. He lost his only son, an officer in the Russian army, in the battle of Borodino, and the blow crushed him.

Krusenstern* was quite of a different sort. Though a native of the rough northern coasts of Esthonia, he was the kindest, most unassuming, and amiable of men, one whose companionship seemed to do every one good, carrying about with him the homely simplicity of the sailor, but nothing of the roughness of the rough element with which he had to struggle. But my favourite was Dr. Trinius, a poet, botanist, and at the same time a most warm-hearted man. He was physician to the Duchess Alexander of Würtemberg, a princess of Saxe-Coburg. At his house assembled nightly the best and pleasantest part of the learned

for the stage. A fit of military enthusiasm then seizing him, he joined an Austrian partizan corps in the war of the Bavarian succession. For some time he resided at Weimar, and then proceeded to Russia, where Catherine II. ennobled him, and made him tutor to the Grand Duke Paul, whom he accompanied on a journey through a great part of Europe. A favourite of the Emperor Paul to his death, he was honoured by his successor Alexander, who made him general, and appointed him to several posts of importance. His wife is said to have wept herself blind for the loss of her son at Borodino. He died in 1831.

* Adam Johann Krusenstern, born in 1770, served first in the British fleet. Alexander entrusted him with the charge of an expedition sent out with the double object of re-opening trade with Japan, and exploring the Russian possessions in America. The expedition was a very successful one. Besides some important scientific discoveries, he explored the west coast of Jesso, the island of Saghalien, and the Kuriles, etc., and returned to Cronstadt in 1806, after three years' absence, without the loss of a single man. In 1815 he was employed in a new expedition to discover the North-West Passage.

society of St. Petersburg. There was plenty of gaiety, and at the same time an overflowing sympathy for the great cause of the deliverance of Germany and Europe.

I was introduced to Trinius' patroness, both by himself and by Herr vom Stein. She was a magnificent woman, stately and beautiful like all her race, and a true daughter of Germany in her lofty courage. She was an enthusiastic partizan of Stein, and the old man used to sit enjoying himself at her tea-table, while a crowd of lesser people sat around. The noble princess assembled round her all the scattered hopes of Germany, and being the most intimate friend of the Empress Elizabeth, was Stein's standard-bearer at Court. It often happened that when some famous lion was coming to visit her, she would exclude all the gentlemen and ladies of the Court and send private notice to the Empress, who would come incognita by some side way, and, concealing herself behind one of her maids of honour, would enjoy herself like an ordinary mortal.

On one occasion this led to an amusing catastrophe. At that time people of all nations and languages resorted to St. Petersburg, and among them came some Tyrolese, lately returned from England. One of them was Franz Fidelis Jubilé, a handsome man of forty, a native of Vorarlberg, and a perfect picture of a fine free German. He stayed some months in St. Petersburg, and became the centre of attraction in society, where he would relate his adventures and sufferings in the Tyrolese wars, and his interviews with the Emperor Francis and the Prince Regent of England, and sing Tyrolese war-songs and

Volkslieder in his bright clear voice. He was often at the duchess's house, and she would accompany his songs on the piano, and then he was tame and sociable enough, and chatty as the mountaineers of the Alps are wont to be. The duchess talked to the Empress about this amusing foreign bird, and she expressed a wish to see and hear him.

So General Armfeldt was commissioned to bring him on an appointed evening. He invited him to dine with him, and put him in good spirits with some excellent wine. Jubilé came, told stories, chatted and sang, all with the finest Tyrolese gaiety and vivacity. When midnight approached, the duchess and the rest of the company rose, the Empress came out of her hiding-place among the Court ladies, and kindly accosted Jubilé, talking to him about Swabia and the Rhine. She told him she was a German from the Rhine, and begged him, if the Tyrolese should rise again and God should give them victory, that he would think of this evening and her petition, and not ravage Bavaria and Swabia. He, being in audaciously high spirits, answered shortly and brusquely, and, in his quick Tyrolese way, used strong language about the Kings of Bavaria and Würtemberg, and the Grand Duke of Baden, who was the Empress's brother. She listened smilingly, and was repeating her request, when the rogue Armfeldt came forward and said: "Do you know, Jubilé, to whom you are speaking? It is the Empress." At these words the man turned pale and started back in alarm, stammering out: "Your Imperial Majesty, pardon me. It was your own doing. I did not know who you were. I thought you

were only a maid of honour." She kindly tried to reassure him, but he went away trembling. I went to see him the next day, which was the day on which he should have left St. Petersburg, and found him groaning in bed, under the doctor's hands. To my astonished inquiry as to what made him look so weak and languid, he answered: "It was worse than a cannon-ball yesterday, the Empress has shot me through the heart."

Here I may explain by the way, that Stein had introduced me as a literary assistant in his department. When he learnt to know the ways of the country, he said to me jestingly: "Do you hear, you must have one of the marks that everybody wears here, you must have a Russian order. It is a ticket of admission in this country: no porter will let you in without one." To which I answered, laughing: "I and a Russian order? I shall have nothing to do with any castles or palaces where your Excellency does not go, and your name will be token enough." And so it was left.

It was a time like that mentioned in the prophecy of Isaiah, when all nations, ages, and ranks were brought to one level, when every valley was exalted, and every mountain and hill was brought low.

Many other famous people came that summer to St. Petersburg, some of whom were out of my reach. Among those who came within my sphere were the two European celebrities, Madame de Staël* and August

* The famous daughter of the famous Minister Necker, and author of "Corinne," "Delphine," etc., etc., born at Paris, 1768. Banished by Napoleon, she lived in different parts of Europe until his fall, when she returned to Paris, where she died in 1819.

Wilhelm von Schlegel,* both flying from Vienna. What shall I say of this great, often-described, and much be-praised lady? She was not beautiful in figure, being almost too strong and masculine for a woman. But what a head! The brow, eyes and nose, fine, and lighted up with genius; the mouth and chin less beautiful. With all the spirit and vivacity which shone from her eyes and flowed from her lips, her countenance expressed judgment and kindness. She could tell every bird by his beak, and knew at once how she must sing to him—a royal talent, though many kings lack it.

It was a pleasure to see her with Stein, and to watch the encounter of wit between these two vivacious beings as they sat together on a sofa. I remember one scene with Madame de Staël, who used often to make us feel cold, showing us how Frenchmen feel for their country and everything connected with it, and how they often have too much of that of which we have too little. The French company in St. Petersburg was giving

* August Wilhelm von Schlegel was born at Hanover in 1767, and studied at Göttingen, where he made the acquaintance of Heyne and Bürger. After some years spent in private teaching, he settled at Jena and became professor at the university. Here he began his famous translation of Shakespeare, and made himself a great name as a critic. In 1805 he joined Madame de Staël, and accompanied her in her travels for several years. His famous lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature, which have been translated into most of the languages of Europe, were published in 1809. Having distinguished himself as an enemy of Napoleon, against whom he wrote both in French and German, he became secretary to Bernadotte, and received from him a patent of nobility. After the conclusion of the war he rejoined Madame de Staël, and remained with her till her death. On the foundation of the university of Bonn he was appointed to a professorship, and married for his second wife the daughter of Paulus, from whom he was separated the next year. Here he took up the study of Oriental literature, and established a press for printing Sanscrit works. He died in 1845.

"Phèdre." Rocca, Madame de Staël's friend, and her son had gone to the theatre, and we were sitting at dinner with the famous lady, when they suddenly returned somewhat excited, and related that at the beginning of the performance the Russians had raised such a storm of hissing and abuse at the French and the French play, that the representation was obliged to be stopped. It was true, indeed, and this was the last time that the French actors performed in St. Petersburg that summer, and before winter the hatred and rage of the people reached such a pitch of violence that they were forced to leave the city altogether. As for Madame de Staël, she forgot time and place, and felt only for herself and her people. She was beside herself, and burst into tears, crying, "Barbarians! to refuse to see the 'Phèdre' of Racine."

I have to thank her for giving me a little help in the French language. Stein or somebody else presented me to her as half a soldier, having once been wounded and shot down in a duel, and I, to some question of hers, answered: "Oui, madame, j'ai été percé par un boulet." She answered, laughing: "Comment, monsieur, vous avez eu un boulet dans le corps, et vous vivez encore?" I will translate, to make the point clear. "How, sir, you have had a cannon-ball in the body, and you are still alive?" They all laughed, and I laughed too. I had used *boulet* for *balle*. This was instruction of a practical kind.

As I was ignorant of the language of the country, I could only hold intercourse with those Russians who could speak French or German, and who had therefore

acquired a smattering, at any rate, of a European education, and having been rubbed and polished up in European style, had lost a little of the natural stamp of their nation. But I missed no opportunity of observing and studying the genuine Russians, soldiers and peasants, small shopkeepers, drivers and post-boys, the actors and dancers, etc., belonging to the Russian theatres. The taste for this kind of natural history was natural to me, and I had plenty of opportunities of gratifying it. When I was out walking with my old master, as I often was during my first month at St. Petersburg, we used to bet upon the people whom we saw approaching at a certain distance, whether they were Germans, English, or Russians, etc. I soon learned to know the last by their ways, by their figure and their walk, so that I was pretty sure of them at a considerable distance. My old friend used often to say I must have been changed by some witch when a baby, that I evidently belonged to some race of American Indians, and that I had a nose like a dog for smelling out different races.

They are a strange people. In the form of their features and in the general character of their appearance and manners, Europe and Asia are mingled. The observer is continually struck by Scandinavian, Tartar, and Finnish peculiarities. The language is clearly related to the Polish, but the man himself, how different! He has the light-heartedness and gaiety which are common to all Slavonic nations, but with much more conscious talent for acting than the Pole, and much more sharpness and intelligence and daring determination, with all the suppleness and restlessness of his limbs and gestures. And

when he is in earnest, what obstinacy and stiffneckedness he will display! what patient laboriousness, and a perseverance genuinely Asiatic! And withal, a sense of religion as deep as it is superficial in the neighbouring nation. I have been perfectly astounded at the earnestness of the faces of those praying in the churches, or even in the streets when the mid-day or evening bell rang to prayers. How suddenly every one would stop and fold his hands, and, self-absorbed or gazing up into heaven, while the gay or ordinary gesture of the preceding moment faded, would leave the common earthly thoughts and cares in which he had just been plunged, and would pass suddenly into another world, and stand rooted to the spot, as if thunderstruck, where he had just been moving so carelessly and thoughtlessly. One feels that there is a healthy kernel, a firm character, in the people. The commonest peasant has a manner which seems to say, "I am something"—a member of a great community, with rights inalienable, and this with a touch of pride of which the humble German has no idea. I am not speaking as one who particularly likes and admires them; but this was just the impression which they made upon me. They do not like the Germans; in fact they despise them. I do not wish to return this feeling, but I do not love them and live among them I could not for all the world! They had a hard, heavy task to fulfil, and they did it well. I do not believe that any great change in the world will ever originate from them, nor do I ever wish to see them enter my Fatherland to reform and revolutionise it; but at the same time no foreign influence would find it easy to

disturb these firm, confident people in their mode of life.

And among the Russians of higher rank what grand simple heads may be found! Their calm power astonishes and overawes you. I cannot call it sublime, that would be too high, but resolute, determined, and independent. What, independence in states like Russia and Turkey, where caprice and arbitrary power almost always prevail over justice? Yes, independence. Much of this is due to the nature of the people, and still more to its system of government. The men look as calm and immovable as iron fate, and I can understand how such countenances are moulded in Russia and Turkey. Whoever has strength and courage enough rises above the fear with which one only inspires him, all else being to him no more than the dust of the ground on which he walks. He only needs to hold fast two ideas, that he must keep up his courage, and that the Emperor is nothing but a mortal after all. How different it is in freer lands—in England, France, and Germany! A man, however brave he may be, must divide his powers, must show a front against many things and many people, and with care and prudence must try to turn the flank, and can seldom dare to break through the centre. While in countries where there is one God and one autocrat to be adored, where God is very far away and the autocrat almost as distant, he may bravely charge the very centre. For where all are enslaved, each individual is comparatively independent.

Napoleon lost much precious time at Moscow, hoping to ensnare the Emperor of Russia into a peace, remem-

bering how his occupation of Vienna and other capitals had served him on former occasions. But this time he missed his aim. Peace did not appear, but winter came instead; and at last it became necessary to prepare for a retreat.

On the 20th of October, the signal was given to march out; and on the 23rd, in the sight of the Russians, whom they had called barbarians, the French blew up the beautiful Kremlin, an historic monument built in a style half Italian, half Asiatic. This was one of those acts of useless Vandalism which that nation, who call themselves the leaders of civilisation and progress, have committed, not only under the Mélacs, but in our own days in a hundred places in Germany. For the Kremlin was no fortress, was not built for warlike purposes; but was merely a little town of marvels in the midst of the larger city.

Winter, and the lances of the Cossacks harassing their rear, turned the retreat of the French into a flight, accompanied by such a loss of men and horses as had not been seen for a thousand years. The Russians followed them towards the West.

The Czar was about to leave St. Petersburg, and Herr vom Stein preceded him to Prussia. He took me with him in his carriage, in which we travelled wrapped up in furs, like a couple of bears.

CHAPTER X.

RETURN TO GERMANY.

Death of Chazot.—Horrible scenes in Wilna.—Königsberg.—Enthusiasm.—Landwehr and Landsturm.—Song of the German Fatherland.—Soldiers' Catechism.—Leaves Königsberg for Kalisch.

WE left St. Petersburg January 5, 1813, and the next day reached Pleskow, once a city and a state of glorious liberty and independence like Novgorod, now lonely and forsaken. Here we received the bad news that Count Chazot was lying dangerously ill of low fever. He had come to this place on business connected with the German Legion; for it was a depôt of prisoners and deserters. But they had brought the typhus with them, and the unhappy lads were dying like flies in November, and spreading the disease in all directions.

My noble friend Chazot had caught the infection. We saw him on his death-bed. A fellow-countryman, Captain von Tidemann, was nursing him, and he was delirious and did not know us. We never saw him again.

Whilst the Minister and I were spending an hour here, our servants left the sledge unguarded, and several things were stolen from it; among others, a portmanteau in

which, in the hurry of our departure, I had packed up most of my papers and linen, and I never recovered them. Almost all my linen was in it, and I was forced to borrow a shirt from the Minister on the journey. Some of the papers were very valuable, and I could never replace them from memory. I also lost some presents and remembrances from friends in St. Petersburg; and my want of clean linen made me suffer double torment in the Polish lodgings.

Sad thoughts of Chazot, dear Chazot, the brave, light-hearted hero, were continually present with me through the heavy snow-storms; and my old master also was much dejected, for he was strongly attached to him. Indeed, he was a man beloved by all. He inherited the manly beauty and strength of his father, but united with it a genuine German nature, and a burning hatred of the arrogant conqueror. The French commander in Berlin having spoken insolently of his King, was sent into eternity by a shot from him in a duel.

His father, Count Chazot de Florencourt, was a Frenchman distinguished for his wit, beauty, and gigantic strength. The Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia made the acquaintance of the youth during the campaign of the Rhine, in 1735, and King Frederick invited him to join his service. This powerful count had the misfortune to cut off an opponent's head in a duel: a similar accident to that which befell the eldest son of Madame de Staël at the hands of a Cossack officer, at Rostock, in 1813.

On the King observing that he wanted officers, not executioners, in his service, Count Chazot requested

leave to retire, and became Commandant of the Imperial town of Lübeck. He had several sons by his marriage with a Countess von Schmettau, who were received into the Prussian service. Our friend was therefore of foreign origin, but showed no traces of his foreign blood in his manners or leanings.

From Pleskow, or P'skow, as it is generally abbreviated, we travelled to Druja, then crossed the frozen Duna, and thence by Widsky and Sventziani to Wilna. It was a poor, sandy, sparsely-peopled country, becoming more fertile as we approached Wilna.

We saw traces of the war everywhere growing more and more distinct the nearer we came to Wilna. Houses unroofed and in ruins, so deserted by man and beast that we never even heard the mew of a cat in them; desolate remains of walls and buildings. The very small Lithuanian post-horses were so thin and over-driven that we were obliged to stop at every little hill to let them breathe, though we had put our carriage on runners, and had a team of six or eight horses.

We had plenty of time, in our slow progress over these deserts of snow, to think over the horrors which this last campaign had caused. Oh, if a proud conqueror could weep as he makes thousands of mothers weep!

On the second, third, and fourth days of our journey, we were continually meeting little groups of prisoners being led back towards the East. What a sight! Ragged, frozen, blue with cold, living on horseflesh, they scarcely looked like human beings. They died before our eyes, in the villages, and in front of the post-houses.

The sick lay on straw in sledges, piled one upon the other. When one died, he was pushed out into the snow.

Along the roads the dead lay like carrion—uncovered and unburied—no human eye had wept over their last agony. Many of them displayed frightful wounds, and some had even been hung from the trees, to serve as ghastly way-marks. The dead men and the fallen horses pointed out the way to Wilna, and the most ignorant could scarcely miss the road! Our horses snorted and reared constantly, as they wound their way among them, and sometimes had to leap over them. But it was not the horror of the dead bodies that frightened them, but the scent of the wolves, whom we often saw in groups of ten or fifteen, busy over their prey, sometimes crossing our path a few paces in front of us.

We entered Wilna late in the evening of the 11th of January. Our largest sledge stuck fast in the gutter. The servants went to fetch help, and the Minister went into an inn near. I stayed by the sledge. As we were working with all our might, and I was underneath, hoisting the sledge with my shoulder, a great blustering sledge came rushing by, and sent us all back into the ditch again. I was beginning to swear, when the occupant of the other sledge, which had stuck fast on ours, flew out, and we began to exchange blows. But this soon changed to laughter, for he proved to be a dear friend, Major von Pfuel,* who was coming from head-

* Ernst von Pfuel born 1780, chief of the staff to Tettenborn, served afterwards under Blücher in 1814–15. In 1815 he was made Governor of

quarters to fetch provisions from the town. He was glad to see us, and with his people soon helped us out. We joined the Minister, and after six miserable nights, spent a cheerful evening in Müller's inn in the Deutschen Strasse. But—but—what about rest? The first night our extreme fatigue helped us through, but afterwards came the usual Polish miseries and longings to be gone. For on the second day the Minister left us behind him, and we were obliged to wait for some luggage from St. Petersburg, and follow him slowly by Grodno, joining him not far from the Prussian frontier.

As for my Polish troubles: I had a most splendid room for my quarters, hung with silk tapestry and adorned with mirrors and with Morghen's engravings after Raphael. I had had my bed made up on a soft sofa, when, to my indescribable disgust, I saw that the walls were covered with frightful yellow crawlers! Horrible. I was obliged to cross myself and utter my "Perfer," but was the "proderit tibi" true here? In other matters there was no want of good things, and after the flight of the French there was plenty of good wine to be had, both French and Hungarian.

The next day, in the afternoon, when the Minister had left, I went out to look about the town. It seemed to me a very Tartarus. Everywhere abominable filth and

Paris after its capture, and afterwards was plenipotentiary of the King of Prussia at Neufchâtel. In 1847 he was Governor of Berlin, and the next year was employed in suppressing the insurrection in Posen. In the September of 1848 the King, in his extremity, entrusted him with the formation of a new Cabinet; but his incapacity becoming evident, he resigned in the next month. From that time he retired into private life until his death in 1866.

fearful stenches; greasy Jews and a few unfortunate prisoners, chiefly wounded men or convalescents, creeping miserably about; all the streets darkened with dirty smoke, for in front of almost every house the inhabitants had gathered together heaps of everything that could be burnt—in some cases they were merely dung-heaps. These were kept smouldering day and night to keep off the infection of the prevailing pestilence. Some of the streets were strewed with French cockades, soiled plumes, torn hats and shakos, lying trampled in the dust, bringing to one's recollection those who had passed so proudly through Wilna five months before. I went out of the gates, and sauntered about for a couple of miserable hours in the suburbs, on the side towards Wilkomirz and Kovnow. What misery! All the tokens of past horrors which I had noticed in the town were multiplied here: perfectly naked dead bodies, slaughtered horses, oxen, and dogs, the faithful and unfortunate sharers of the enormous misery. Many houses were quite in ruins, without floors, windows, or fire-places. Some were nothing but shells, while among the dismal remains a few prisoners and convalescents were creeping about like shadows, and sometimes a poor forsaken horse would be seen crouching in a corner, half frozen, and trying to pick up a few mouthfuls of hay. As I went back into the town, I met an intelligent young man, of whom I asked a question. He was a native of Brabant, and the head-surgeon of a hospital of French prisoners, who were quartered in a convent. I went with him to the entrance of this house of misery, and saw the whole courtyard full of corpses—and turned back. He told me that out of

two thousand patients from fifty to eighty died every day, and so his work would soon be easy. When I came close to the gate of the town, I met fifty or sixty sledges full of corpses, which were being conveyed away from the hospitals and public squares. They were being carried like logs, and were stiffened by the cold, and would be bad food for the worms and fishes, for many of them were thrown into the river. It was a lamentable sight to see men, whose births had been greeted with joy and who had been tenderly brought up, torn away from their parents and friends in the bloom of their youth by a savage conqueror, and now carried away to their last resting-place with as little respect or decency as if they were but beasts of the earth.

The 13th of January was beautifully bright and not too cold. The sunshine tempted me out again, and I wandered out at the other gate along the little river Wilia, on which the town lies. Before the gate lay many broken-down French waggons and gun-carriages among the ruined houses, and this road was also strewn with caps, cockades, and dead horses. Most of the bodies had been removed, but some lay still forgotten behind great stones and bushes and the pillars of the bridge, and it was evident that the wolves had been busy with them. It touched me to see a wounded prisoner, who had been limping along in front of me, pale and bent, and looking like one who had just come out of a hospital, or perhaps was just going in, stop before one of these bodies and consider it, even touch it with his stick. Thus man grows to be cold and indifferent to his fate; indeed, most would at last become callous

to the sight of any grief and misery, if they were not called to something better and brighter. While this man was standing by the corpse of his comrade and I was considering them both, the sound of music and singing came down the mountain. Some priests and mourners were accompanying with Christian rites a coffin and its occupant to burial. The stream of sledges with naked corpses continued, and I was carried involuntarily into the courtyard of a great building, which showed by the size of its rooms and its stabling, and by the remains of ornamented chimney-pieces and hangings, that it had once been inhabited by wealthy owners. Everything inside was broken and shattered, many of the floors were burnt, and about the rooms were scattered broken pottery, bones, rags of uniforms, caps, plumes, and in one little room in the chimney the remains of a half-consumed body. Perhaps one of the miserable inhabitants had crawled towards the warmth, as worms do to the light, had lost his senses, and died in the flames. Many were found in this way in the watch-fires, who in the half-sleep of death desiring to warm their stiffened limbs, came too near the flames and were burned. A horror came over me as if I had seen a ghost in daylight, and I ran out of the deserted building. That evening I saw in the town something still worse. I had gone out to watch the Russian militia enter and pass through the town, and also to make observations on the Polish peasants and the Jews, when the sound of singing attracted me, and I came unnoticed to the Minsk Gate, where a solemn service was being held. I listened for a few minutes, and then, on my way back, passed into the

enclosure of a church not far from the gate. At first I only looked at the church, and then I noticed the upper windows, or the empty window-frames, of a building like a convent or a college running round the court. As I came closer, what did I see?—bodies heaped up so high that in some places they were above the windows of the second story. There must have been at least a thousand. A hospital died out! In the whole building there was not the sign of a living creature, except a dog, which was snuffing at one of the doors. Fortunately the hard frost had stopped decomposition, or the place would have been unapproachable. Scenes of slaughter must often have been witnessed in France and Germany after bloody battles, but only Polish mismanagement and a year like the year 1812 could have brought such abominations before human eyes. But why should I wonder at these heaps of bodies? Was not a dead Frenchman lying under our very sledge in the filth and dirty straw in a shed belonging to Müller's inn, in the Deutsche Strasse? So great was the misery of the time, and such the carelessness and inhumanity in this place.

Wilna swarmed with Jews. I was obliged to make some little purchases there of necessaries which the thieves in Pleskow had taken from me, and had therefore, however unwillingly, to make the round of their shops. I found them here, in Lithuania, less beautiful in form and face than in Poland. In this war the Jews had shown an inclination towards Russia, and did not revolt like the Poles, for the much-praised Polish liberty did not give them the security of property which they enjoyed under the Russian sceptre. They appear to have

had a good political instinct, for from the very beginning they showed themselves hostile to the French, and the allurement of gold would very seldom induce them to act as spies or traitors. In Wilna, on the entry of the Russians, they fought bravely against the French, and chased them boldly with war-cries, killing and capturing several hundreds. The spoil which they took from these plunderers of the world, and the trade which they carried on with the Cossacks, must have considerably enriched them.

On the 14th of January I passed out by the Minsk Gate towards Grodno. The moon shone on a field of corpses. For a distance of nearly two miles lay the bodies of those who had been struck down or who had died of exposure to the cold, in heaps of from thirty to fifty; near dead horses there always lay two or three human bodies, and our sledge glided over the bones of men. I saw an unusual number of wolves creeping past us in the woods. This was more than five weeks after the entry of the Russians into Wilna. I carried away with me a ghastly recollection of the place.

The country between Wilna and Grodno I found much more fertile and better cultivated than that between Pleskow and Wilna, and there the war had not left behind it so many marks of its desolating footsteps. Grodno is a very clean little town. I only stayed there a few hours, and that night reached my master and the imperial head-quarters, where I slept like a king on two chairs in a well-warmed cottage room. On the 17th of January we arrived in the Prussian town of Lyck, and took up our abode in the court-house. It was bitterly

cold, and a hungry evening, and the incursion of Russians had swelled the population, so that the supply of food was not sufficient. But how pleasant it was to be again among Germans, and, in spite of all they had suffered from friend and foe, to be received with glad faces and anticipations of better fortune! On the 18th we proceeded on our way in sledges through Prussian woods and over frozen seas, until late in the night, when we got a little sleep in another court-house. Early on the 19th we came to the house of the President of the Province, Herr von Schön,* in Gumbinnen, where we stayed the whole of the day and that following night. We were received with the utmost joy. This most distinguished man was an old friend of the Minister. We had much conversation, and many stories were told of the flying French marshals and officials, who had passed Gumbinnen on their way to Königsberg. They were naturally very uneasy in Prussia, knowing that the people might rise any night and murder them all. What would have happened to Germans in such a position in France? They would scarcely have got away with a whole skin. And we used not to be so tame in earlier times. How was it, then? The marshals had been quartered in the

* Heinrich Theodor von Schön, born 1773, studied under Kant at Königsberg, and afterwards made a journey to England for the purpose of studying her political institutions. He entered the service of the Government of Prussia, and was a member of the Immediate Commission appointed after the peace of Tilsit. He thus had a share in the reforms of Stein. The act of General Yorck in falling away from the French alliance is said not to have been accomplished without his knowledge. After the peace he held the government of the province of Prussia, and on the accession of Frederick William IV., took a prominent part in the efforts made to obtain from that King the constitution so long promised. In 1842 he retired from official life, and died in 1856.

best houses, but they and the other chief officers conveyed themselves and their property into miserable huts, thinking they should be better concealed there, and they paid for their night's lodgings with friedrichs-d'or, so much did they fear being attacked and plundered.

Leaving Gumbinnen on the 21st of January, 1813, we arrived towards evening at the capital of Old Prussia, Königsberg, where we found quarters prepared for us in the splendid house of the brothers Nicolovius. The Minister lodged with the bookseller, and I with the President.* Here Stein assembled the officials and principal men, among them Count Alexander zu Dohna, a former minister, and President von Schön. He acted apparently in the name and authority of the Emperor of Russia, but in such a manner and with such ingenuity that the King of Prussia was tacitly made to appear as his friend and ally. The country was to be treated, not as conquered territory, but as a land which they came to deliver.

Königsberg now afforded a very lively picture of warlike life. There were General Yorck's brave regiments in and around the town, Russian generals and officers, Prussian prisoners or wounded, who had been brought here, and who, although the state of things between Prussia and Russia was still undecided, were allowed to go about free, as if the peace and alliance had been already declared; companies of unhappy French prisoners

* G. H. L. Nicolovius, born 1767, a native of Königsberg, was secretary to the Duke of Oldenburg, and in that position had intercourse with Claudius, Jakobi and many other of the most remarkable men of the time. He married Goethe's niece. Afterwards he held an important position in the department of public worship and education in Prussia.

driven through the town by the whips of the Cossacks, and troops of young men coming in, amidst great applause, to strengthen and complete Yorck's army. There was the bustle and confusion of the hospitals filled with German and Russian, and a few French sick and wounded; and deaths were frequent here, though there were no such horrible sights as in Wilna; but, as is always the case when sickness follows war, the plague spread in the town so frightfully that half the doctors of the hospital died. And now Stein had come, and the eyes of all were turned upon him, while people streamed in from all parts of the country, some brought there by their own inclinations, and some summoned to Stein's great Prussian Landtag.

All this taken together, it will be easily understood that the town was in an extraordinarily lively state, and all hearts beat in unwonted sympathy. In this ocean of stormy life and emotion I was a happy drop, seldom failing to be present at the Landtag, and all other great assemblies, and at the public festivities and banquets, and in my hours of leisure enjoying the kindness and affection of men of like minds, both old and new friends rejoicing in the brightness of the rising day in Germany with as youthful an enthusiasm, as if I had suddenly been carried back from my fortieth to my twentieth year.

The Prussian Estates had assembled on the 5th of February, 1813. The brave, good Count Alexander Dohna was at their head; a higher spirit, by God's mercy and grace, calling upon Germany to arise from her long shame, animated and inspired all. With the utmost speed money was collected and men assembled.

From twenty thousand to thirty thousand men, volunteers and others, were armed and equipped, and the order for a levée en masse was drawn up, proclaimed, and carried out.

General Yorck,* who had been called upon to take the first step on behalf of Prussia, attracted much attention from me and from all those who had not seen him before. He was of an upright, resolute figure, with a broad, arched brow, full of courage and intelligence, and a cold sarcastic smile round his lips. He looked as tough as wrought-iron, and proved to be so in many battles with the foreigner.

Herr vom Stein only stayed here a short time, hurrying on to Breslau, whither the King of Prussia had repaired; for Berlin and Spandau were in the hands of the French, who behaved as if they thought the country was still to be subject to them. At last, to the great joy of every one, the King's resolution was announced at Breslau. Although an appearance of negotiation was still kept up, there was no real doubt of the result after the King had called upon the volunteers and given orders concerning them on the 3rd of February.

* Hans David Yorck, Count von Wartenburg, born 1757, served in 1783–84 in the Dutch service, in the East Indies. Returning to his native country he took part in the campaign in Poland, 1794; but he first made himself a name in the campaign of 1806, when he was wounded and taken prisoner at Lübeck. After the peace of Tilsit he was made commander of the Reserve. It was at Scharnhorst's wish that he was appointed to the second command in the force sent to aid Napoleon. Grawert falling ill, the chief command fell to him, and his independent act in making peace with the Russians was a turning point in the whole war. He fought afterwards in the battles of Lutzen, Bautzen, Katzbach, Wartenburg, Möchern, and Laon. He took no part in the campaign of 1815. He was promoted to the rank of field-marshal, and died in 1830.

I passed a royal time here in Königsberg, with some other German birds of passage, who still had a little heart left in them, and even now, after a quarter of a century, my heart beats faster at the recollection. People here testified their joy in a different manner to those at St. Petersburg. The Prussians are a splendid race of Germans, especially the East-Prussians and those descended from the Salzburgers.* They have both fire and perseverance, and to their intellectual gifts their literature can testify.

Napoleon had not conducted himself with such cruelty towards any of the German States which were allied to him, or which he had overthrown, as towards Prussia. It had always been the wicked pleasure of this great general and small-minded man—had he been a great-minded man he might have dominated Europe and the age itself—wherever he found virtue and honour remaining to heap reproach upon them. When the King at last declared himself, acknowledging the will of God and the wishes and prayers of his people, he raised a cry of treason—he who never kept a treaty, who had insolently and faithlessly broken through at once his last treaty with Prussia, by garrisoning the fortresses of Spandau and Pillau, and by taking with him to Russia several Prussian regiments. He complained that he had been too generous in not overthrowing the ruins of Prussia and overturning its throne.

He knew well why he had done it—because he could

* 30,000 or 40,000 Protestants were driven out by the Archbishop of Salzburg in 1730. They were received by the King, Frederick William I. of Prussia, and settled in East Prussia.

only rule the people through their sovereign and princes. If the Scythian campaign of 1812 had prospered, what sport he would have had next year in Germany and Poland! How many crowns would he have cast in the dust, and how many thrones would he have declared vacant! Prussia had been fearfully desolated in 1807, being the scene of war between the Russians and the French. In the spring of 1812 these cruelties were repeated. The country was plundered and utterly exhausted by the armies which were marched through and quartered upon it, by the seizure of grain, horses and cattle. And now Prussia, though bleeding from a thousand wounds, forgot all in the joy of her deliverance, and armed herself to march in the van for the liberty of Germany.

The first Landwehr* was formed here, consisting of from thirty to forty thousand men. The vacancies in the Prussian regiments returned from Courland were filled up, and a splendid volunteer cavalry regiment was formed under the leadership of Count von Lehndorf. There was enthusiasm everywhere, in town and country, in the streets and in the fields, in the schools and in the pulpits. In this poor, cold time, people smile at the remembrance of it. But what is now only considered and criticised as a sort of poetical drama, of a somewhat childish description, was to us a matter of the most intense and sacred earnestness. Boys of sixteen or seventeen, scarcely strong enough to bear arms, left their schools to learn to load a gun and manage a horse, and declaimed passages translated from the hymns of

* Militia used in time of emergency for foreign service.

Tyrtæus, and lyrics out of Klopstock's "Hermann-Schlacht," while old men and mothers stood by with folded hands, and prayed for victory and a blessing.

Professor Delbrück* invited me to a solemn Actus of the Gymnasium, of which he was the visitor. All the boys of the first class had volunteered, and were going to the war—most of them in the cavalry regiment which Colonel Count Lehndorf was forming entirely of volunteers who were able to furnish their own horses and equipments. I suffered personally from this outburst of patriotism, for my good attendant, the servant of my host the President Nicolovius, was seized with enthusiasm for the cause of his fatherland, and set about collecting from his patrons the means of procuring a horse and arms, to which I contributed fifteen thalers. I saw the brave young fellow afterwards in Berlin, a sergeant-major, and with many medals on his breast.

The Actus arranged by Delbrück in the Gymnasium was of the most solemn description. The scholars recited Klopstock's odes, Gleim's songs, the "Hermann-Schlacht," and other German and Prussian poems, and I remember how, when a youth broke down and stuck fast in Klopstock's verse:

"Ha, da kommt er mit Schweiss, mit Römerblute," etc.,

Delbrück, whose German enthusiasm was always redoubled on such occasions, took up the verse, and declaimed it with such startling emphasis that the whole audience broke out into shouts of applause.

In the formation of this regiment, which was ready

* Tutor to the Crown Prince, afterwards Frederick William IV.

and splendidly equipped in a few weeks, I chanced to take some part, for Count Lehndorf laid before me, for my opinion and approval, the call-to-arms which he had issued to his countrymen. I found it, however, rather my duty to extinguish the unnecessary fire of it, than to add any of my own.

The count led this fine regiment with great honour through many battles, but brought very few of his brave youths home again.

It was here, in the midst of the universal enthusiasm which was driving the whole nation to the combat, that my "Song of the German Fatherland" sprang into existence, which has been sung in later days in Germany, but at last probably, like other songs, will have had its day. Would that we were nearer than we are to the fulfilment of its wishes!

I also wrote a little book, "Uber Landwehr und Landsturm,"* the success of which pleased me greatly, for in a few months many thousands of it were printed and scattered over Germany, quite independently of me. Such pamphlets, like the falling autumn leaves, soon grow yellow, and are forgotten in the lapse of time.

Here, too, another edition of Arndt's "Soldier's Catechism," was brought out. The following letter to George Reimer, publisher in Berlin, refers to his publications of this period:

E. M. A. to G. REIMER.

"This time, my dear brother, I am going to write to you as an author. A Russian has appeared in Berlin who has been

* The Landwehr, militia in great emergencies used for foreign service; the Landsturm, a sort of general levée of all capable of bearing arms for the defence of their country.

pirating, not only many little pamphlets, but also books. I published in St. Petersburg a little book called 'Die Glocke der Stunde,' 'The Bell of the Hour.' This I reprinted here at my own expense, about a fortnight ago, and now I see that it is advertised as having been printed and published at Berlin, and this would lay upon me the whole expense of the new edition, which in my present circumstances would not be convenient. I will commission you, therefore, my dear friend, to attack this to me unknown Russian who has reprinted it, to send him the enclosed account, demand the payment of the sum due, and send it to Nicolovius, who will pay the printer, Degen. You may tell him that if fair means will not avail to keep him to his duty, I shall have opportunity to use foul. . . .

"You write to me about writing a history of the Russian campaign. It, with a good deal of other matter which, printed together would make somewhere about twenty sheets, has been ready for three weeks, and was to have been printed here, but the printer, after having kept me waiting some time, and having set up two sheets, has given it up, on account of want of workmen. I must now hope that freedom of the press will be effected by the Russian arms in Saxony, for I will not publish it mutilated, which the Berlin censor would insist upon."

Referring to this letter at a later period he says: "At the time when I expressed these doubts about the censorship to Reimer, I had not actually had any experience of the kind in Berlin. But I went through it a month later, when I wanted to print there my 'Katechismus für den christlichen Kriegs und Wehrmann.' The censor of the time being—I think it was a privy councillor Scholtz or Schultz—would pass all the harmless little book except the part about the French and Napoleon, in such awe and fear did they still stand of the man. In short, I must either entirely leave out Chapters V., VI., VII., VIII., and IX., or soften them down and Frenchify them, if I wished him to pass the writing. I could not and would not do it in his fashion, and so the little book had to be printed at the headquarters at Reichenbach. For example, according to him, I was to change 'the tyrant' in Chap. V., into 'the foreign ruler;' the

'great tyrant' in Chap. VI., into 'the great and austere ruler;' 'the foreign executioner,' in Chap. IX., into 'the foreign conqueror.'"

STEIN to E. M. ARNDT.

"Breslau, March 12th, 1813.

"How our funds with Ph. (Phillips) stand I do not know. He pursues me with useless letters, but says nothing about the principal thing. Could you not give it me in a couple of figures? If our funds are sufficient, let your little book be printed, and draw for it 400 to 500 thalers.

"As soon as we see our way a little clearer—and that will be in ten or twelve days—I shall be able to invite you to me again, my brave, good, witty friend. *Ibi ubi*, as they say in the Austrian military business style, when any one does not know where he is going himself. Then bring your little book full of truth and sense with you, and collect all our funds with Phillips."*

And now I must mention another Count zu Dohna, of the House of Finkenstein-Schlobitten; Colonel Count Ludwig, a younger brother of Count Alexander, and of the two noble Russian campaigners, Counts Frederick and Helvetius. Another brother of this noble family, Count Fabian, had won honourable scars as a volunteer in Spain, and was soon again to take part against the foreigners in the German army. Colonel Ludwig Dohna, when things were coming to a climax in Prussia, was sent to the King at Breslau, and brought back his silent consent to the arming of the Prussian patriots. He was placed at the head of the organisation of the Prussian Landwehr, and by his own ardour, well supported by his countrymen, made it fit for service in an incredibly short time. He was a man of great talents and vivacity, and as good-natured as he was active. He and his

* Nothgedrungener Bericht.

Landwehr, with the help of a small Russian force under Duke Alexander of Würtemberg, besieged the fortress of Dantzig, and at last forced it to surrender. The young hero, however, was worn out by the difficulties and vexations of this service. He had to contend for his country's sake against his undisciplined Russian allies themselves, and when at last the white flag floated over the town, he was harassed by many disputes and quarrels for the honour of his fatherland with Duke Alexander, who wished to garrison the place entirely with Russians. The end of it was that, having won back Dantzig, the ancient capital of East Pomerania, for his King, he fell sick of low fever, and died. Honour to his memory!

It was here, therefore, that the Landwehr first sprang into existence, under the auspices of the Counts zu Dohna, especially of Count Alexander, named Minister of War for Prussia during the war. Afterwards the question arose who was the real author and founder of it—I should rather say, of the principle. Scharnhorst has been named. Rightly, for all the thoughtful and originating military men in Prussia were his pupils. One of his favourite scholars, Colonel von Clausewitz, had some years before presented to his Majesty the King a paper on the subject of the defence and arming of the Prussian kingdom, written with energetic clearness and brevity considering the subject from every possible point of view, and supposing that circumstances might occur which would arouse the whole people against their malignant oppressors.

I have had this essay in my hands, and have made extracts from it, in consequence of which I was ques-

tioned during the Socialist investigations, on the supposition that I was the author of it. All the Counts Dohna, Count Alexander included, were of this school, being attracted to it by their own inclinations and by their family connections. The Minister, Count Alexander, the quietest, most modest, and best of men, and therefore full of the most fiery ardour and fearless courage when the interests of his King and fatherland were concerned, was the first to bring the Landwehr, in the most rapid and efficient manner, into existence in Prussia. Therefore he and Scharnhorst and Scharnhorst's pupil, Clausewitz, may be held to be the originators of the scheme. And no one who knew this noble man would venture to deny him a first place in every good and holy work.

Those were sublime days—those days so full of anxiety. Every one was carried away and raised above himself by the universal enthusiasm. I too, was elevated by it, though I cannot claim to have been worthy of the pure and noble spirits who surrounded me. I lived in the house of the brothers Nicolovius, who laboured with every power of mind and body for the welfare of their fatherland. I was much also in the house of a friend of my youth, in whose company I had made many pleasant expeditions on the Danube, to Vienna and Hungary, fifteen years before, Dr. Wilhelm Motherby, at whose house assembled the flower of the younger men, his brothers the Motherbys, Friccius, Von Fahrenheit, Von Bardeleben, and others, who did not fail their country in the hour of need. I was even more at home in another house, spending most of my evenings at Baron von Schrötter's, the husband of one of the Dohna sisters·

There resided the beautiful Julie Scharnhorst, Gräfin Friedrich zu Dohna, the inheritor of her father's intellect. She, radiant with youth, beauty, and high-mindedness, was a fit queen to inspire us. At this house the Dohnas often assembled, and every one who was distinguished for excellence, learning, or courage. I had also much intercourse with a member of the council of war, Scheffner,* a handsome, amiable old man, whose character had been formed by the Seven Years' War and its consequences, once the friend of Hamann, Kant, and Hippel, famed for his wit and vivacity, sparks of which were still visible. It is said that the above-named and many others, whose writings are the glory of Prussia, stole very industriously from his flower-beds. Scheffner's was one of those minds which require conversation and society to strike sparks from them, which can produce but little in solitude. He was an original genius. He was still the centre of a small circle, and his mind was clear, though he was of a very great age. It was not his wit alone which was admired, his honesty and good sense also called forth the esteem of all good men.

Here also I came across two very remarkable people,

* Johann Georg Scheffner, born at Königsberg, 1736; joined the army in the Seven Years' War, but continued still to devote much time to literary pursuits. Forced by a severe wound to leave the army, he obtained a post in the council of war in Gumbinnen, and here applied himself so earnestly to his duties, that he discovered many errors and defects in the arrangement of affairs, which he exposed so boldly that he received his dismissal, Frederick II. himself refusing to allow him a pension. From that time he lived in a private station in intercourse with the most distinguished men of his time until his death. His works were numerous, though now much forgotten.

one of whom I had met already in the camp; but the other, whose sad death perhaps in a measure influenced my own destiny, I met here for the first time. I mean Gustav von Barnekow, and August von Kotzebue. The first was the cause of some trouble to me, the second of far heavier.

The father of this Gustav von Barnekow I had known well. He lived at Teschvitz, not far from Gingst in Rügen, a fine old man, full of energy and obstinacy, imbued with all the aristocratic prejudices of the Middle Ages, but still possessing many excellent qualities, which were not shared by most of his connections in Rügen. He was no friend of mine.

The son had distinguished himself first in the service of the Elector of Saxony, and afterwards in the Prussian army, in the winter campaign of 1807, but was dismissed with a handsome sum of money; the French having demanded that he should be given up to them, on account of his having hissed and hooted some French marshals on their coming into the theatre at Königsberg. In 1809 he fought under the Austrian standard as a volunteer, retiring into Pomerania and Mecklenburg in the peaceful years between 1809 and 1812. There he was arrested by Davoust—silence nôt being one of his virtues—and very narrowly escaped a French bullet, by means of the intercession and well-filled purse of one of his father's friends, Baron von Stenglin.

I had been slightly acquainted with him in the camp at Smolensk, but had never visited him at home. He was a thorough soldier in appearance, tall and well-made, with the most magnificent eyes and brow, and

easy animated manners; full of wit and talent, but a thorough hussar; and he left his tongue so entirely uncontrolled that if he had not proved his courage by his deeds, one would have supposed him nothing but a quarrelsome braggart.

This Gustav Barnekow became the best-known German in Russia. In the battle of Borodino he commanded two detachments of Cossacks, and so inspirited them by his personal bravery that they held their ground in a hand-to-hand fight, and, carried away by his wild courage, effected a fearful slaughter on two French regiments. Most of them, however, fell in the battle, and their leader himself was found on the field covered with wounds. His reputation preceding him, he was brought to be nursed and healed at Rostopchin's castle near Moscow, and afterwards moved to the neighbourhood of Twer, the residence of Katherina von Oldenburg, daughter of the Czar, and afterwards the universally beloved Queen of Würtemberg.

He figured in all the Russian newspapers as a miracle of personal strength and courage; he was as strong as a lion; and the enthusiasm concerning him rose to such a pitch that subscriptions were made in St. Petersburg for the wounded German knight! As they could not find him to give him the money, for he had gone, half recovered, to Poland, they gave the sum they had collected to Stein, supposing it likely that he would meet him somewhere!

We had scarcely arrived at Königsberg, when one fine evening my Barnekow appeared at the Minister's tea-table. He came hobbling in on crutches, for during his

journey in Poland he had been upset in his sledge, and his wounds had re-opened.

Stein scolded him, and told him to go home and be quiet, that he might be ready for the spring campaign and he gave it into my charge to see that he was ready It was easy to provide him with doctors and surgeons, but it was a harder matter to keep the wild bird quiet. On leaving, the Minister gave him part of the money which had been collected for him; the rest I was to keep until he was well.

Some weeks passed away. He was perfectly recovered, and received the remainder from me in paper accordingly. The next morning it was lying on his table in thalers and friedrichs d'or. There must have been altogether about three thousand thalers. I advised him not to make it fly too fast. He laughed and answered, "Friend, a pair of fine horses and a new fit-out, and the rest we'll give to pleasure."

A few days after, I heard that Barnekow had been giving a splendid ball in his house—he had many friends in Königsberg. He had invited a hundred people, and it must have cost him at least a hundred friedrichs d'or. A fortnight had scarcely passed when I received a lamentable letter from him, begging that I would advance him a hundred friedrichs d'or. He must really have it—his honour was pledged! However, I could not redeem his honour.

He was soon on the wing again, and I did not hear any more of him till the news arrived of the success of Czernicheff's march on Cassel. Barnekow had intercepted some baggage waggons belonging to the fugitive

King Jerome, and his share of the spoil amounted to thirty thousand thalers, with a part of which, for he was generously enough disposed, he paid his own and his friends' debts, and the rest he soon disposed of.

Barnekow died not long since, a major-general in the Prussian army. He was one of the handsomest men I ever saw, and at first I thought him a man of Blücher's nature, but he proved to be only the Knight with the Stake of northern mythology. Like him, Barnekow should have been tied to an iron stake, and only set free for a battle.

Herr von Kotzebue* came to Königsberg soon after my arrival, and afterwards went to Germany with General von Wittgenstein, and employed himself in writing in newspapers like myself and others. I could not help seeing a good deal of him. He was like a fly, settling upon everything, and he came a great deal to

* August Friedrich Ferdinand von Kotzebue, born in Weimar in 1761, very early displayed remarkable talents, and is said to have written poetry before he was six years old. After studying at Jena he settled as an advocate in Weimar, but he made himself so unpopular that he was forced to leave. He went to St. Petersburg, where the Empress showed him favour, gave him an important post and ennobled him. His plays, which he produced with extraordinary rapidity, brought him immense popularity, and obtained for him an appointment in the theatre at Vienna. Revisiting Russia in 1800, he was arrested on the frontier and sent to Siberia, but a drama of his containing a eulogy of Paul being shown to that Emperor, he recalled him and overwhelmed him with favours. His vigorous attacks on the French despotism obtained for him Alexander's favour, and after the peace he was sent into Germany with the commission of supplying the Emperor with constant information on the condition and public opinion of Germany. His Russian tendencies, and the contempt he displayed towards the patriotic enthusiasm of young Germany, were the cause of his murder at Mannheim by a student, Karl Sand, in 1819. His writings, which are very numerous, are full of a false sentiment and lax morality.

Nicolovius the bookseller's, with whom he had business, and where he used to read and declaim.

With all reverence for his great talents, I must say he had a very mean appearance; in fact, he was one of the most repulsive-looking persons I ever met in my life. As is usually the case with a man whom one has known only through his writings, I had figured him to myself as quite different—at least as a highly-polished courtier-like man—as he had lived so long in the noble and elegant Livonia. But he did not aim at being aristocratic and elegant. He had the manners of a boor, and an insolent boldness quite different from natural openness, or that which skilful men of the world adopt, and in his twinkling eyes there was both creeping cunning and shameless sensuality.

He attacked me afterwards in his writings, and it was well for me that I did not enter upon a controversy with him, for when he came to such a bloody end it might have been laid at my door.

When the Russians were about to press forward into Germany, he attached himself to Wittgenstein, to write the bulletins of his great deeds, and the manifestoes and appeals and proclamations of German liberty during this campaign. For half a year he wrote these bulletins in his usual superficial manner, profaning the greatest and noblest sentiments by ill-timed and shameless jocularity or womanish sentimentality, and wherever he touched upon the early times and history of nations, and the events and circumstances connected with them, he did so with such ignorance and superficiality that one was ashamed to acknowledge him a German. This ignorance,

and the empty foolish insinuations and malicious witticisms with which this foul insect was always bespattering the great and holy earnestness of the times, enraged us all, but none more than Niebuhr,* with his sensitive German heart. As an antidote against such baseness, and to give an opportunity for speaking and treating worthily of such worthy subjects, he began a newspaper in conjunction with his friend Georg Reimer, in Berlin, the superintendence of which, as he was soon called away to higher political work, passed through many hands in the course of a year and a half.

NIEBUHR to E. M. A.

"Berlin, April 15th, 1813.

"Amid the stupendous events, absorbing all your thoughts, of which you have been an eye-witness, you will scarcely remember that our common friend dear Reimer brought you to my house during your last residence in our town. We did not become intimate; my obscure position must have completely banished me from your memory, but since then I have learned to know you better, from your later writings, inspired by the late great events, than I had been able to do from your earlier ones. You have called manly tears into many thousands of eyes, and every one prays—God reward you!

"Perhaps you know through Reimer that since April 1st, I have been publishing a paper at his house, as usual, on the most brotherly terms. Perhaps you have already seen the '*Preussiche Korrespondent.*' It cost me unheard-of trouble and vexation before I could get permission for it, but at last it has been wrung

* Berthold Georg Niebuhr, the well-known historian, was the son of the traveller, Carsten Niebuhr. He was a native of Copenhagen, and as Governor of the Bank there, made himself a reputation which obtained for him a post in the Prussian Government. After the peace he represented Prussia at the Papal Court, and was then appointed to a professorship at Bonn University. He died in 1831, his death having been hastened by the political troubles of the time.

out of Herr von Hardenberg. It is difficult to provide novelty and matter for such a paper, till time shall have given it consistency, particularly when, as is the case here, it is hindered in every way by most of those in authority, partly from dislike to the author, and fear of displeasing the Chancellor if they should help me, partly from their connection with older papers. You know what our officials are like, with the exception of a few. Even those, who cannot be exactly called ill-disposed, sacrifice everything to their relations, and to the fear of their tutelary divinities. I turn to you with the request that with communications and information, you will support an undertaking which will be carried on according to your views. It is the more worthy your support as it is an antidote to Kotzebue's worthless and highly injurious paper, upon which our dull public feeds, and thereby thinks itself authorised to combine a varnish of good political sentiments with inward corruption.

"Send me first, for the sake of the good cause itself, and then out of friendship to Reimer and his family, as regularly as possible, all the information you can, the *publicanda*, and all the arrangements of the Government commission, whose chief you accompany—and any interesting and important information.

"I think if we were acquainted, you would so give me your friendship that you would do it for my sake.

"Reimer is going with the Landwehr, and as almost all the profits, if there are any, will go to him, and the book trade is totally at a stand still, whoever helps the paper on to its legs is helping our friend's family.

. . . . "Gneisenau has been urgently requested by Eichhorn to send us regular information. Could you remind him of it, and particularly beg him to arrange that when an officer or soldier distinguishes himself, and is rewarded, an exact description of the affair may be supplied to our paper, as is usually done in the Austrian military newspapers?"

E. M. A. to NIEBUHR.

"Dresden, April 24th, 1813.

"I received your too kind letter of the 15th of April, the day before yesterday, on my return from Blücher's army, after a six

days' journey. You may perhaps know my position here, *i.e.*, connected with affairs, but not *in* them. . . . . .

"I have some paper schemes and plans in my head. If they come to nothing I shall take the sword, and shall leave it to unwritten words and unwritten force to manage affairs. Then at least one has something firm and secure in one's hand. . . .

"As for your flattering commission, I am always the last to hear anything official, if I have not some work to do in it. You know what Stein is. . . . . But if anything remarkable comes to my knowledge in this least remarkable of places, I will not forget your good cause. The ignorance of Kotzebue and those like him, and his half-French scoffing, need, indeed, a powerful antidote."

I left Königsberg about the middle of the month of March. The winter was over, I may say unfortunately. In a little carriage with one servant, without any heavy luggage, and with four post-horses, I was obliged to creep along at a snail's pace over the heavy Prussian and Polish roads, added to which there were constant stoppages for want of horses, and the horses themselves were over-driven. I was forced, too, to go a long way round to the north of the fortress of Thorn, which was being besieged, and the thunder of the cannon reached my ear as I travelled. It was then that I became thoroughly acquainted with Polish household arrangements. The filth in the streets and houses was perfectly indescribable. I was reminded of a story which is told of Marshal Davoust in Kalisch and Breslau. Late in the autumn of 1806 he was riding before the town-hall, where he had appointed to meet the Polish magnates, and as he dismounted, sank deep in the mud. He turned to one of the German officials who was standing near

him, and shaking the mud from his boots, remarked: "Voilà ce que cette canaille appelle sa patrie." In fact, a man must see and feel for himself, before he can believe, the savage disorder and swinish filthiness of the Poles. It is inconceivable how a people of so much sprightliness and with such a taste for splendour and glitter of every kind as the Poles, can sink so low. Alas! it is but a type of their administration and government for centuries, and explains noble Kosciusko's words, "Finis Poloniæ." Everything is showy and defiled, not only the dwellings of the living, but also the dwellings of the dead and the houses of God, or at least what mortals call so. How many churchyards have I seen without the trace of a wall or fence, where cows and pigs walk about over the graves at pleasure? In the wet seasons of the year they strew layers of straw, one upon another, in the churches, so that as summer approaches it sometimes lies to the depth of some feet, as in badly-managed cow-stalls, and requires cleaning out like a stable. I do not mean by this comparison to speak slightingly of the greater political trouble. But it is enough to say that though I was travelling at a bad time of year, and when it was generally raining, I was almost always glad to leave the rooms and stables of the inhabitants and return to my cold wet seat. I was only travelling in a light carriage called a "Holsteiner," which I had bought in Königsberg, and which left me a prey to the wind and rain.

In the meantime, Kutasoff, who had been hindered by the swamps and wastes of Lithuania, had passed the Vistula with his Russians, and the Emperor Alexander

had gone to Breslau, where he renewed his friendship and alliance with the King of Prussia. The King had issued his manifesto to his people and his declaration of war with France, and had instituted the order of the Iron Cross, to be fought for in this war. I came to Kalisch in the last week of March. The Emperor and the Minister vom Stein were already there, and the King of Prussia was expected. Travelling on to Breslau, my little chaise suddenly met the carriage of his Prussian Majesty going to visit the Emperor at Kalisch. I rose in the carriage and uncovered my head, and called in vain to my Polish postilion to get out of the way. The King's carriage was within an inch of running down the poor plebeian. Had we come into collision, what a ruin he would have made of my poor little conveyance!

CHAPTER XI.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION.

Dresden.—Körner's house.—Arming the people.—The Central Administration.—Deaths of Kutasoff and Moreau.—Visit to Berlin and Rügen.—Death of Scharnhorst. — At Reichenbach.—The armistice. — Leipzig after the battle.—Follows the advance of the allies to Frankfort.—Abdication of Napoleon.

I STAYED only two days in Breslau. Travelling on towards Dresden, and about two hours' distance from Liegnitz, one of those chance incidents occurred to me which make a deep impression at the time. It was night, and I was half asleep, when suddenly I was aroused from my dreamy state by the blare of trumpets. I rubbed my eyes and saw that the dawn was breaking, and I was just coming out of a great fir-wood into open country, while by a cross road two Russian regiments of Hussars and Cossacks were marching past with flying colours. I had to wait for full ten minutes, watching the soldiers and considering the country they were passing through, and as with the rising of the sun I shook off my drowsiness, a dim remembrance rose up in my mind that here at the same place, by this fir wood, at the same time in the morning, I had watched some Saxon and Polish cavalry march past the year before with very dif-

ferent feelings. What room for thought such coincidences supply! Oh! if Chazot had only been sitting by me, with what joy would he have greeted this dawn, the dawn of liberty!

In the beginning of April I was in Dresden, and took up my quarters at the house of Körner,* member of the Court of Appeal.

This house had been recommended to me by some of Lützow's men, with whom Körner's son was serving. It was a welcome arrangement both to the Körners and to me. I was with people of German sympathies, and they were free from the annoyance and expense of having wild soldiers quartered upon them. I took some tea there every morning, but generally got my dinner and supper either at Stein's table or at an inn.

If there was no dinner to be had there, there was always plenty of intellectual food. Körner was an eminent man, highly educated and very scientific, equal in knowledge to the best German scholars, and superior to most in faithful devotion to his country. There was food here for both head and heart. Körner had formed a friendship for the youth Schiller at his first rise, and had supported and protected him with faithful help and counsel during his first years in Thuringia and Leipzig. His son,† now in the Lützow uniform,

* "I have, just now, quartered in my house a very pleasant man, the author of the 'Spirit of the Age,' Ernst Moritz Arndt. He is in the employment of the Minister vom Stein, and wishes to live near him. His personal appearance is very attractive, and I promise myself much enjoyment from intercourse with him, as he is very communicative."—Gottfried Körner, Dresden, April 14, 1813. Briefe Familie Körner, Deutsche Rundschau.

† Karl Theodor Körner, the young poet-hero of the Holy War, was born at Dresden in 1791. He made his first appearance as a poet in 1810,

was the godson of Schiller and of my friend Count Gessler. He himself was an author.

Soon after came the Minister vom Stein. He had been named, by joint consent of the illustrious monarchs, President of the Russian and Prussian Council of Administration of the affairs of Germany. Two men of great merit, President Schön of Prussia and Privy Councillor Niebuhr of Berlin, were associated with him on the part of Prussia. Niebuhr resigned in the autumn, and was succeeded by Privy Councillor von Rhediger, from Silesia.

Now began a new period in our lives. There was a new pressure upon us—a pressure of German affairs which sometimes overwhelmed Herr vom Stein like a flood. He well understood that the stone which he wished to roll off the back of Germany could only be removed by the exertions of the whole nation, and that every one who was able to work in the cause must exert himself. He had already corresponded largely on the subject with England and Germany, during his residence in St. Petersburg; for intercourse had been carried on, though in a very imperfect manner, with Germany, by the agency of messengers to Jassy, and so up the Danube

in a small volume called "Knospen," which excited general attention. The next year he went to Vienna and obtained an appointment at the theatre, where he produced several plays, which were received with rapturous applause. His love of his country, however, induced him to leave Vienna and his bridé and join Lützow's Jägers. In the treacherous attack at Kitzen during the armistice he was severely wounded, but recovered only to fall in a skirmish at Gadebusch. He was buried under an oak at Wöbbelin, amidst the tears of his comrades, by whom he was greatly beloved. Many of his war-songs are well known.

to Vienna, and also by ships which conveyed letters to confidential agents on the coasts of the Baltic. I remember transcribing several letters which he exchanged with the Hanoverian minister in London, Count von Münster. Münster expressed himself very coldly and cautiously on the subject of arming the people; looking at things, as I thought, from a very aristocratic point of view, and seeing many dangers for the future in such an armament. But Stein answered that he would rather eat dry bread in the hut of the meanest German peasant, than be subject to the most splendid foreign government. Stein trusted in the faith and steadiness of the German people, and he was not mistaken. Still he was very far from believing in the socialist and anarchical Utopias, which many wrong-headed people have attributed to him. But with respect to the struggle against Napoleon, he could and did point to Spain and the Tyrol. In Dresden at this time he was surrounded by some well-meaning men and by many fools, some of them well-meaning enough, but not daring to hold any strong opinions of their own.

If anything hindered the march of the army or the arming of the people, or if the great results which were looked for from the union of Prussia and Russia did not show themselves as soon as was expected, or if Stein himself were irritated by the hindrances and delays for which neither the monarchs nor he himself were to blame, he would stop the mouths of questioners shortly and impatiently with the words: "Gentlemen, what do you expect from me? I am no god. I am not even the Emperor of Russia, nor the King of Prussia." Yet

I often wondered to see how, with all his vehemence, he would listen with much patience and forbearance to teasing intrusive fools, if they only meant well and sincerely.

How he was overwhelmed with letters, petitions, plans and schemes from many would-be deliverers of their country any one can imagine who remembers what times these were. Whatever was put shortly he would generally read, and make notes of anything it contained which might be worth remembering, and then he would tear it up and burn it; for he hated being burdened with many papers. But if it was lengthy and introduced with a long preface, he mistrusted it; his own love of brevity making him esteem it, generally with reason, mere useless theoretical nonsense. He would give them to me sometimes to answer, but generally only to read through. Some of them were very curious. Among others, a Professor Hauff, or Hauch, who had once been a teacher at Marburg, and afterwards, if I remember right, Professor of Mathematics at Ghent (Geneva?), sent a plan for easily overcoming and destroying the French army, like that which had been contrived in Rostopchin's time in Moscow. This was nothing less than the construction of a magnetic iron Colossus, of a peculiar make, which was to be carried in front of the German army, and which was to attract irresistibly to itself all the bullets and cannon balls of the enemy, so that the German soldier might march uninjured and invulnerable under its protection against the enemy. There was only one little thing forgotten, how this great thing was to be moved along at the head of the army? I made a

little collection of these curious documents, which, however (together with some of my books), was afterwards entirely spoilt by sea-water.

As the allied armies were advancing over the Elbe into Thuringia, and the French were marching on from the other side, Dresden was soon crowded, not only with the strangers who had business there, but with fugitives seeking safety, who passed some little time there, and then went over the mountains into Bohemia. Among others came Goethe, and he visited several times the house of his friend Körner. I had not seen him for twenty years; his stately beauty was still the same, but the great man made no pleasant impression on me. He was depressed, and had neither hope nor joy in the new state of things. Young Körner was present—a volunteer in Lützow's Jägers, and his father having given vent to some of his feelings of hope and enthusiasm, Goethe answered: "Shake your chains if you will—the man is too great for you. You will not break them."

I was very industrious during my month at Dresden, working at my "Soldiers' Catechism," and revising the third part of the "Spirit of the Age," for which I had gathered the materials at Königsberg.

(The second part, which, as has been mentioned before, had been published in Sweden and in London, in 1808, was now slightly altered and brought out in Germany, at the same time as the third part.)

E. M. A. to G. Reimer.

"Dresden? April, 1813.

"The manuscript of the campaign was being printed in

Königsberg, and two sheets of it were ready (under Nicolovius' superintendence), when the printer suddenly declared that he could not finish it within four months. So there it is. Now, because he is close by, I have gone to Hofmann." (Gruner had already been in correspondence with him about reprinting the "Spirit of the Age." Part II.) "The history of the campaign, with two additional papers printed in 8vo., will make about twenty or twenty-five sheets. I have called it 'The Spirit of the Age. Part III.' The censor cannot let it pass in Berlin; in Leipzig probably he will have to. If Hofmann will not venture on it, I will give it to you, and you will give me what is fair for it. I do not wish to make a profit in such actions, but I have been living on air for nearly two years, and the Second Part, which I printed in Sweden, at my own expense, cost me seven hundred gold thalers, and I have never got a penny of it back. As far as I was concerned it failed. I must try not to earn quite the character of a vagabond in my fugitive life. The times have made me greatly indebted to my family, and the education of my son costs me two hundred thalers every year.

"For the rest, I am well, and am busy quill-driving. When I feel that there's an end of that I shall take to arms. Our Legionarii are to be pitied; they have in Count Wallmoden a brave leader, but apparently a man who has nothing of the profound genius by which alone anything can be effected now. I am too overworked to be able to work out anything. Tell the excellent Niebuhr so. He might insert the 'Song of the German Fatherland,' which does not seem to me a failure."

(Probably written from Dresden about the same time.)

"I cannot undertake the editing, because I have all kinds of other things to do, and I am not quite useless to Stein here; a new but quite as revolutionary 'Soldiers' Catechism,' I have had printed in Königsberg, which will soon be out. Next week I will send you some more 'Soldiers' Songs.'

"I have already promised some one here a little collection to print—these I could send you, and you could choose the most suitable. As soon as I have time I might write one in

Biblical language for soldiers and peasants, and I will certainly think about it. It might be done in a few weeks' time. As time goes on, perhaps in the autumn, we will have some fifty chapters secretly printed for the German people, which were written in very simple language, at Breslau and St. Petersburg."

The "Soldiers' Catechism," and the little volume of "Songs for Soldiers" (Lieder für Teutsche), published at this time, contain all the most famous of his war-songs. We insert here a translation of the principal stanzas of "Der Gott der, etc.," which is perhaps the most spirited.

WHO underground the iron stored
Cared not to see a slave,
Therefore to man the spear and sword
Into his hand He gave.
And gave therewith the valiant mood,
The speech-tide highly raging,
And bade him shed his dearest blood,
And die the battle waging.

Then we're but Heaven's own will and way
In honest faith maintaining,
We do not earn a tyrant's pay
Our brother men by braining;
But whoso fights for sluggard shame
To pieces all we'll cleave him,
In German soil and German name
No portion will we leave him.

O sacred German Fatherland,
O German honour true,
To thee, revered beloved land,
We swear our faith anew.
We hale a curse on caitiffs all,
To feed the kite and crow,
And, like old Hermann once, we call
For vengeance, and we go.

Now roar and lighten whatso can,
And blaze up bright and clear;
And all you Germans, man by man,
To guard your homes appear!

Appear, and lift your hearts on high,
And lift your hands to heaven,
And man by man in chorus cry,
The tyrant's yoke is riven!

In the selection of these stanzas we have followed the authority of Dr. Buchheim, who prints these only in his "Deutsche Lyrik."

Besides this we may mention among his poems of this period, "Das Lied vom Gneisenau," "vom Schill" and "vom Feldmarschall," "Was blasen die Trompeten." In fact nearly fifty songs were written during this year of renewed hope. "I have seen and experienced great things," he writes, "and may well say that I have *lived*, and am now ready to depart when it pleases God. I am in good spirits. There is a germ sown which all the blood will not stifle, nay, to which blood perhaps will prove the most quickening charm. This is a never-ceasing comfort to me. Think of me sometimes, and pray for the great cause—the cause of God.'

E. M. A. to REIMER.

"Dresden, April 21, 1813.

"Hofmann is haggling in all kinds of ways, which does not please me. So will you do it? Write to me about it as soon as possible. There will be two books—'Spirit of the Age,' Part II., somewhat altered, *i.e.*, the mistakes and ill-advised parts; and Part III., containing, *a.* History of the Russian War and its consequences, chiefly as it concerned the people; *b.* What have the great powers to do now? *c.* What has the German nation to do? I think it may be useful as gunpowder! Perhaps our vom St—— may give us something towards the printing of it, so that fifteen hundred copies might be dispersed gratis. Perhaps not, however. In any case we must print at least four thousand or five thousand copies, and not sell too dear. There are plenty of such books already. In Berlin it will not pass the censorship; in Leipzig it must, if St—— puts his *imprimatur* on it. If it cannot be printed as it is, it may

die! I make no conditions with you, my friend. You shall pay me when you please, whatever you can, as an honest man; or, if I am not alive, my son."

While we were in Dresden a fortunate circumstance occurred, for which every one who understood the matter returned thanks to Heaven, so that many cried out: "The God of old Germany lives still."

On the 23rd of April the old Russian Field-Marshal Kutasoff* died of low fever at Bunzlau in Silesia. And I, too, when I heard the news, said: "This is the finger of God." The old man was a Russian of the slow and obstinate type. He had gained so much power and authority in the army, that even Alexander himself could hardly have put him on one side. He and Stein together had had hard work to bring him across the Vistula. He had wanted to remain on the other side till the summer, and then, when reinforced, advance. But what then would have become of Germany? He had indeed advanced, but still we may ask, what would have become of Germany and Prussia if Kutasoff had lived? The French would have exhausted the country as far as the Vistula, swallowing up with calculating cruelty the last resources of Prussia, and severing its sinews, so that a Prussian arming would have been impossible. And then what would Kutasoff and the

* Michael Kutasoff, born in 1745, and educated at Strasburg, distinguished himself in the Turkish war, where he made himself a reputation for skill in diplomacy as well as in arms. He commanded the 1st Russian Corps in the battle of Austerlitz, and held the supreme command in the Turkish war of 1811. In 1812 he was chosen to supersede Barclay de Tolly, and obtained the title of Prince Smolenski in memory of the great battle of Smolensk.

Russians have done without the help of the Prussians when all the fortresses in the country were held by French garrisons. Besides,* Kutasoff did not like the Germans. He was exceedingly rough and unamiable, and would have set his heavy Muscovite foot on German enthusiasm wherever it was aroused. He could never endure the presence of an equal: then how could Blücher have risen at his side? But after his death everything went smoothly. Old Blücher, unchecked, rose by his own power; and the other Russian generals, Wittgenstein, Barclay de Tolly, Langeron, and the rest, attracted by the amiability of his character, did not feel themselves cast into the shade by him. We saw the hand of God in this, and again it was stretched out for the help of Germany in the battle of Dresden, where one of the first shots fired by the French cannon carried off both the legs of the gallant Moreau,* and brought his life to a close. If this Frenchman had lived, how much he would have interfered in our affairs in the council of Alexander, and, pushing himself between us and the French, have deprived us of the honour and value of our victories! In those days when men were learning to

* The great general of the Republic, Jean Victor Moreau, was born in 1763, joined the army as a volunteer in 1792, and displayed such striking military capacity, that in two years he had risen to the rank of a general of division. In 1796 he held the command of the French army on the Rhine with which he penetrated into Germany as far as Ulm, but was then forced to begin a retreat which he conducted in such a masterly manner as brought him lasting fame. In 1799 he served in Italy, and again with the army of the Rhine, 1800, won the great victory of Hohenlinden. Returning to Paris he was forced to yield to his great rival Napoleon, and having been accused of taking part in the conspiracy of Pichegru and Cadoudal, was condemned to two years' imprisonment, which was afterwards changed to banishment. He went to the United States, where he passed several years, and in 1813 joined the army of the allies.

believe and hope, we thought we could see the hand of God in such events. Others laughed at us then, and still laugh at us for such ideas.

I went from Dresden to the Russian and Prussian head-quarters. Stein sent me with some confidential letters to Scharnhorst. I saw the admirable man again by whom and by whose daughter I had been received so kindly and familiarly at Breslau and Kudowa the year before. The head-quarters were at Altenburg.

The month of May, 1813, came, and on the 3rd we heard indistinct sounds from the plains round Dresden, which we rightly concluded to be the thunder of a great battle.* Soon messengers arrived. The battle had been honourably contested, but our side was defeated. This meant that we must at once take leave of Dresden.

The minister went eastwards again with the army which crossed the Elbe. I was sent with letters and despatches and verbal messages to his friends in Berlin, and from thence I was to make a digression to Stralsund to see whether the Swede, whom we had been looking for so long, was not at length crossing the water in force. I was now for eight days again in my island of Rügen, where I saw, after two long years, my brother Fritz, and my boy, now eleven years old, who was living with him. As I was coming over the water one fine spring evening by moonlight from Rügen to Stralsund, six Swedish vessels, which had just arrived bringing some regiments, were lying in the roads. As eight o'clock sounded from the towers of the city, there was a roll of drums on board each ship at once (an old Swedish

* The battle of Lützen.

custom), and over the water came the words of Paul Gerhard's beautiful evening hymn, "Nun ruhen alle Wälder;" a quiet, impressive, and expressive touch of humanity in the midst of the roar of the waves and the tumult of war.

I did not stay here long, but hurried back to Berlin. In the meantime, battles had been fought with Napoleon, bravely contested, but doubtful; nevertheless, the news of our losses did not dishearten us. People were excited to the highest pitch. "Let us suffer rather the last extremity; let us endure death itself rather than bear the chains of slavery any longer." Such was the universal feeling and the unanimous cry in the capital. There was want and misery enough, but joy and hope with it all, and a community of true hearts, such as can only be found in such times. I lived among dear friends, in the society of great and noble men, who accepted my will for the deed. Savigny and Eichhorn* were on the committee of the Landwehr. Süvern was exercising his company, and afterwards his regiment, of Landsturm on the Wilhelm Platz. Fichte kept sword and spear standing always ready for himself and his son, who was a mere boy, hardly fit to bear arms. They had wanted to make him an officer in the Landsturm, but he refused, saying: "Here I am only fit to be among the common people."

* J. A. F. Eichhorn, born 1779, entered the Prussian service in 1800. He distinguished himself by his activity in organising the Landwehr in 1813, and joined the army himself as a volunteer. After the battle of Leipzig he joined Stein, and wrote an account of the proceedings of the Council of Administration for the affairs of Germany. At the peace he became a member of the Council of State, and afterwards Minister of Education. He retired with the rest of the ministry in 1848, and from that time took little part in public affairs.

This man was always in earnest in everything. He suffered in his feet, I think from gout; but he said: "I know I shall never do great things, but I will never set the example of flight. The enemy shall only enter the city over my body." He was strangely cheerful, bright and amiable at that time, and it seemed as if his pious mind had found in his love for his people and his country the bridge by which he could pass from his ideal *I* to the *not I*.

I saw him a great deal at that time in his own house, and among friends. He and Reil were perhaps the most dramatic figures of the capital, from the fire of their enthusiasm, and the burning hatred which Reil, almost more than Fichte, bore to the French. Reil, a noble East Frieslander, was a man of the most passionate nature, which showed itself in his splendid form, and sparkled in his god-like eyes. I became intimate with him, being introduced by a beloved friend, Friedrich von Scheele, brother of the present Hanoverian minister, and many evenings have I spent in his amiable family, when he would pour out his fancies about Man and Nature, while excitedly puffing at his tobacco pipe.

I remember, as if it happened to-day, meeting him walking unter den Linden, when the people, running together, began to talk of the news which had just arrived, that an armistice had been concluded (it was concluded on the 4th of June). He stood as if thunderstruck, turned as white as if he were going to faint, then pressed my hand, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. Yes, it was terrible news, and made many feel doubtful and insecure. Soon after came the disaster of Hamburg,

which might so easily have been prevented. Then, in the very middle of the truce, the shameful attack upon the Lützowers,* when the French amused themselves with exciting the Würtembergers to an act of atrocity against their own brothers, stigmatising them as *brigands noirs*. Then another message of evil, which was a heavy blow to the hearts of all the good and brave. Scharnhorst had died at Prague of a wound which he had received at the battle of Gross Görschen. When I saw him with it bound up at Dresden, it had seemed to me very slight.

COUNTESS JULIE DOHNA-SCHARNHORST to E. M. A.

"Finkenstein, Prussia, July 20th, 1813.

"My warmest thanks for the many proofs of your friendship. How much I have lost in my father, no one knows. He was the tenderest of fathers, and my most intimate friend. My perfect earthly happiness is past. I do not murmur against God. I have been till now too happy, and loved life too much. As to the loss which the good cause will suffer through his death, I am not anxious. When God, at such a moment as the present, takes such a man to Himself, there is some great reason for it, before which we must bow, though we cannot grasp it. This firm faith gives me the best consolation. One of my greatest and rarest pleasures will be to have a few words from you from time to time. I honour and esteem few like you. Intercourse with you has had a lasting and beneficial influence on Fritz and myself. Your little godson, Balduin, is a healthy, good-tempered child, and Adelbert, too, is very well

* The French pretended that the armistice did not apply to such irregular troops as Lützow's Jägers; and the Lützow cavalry, nearly a fortnight after the armistice was signed, was attacked, when quite unprepared, by a greatly superior force of French and Würtembergers, and almost entirely destroyed. The leader of the Würtembergers afterwards went over to the allies in the midst of the battle of Leipzig.

again after his illness. I wrote to you in the beginning of May, at Dresden, enclosing my letter to my father, but it seems you never received it. With the most cordial friendship and esteem,

"JULIE DOHNA."*

This sad event wrung from my heart a song, which I had printed in Berlin and took with me to Reichenbach, where Stein, who was much pleased with it, had several thousand copies printed, and sent them to our friends. I reached him at Reichenbach, with this song, about the beginning of July—I think it was the 4th or 6th. Here, in and around Reichenbach, was now the chief camp, at least the diplomatic camp. The emperors, kings, and field-marshals of the allied armies were quartered at distances of about ten or twelve miles round in Bohemia and Silesia. The Emperor Francis of Austria had drawn nearer, though he had not yet joined the Russo-Prussian alliance. He was making his preparations; by his mediation negotiations were carried on with Napoleon, and if possible Germany was to be set free from the French yoke by means of these negotiations. The Prussians trusted Austria little, the Emperor Francis less, Metternich least of all; thus a heavy storm-cloud brooded gloomily over the heads and hearts of men.

Here, then, I found myself in the midst of a confused crowd, and had some trouble to get shelter anywhere in the town, for all quarters were seized upon and occupied. However, it was summer, and at last I found a lodging with the night watchman of the town, in a long room on the town wall, with a sort of bed of boards, a broken

* "Nothgedrungener Bericht," pt. ii. p. 188.

table, and a couple of almost seatless rush chairs. Yet at that time this was good luck, when one knew what a miserable little room in a small inn Niebuhr had for himself and his wife.

A friend of Niebuhr's, Herr von Savigny, came to Reichenbach to see how things were going, and to make Stein's acquaintance. He saw me, and thought that I, as a bachelor, must be able to let him sleep for a couple of nights in my room. I showed him my cabin and its furniture, and told him how during my journeys in Poland I had learned to sleep soldier-fashion. However, I had the morning sun on my two windows, and the finches and sparrows chattered and sang to me from the walls, and a beautiful rich country lay before me. Afterwards I moved to the house of a nobleman, Count Karl von Gessler, formerly Prussian ambassador in Dresden, and now captain of the Silesian Landsturm in this district.

Here I printed my "Soldiers' Catechism." I do not know whether it ever inspired any one to battle. The French had written the right catechism for that purpose in red ink. But I know it has comforted many a wounded man in the hospitals, and that has comforted me.

During the armistice a congress was held here at Reichenbach, and at Schloss-Gitschin in Bohemia—a congress which caused us terrible anxiety, and which was expected to reduce to order the confusion of Europe. Napoleon was at this time in Dresden. I have spoken of terrible anxiety, for many were afraid that Napoleon, having on his side the advantage of unity—a great advantage in negotiation—would make use of it to obtain by cunning what he could not obtain by force of arms.

We suffered a great deal of anxiety and discontent, often bitter vexation, when we read in the newspapers pleasant anticipations of a speedy peace. My old master was often not only out of temper, but very savage, besides being tormented with gout, and it rebounded upon me and his other subordinates. I had by this time reached a footing of great familiarity with Stein—I felt that he liked me. I was by nature—thank God—too stubborn to be easily disconcerted. Stein was sometimes vehement with me, as with others, but only once, and that was here in Reichenbach, was he rude to me. I came to him early one morning, about six o'clock (he used to rise early), with a paper in my hand, and found his carriage with a pair of horses and a postilion waiting before the door. I went without ceremony up the steps as usual, and gave him the paper, and then: "What are you disturbing me so early for? I have no time. Go! the trash can wait!" And I went, saying: "Your Excellency ordered me to be quick with the trash! You said, 'Do it quickly!—quickly!'" I went down the steps again, and Niebuhr, whom I found with him, followed me immediately, looking very red, and comforted me, saying, "He has been rude to me, too." Stein, however, was going that morning to Gitschin; when I saw him again a day or two after, he asked for the "trash" with which he had sent me off so shortly, saying, "You know me; the day before yesterday I was plagued with gout, and with the evil from which we are all suffering; I had to see emperors and kings, and Hardenberg and Metternich." Then he stroked my cheek kindly, which was his way of caressing; when he was over-

flowing with kindness towards any one, he would kiss him on the forehead.

The only source of pleasure in this gloomy time was the news of the victory at Vittoria, where Wellington chased the French army over the Pyrenees, and captured the whole of their baggage and artillery. We rejoiced at Vittoria as if it were our own victory, hoping soon to emulate it. The name of Wellington always fills me with gratitude. How many joyful days and nights has he won for me, and how did he help me and others to bear the hard years 1810 and 1811!

There were many men of importance here who treated me with kindness, but they all suffered more or less from the same cause which made Stein ill. For instance there was little pleasure in Niebuhr's society, especially as his wife was very delicate, and once there was very nearly a quarrel between him and Stein, which Herr von Schön smoothed over. Among other distinguished men who came and went at this time were the Corsican, Pozzo di Borgo ;* Stadion ;† the Saxon fugitives, Thielemann,

* Carlo Andrea, Count Pozzo di Borgo, born 1768, was sent as deputy for Ajaccio to the National Assembly in 1791, but having fallen under suspicion in Paris, he returned to Corsica and joined himself to the party of Paoli. From that time he showed himself the deadly enemy of his fellow-countryman, Napoleon. English influence upheld him for a time, but he was at last obliged to leave Corsica. Travelling from country to country, he did his utmost to stir up a feeling against Napoleon, who in 1809 demanded his surrender from Austria, where he was then residing. He fled to Constantinople and Syria. In 1812 he was called to St. Petersburg, and entered the Russian service. After the capture of Paris he was a member of the provisional government, and endeavoured to persuade Louis XVIII. to adopt liberal measures. After the battle of Waterloo, where he was slightly wounded, he was made Russian ambassador in Paris, and continued in favour with the Czar Nicholas.

† Johann Philipp, Count von Stadion, born in 1763, served as imperial

Carlowitz, Aster,* and the famous Prussian generals, Blücher, Gneisenau, and Grolmann.† It was like a camp, a wild, disorderly, and often very uncomfortable life. In the meantime I found a number of young men, with whom I often met in the town, or in neighbouring villages, such as the Herrnhut village of Gnadenfrei. There was Max von Schenkendorf,‡ with whom I first made acquaintance here; Theodor Körner, who had escaped with a bad wound from the sabres of the Würtembergers, and was spending some weeks with Count Gessler, his godfather; Karl Sack, my present Bonn friend, Count Karl von der Gröben, and sometimes the wild genius Von der Marwitz.

Among these, Count Gessler was the only one whose society I thoroughly enjoyed. He had been a friend of

ambassador at various courts, and was an active opponent of Napoleon. After the Peace of Presburg he became Minister of Foreign Affairs, but was forced to give place to Metternich. Recalled in 1812, he was influential in procuring the adhesion of Austria to the alliance.

* Three of the principal Saxon generals, who, after the refusal of the King of Saxony to give up the French alliance, resigned their commands and joined the allies.

† Karl Wilhelm Georg von Grolmann entered the army in his fourteenth year, and served in the Franco-Prussian war of 1806. In 1809 he joined the Austrian army; after the conclusion of the war in Germany, he betook himself to Spain, but fell into the hands of the French at the capture of Valencia. Having ransomed himself, he went to Jena and entered himself at the university under the name of Von Gerlach. In 1813 he rejoined the Prussian army, and fought through the campaign until the peace. He was afterwards made Minister of War, but resigned in 1819, being discontented with the conduct of the Government.

‡ F. G. Max von Schenkendorf, the poet, born at Tilsit, 1784. He belonged to the romantic school, and was much under the influence of Novalis and Jung Stilling. His wife was a friend of Frau von Krüdener. In 1813, however, he joined the army, and wrote many spirited songs of the war.

Stein in his youth, and had great influence over him; and though they sometimes quarrelled, he generally ended by putting him into a good temper. Gessler had wonderful self-command, though he was naturally of a very stormy temper, and continually tormented with gout. He understood the most difficult of all arts, that of keeping himself outwardly serene when inwardly overwhelmed with gloom. But the best of it was that his particular kind of wit served as a whetstone to Stein's, and continually drew forth sparks from the latter. He had property in the neighbourhood, and the Saxon generals and others were staying at his estate at Neuendorf, about an hour's distance from Reichenbach. He soon released me from the watchman's nest, where I had had to roost like a hen.

We all had plenty of leisure—most of us too much—and the doubtful and shifting state of things kept us all in a state of suspense and discontent. Gessler invited me to come and read Greek and Italian with him, for he was a very well-educated and well-informed man, having in his youth visited both England and Italy several times, and collected a fine library. He was a little man, with great animation of manner, a broad face marked with the small-pox and often convulsed with the pain of his gout, but redeemed by very brilliant eyes. His face would light up with wit and drollery, though at first sight he gave you the impression of an ugly man. Naturally hasty and impetuous, he had gained great mastery over himself by continued perseverance. In conversation he shot forth arrow after arrow, but if he struck any one too hard, his good nature soon made everything smooth

again. In order to conceal, or rather disguise, his good temper and the great softness and gentleness of his disposition, he had adopted a blustering manner, particularly when he was going to do any one a kindness, and in quiet acts of benevolence he was unwearying. He was grandson of a great Prussian general, who had decided the fortunes of the day at the battle of Jauer, or Hohenfriedberg, in the second Silesian war, by a brilliant feat of arms, breaking through the Austrian centre with four regiments, and riding down the Hungarian and Bohemian grenadiers like straw. The great King gave him a large grant out of the conquered territory, and raised him to the rank of count. In remembrance of this glorious deed, his grandson bore on his arms twenty-five standards and sixty-six pennons. According to tradition, the Gesslers had come from Swabia in the crusades against the heathen in Prussia, and probably were of the same race as the wild Gessler of the Swiss fable of Wilhelm Tell, which, by-the-way, is only a version of the story of Cambyses.

Our Count Karl was a captain in the Landsturm, and as such, thank God, never had the opportunity of doing any great deeds. In conjunction with President Merkel and many other patriots, he was zealously active with his advice and ready help, and also with money, in forming and arming the Landwehr. This was one of Gneisenau's feats, so efficiently and rapidly was it carried out. Sixty thousand Landwehr were in a state of tolerable efficiency in a few months. They took the field almost *sans culottes*, many having linen bags instead of cartridge boxes; but they had the right spirit and the

right leaders. They proved it well at Katzbach and Wartenburg, and the Silesian army won itself unfading honours. When Prussians mention the Pomeranians and Brandenburgers, the Silesians should not be forgotten. Count Gessler was active here also, but he would listen to nothing concerning the Landsturm, and still less to the regulations made for the Landsturm, which might do for Lithuania and Russia, but were perfectly unsuitable for so thickly populated a country as Germany, and which must have been drawn up by some wrong-headed hyper-patriot when he was asleep. (Bartholdy, afterwards Prussian consul-general at Rome, has been named as their author.) He resigned his command as soon as possible. During my residence at Reichenbach he completed his sixtieth year, and immediately obtained his dismissal. "A fine story it would make," he said to me one day, "if I should have to take the field with my calico-weavers." (There were many manufactories in Reichenbach and the neighbourhood.) "We should have a run, and I should have to run too. No, we have not come down quite so far as that. I will not so disgrace my arms."

When the armistice was, to the universal joy, declared at an end on the 10th of August, and fighting began again on the 17th, Herr vom Stein followed the head-quarters in its removal to Bohemia, leaving me behind in Reichenbach, and it was not till then that I learnt to know Gessler thoroughly. After the battle on the Katzbach, 18,000 French prisoners were marched through Reichenbach into Upper Silesia, and hospitals were formed for the Prussian wounded. My Landsturm captain worked

and laboured in the most untiring manner. How often did we roll in the provision waggons backwards and forwards to his estate, bringing with us well-fed mutton and veal, to be turned into soup for the sick. And all this without any show, or rather with a show of doing it only because he was obliged, while really he did it with all his heart.

I will tell a good story of these days at Reichenbach, in which he figures. Among the prisoners left in Reichenbach were several French generals and staff-officers, one of whom was General Puthod. They got wind of the battle of Dresden, which was an unfortunate one for us, and immediately became abusive and insolent in their language, and began to climb up to roofs and towers to watch their victorious army marching down upon the town ; for it was whispered about among them that the French, with Napoleon at their head, would soon be in Silesia again. And as Frenchmen always do, if you do not keep a tight hand over them, they began to presume upon the good-nature of the Germans, and demanded the best rooms in the houses, as the quarters which were most comfortable and suitable for them, and even went so far as to quarter themselves wherever they pleased, using threats to the inhabitants of Reichenbach.

One day the count and I went to see the evangelical chief-pastor, Tiede, a Pomeranian from Pasewalk, in whose house Stein had lodged. The pastor began to complain to the count of the insolence of the foreigners, and especially of General Puthod, who was quartered upon him, giving their talk much as I have described it, and how they always concluded by boasting that Napoleon would

soon pay us back with double interest, and that in a few weeks he would rule as a conqueror from the Oder to the Vistula. As he related this the count grew angry, and exclaimed: "Shame on you, you stout strong Pomeranian. Don't you know how to deal with such rascals in such a case? You are the master of the house. What do sticks and hemp grow for?" He crushed his hat on to his head, and hurried out of the house with me, taking no notice of the salute of General Puthod, whom we met in the market-place. I went up into my room, but about a quarter of an hour afterwards I saw the count go out in full uniform of blue and gold, with his sword by his side and pistols in his pockets. He went quickly across the market-place to the governor's house, where the Prussian commandant, Colonel Count Lusi, had his quarters. He soon came back, and we sat down to tea. "I opened the casks and let that spazzacammino smell powder. [The count was by descent a Piedmontese.] I could frighten him easily with my Landsturm. He seems to me to have got it into his head that the French may come back again. They shall all go!" The last words he said defiantly, and not many hours elapsed before carriages and cars came driving up, and generals and officers were packed in and driven farther into the country in Upper Silesia.

Such was the count, and my quiet life in his cheerful society was very pleasant in the midst of the raging war. He remained my faithful friend even in later years, when I was in trouble myself, and his memory must ever remain sacred to me. Unintentionally I caused him

some annoyance. This acute and sparkling man had a peculiar, almost *Hamannic* vein, and both in conversation and writing he would emit flashes of lightning, the clouds from which they issued not always being visible. He would use extraordinary and obscure figures and metaphors, such as his experience, reading, or fancy suggested at the moment. Without seeing his gestures and the expression of his face, it was often impossible fully to understand his words, which were as few in number as it was possible to make them, and, like diamonds, had many facets. But to repress the play of his wit would have been perfectly impossible to such a man; and on account of some of his letters which were found in my possession, he was implicated in the charges of socialism brought against me; that is, he was questioned about it, but not very closely.

With this noble hot-blooded Gessler I celebrated, over the finest wine, the battle of Leipzig; then packed up my bundle and started in a huge carriage drawn by four horses, on which the trunks and baggage which the minister had left behind were loaded, along the road which leads to Schweidnitz and Goldberg, and thence going to the east through Lusatia to the Elbe. Journeying on towards Leipzig, I crossed the Elbe at Meissen. It was not possible to go by Dresden, for the French Marshal St. Cyr with 35,000 men lay there, and the Russians, under Bennigsen, were besieging it. Here, in a little village not far from Mühlberg, I heard that Körner and his family were staying in a little inn, having escaped out of Dresden before the siege. I saw the good people, and we rejoiced together; and their first question

to me was about their Theodor, whether I had not any news for them of the Lützowers. I was obliged to say no. They were in great anxiety, having heard rumours of fighting in Mecklenburg, and of their son being wounded. They gave me letters to their friends in Leipzig, and begged me to let them know immediately if I heard anything about their son. Alas, I had to write to them only too soon the sad message: "Your son has fallen by a ball, and lies buried in Mecklenburg, under the shadow of a German oak."

Coming nearer Leipzig I saw, with my own eyes, by the roads torn up and trampled down, by the villages lying in ashes, with their gardens fenceless and laid waste, and by a hundred other tokens of nameless horror and misery, what a battle means, particularly a battle in which half-a-million of fighting men, and more than a thousand heavy guns, had been struggling three days for victory or death.

THE BATTLE OF LEIPZIG, 1813.

"Whence comest thou in thy garments red,
Soiling the hue of the green grass plain?"
"I come from the field where brave men bled,
Red from the gore of the knightly slain,
Repelling the crash of the fierce assailing;
Mothers and brides may be sorely wailing,
For I am red."

"Speak, comrade, speak, and tell me true,
How call ye the land of the fateful fight?"
"At Leipzig the murd'rous fierce review
Dimmed with full tear-drops many a sight;
The balls like winter snowflakes flying,
Stifled the breath of thousands dying,
By Leipzig town."

"Name me the hosts that in battle array
Let fly their diverse banners wide?"
"All lands to join in the dread affray
Against the hated French took side,
The gallant Swede and the valiant Prussian,
The Austrian famed in fight and the Russian,
All, all went forth."

"And who in the strife won the hard-fought day,
And who took the prize with iron hand?"
"God scattered the foreigner like the sea-spray,
God drove off the foreigner like the light sand;
Many thousands cover the green-sward lying,
The rest like hares to the four winds flying,
With Napoleon, too."

"God bless thee, comrade, thank thee well,
A tale is this the full heart to cheer,
Sounds like a cymbal of heavenly swell,
A story of strife and a story of fear.
Leave the widows and brides to their wail of sorrow,
We'll sing a glad song for full many a morrow,
Of the Leipzig fight.

"Leipzig, good town of the fair linden shade,
A day of proud glory shall long be thine!
So long as the years roll their ceaseless grade,
So long as the sun shall go on to shine!
So long as the streams to the ocean are seeking,
So long shall thy sons be the fond praise speaking,
Of the Leipzig fight!"

I arrived on one of the last days of October. I found my minister elated, hopeful, and in the best possible spirits, and with a cheerful, jubilant society round him in the evening; among them two of my dearest friends—Reil, the great surgeon, and Eichhorn, a member of the Supreme Court of Judicature, and afterwards a minister. Reil ruled here in Leipzig, as field-marshal of the surgeons and nurses of the hospitals. We found the splendid old East Frisian cheerful and bright in society as

usual, but he told us that he believed he had taken infection from a Berlin friend whom he had visited, and who some hours before his death had embraced him in a convulsive agony, and had poisoned him with his breath. Since that day he had felt deathlike lead in his bones. We did not think so seriously of it, but unfortunately he had spoken truth. Some weeks afterwards, when he was travelling from Leipzig to Halle, to the marriage of his beautiful eldest daughter with my friend Baron Friedrich Scheele, his prognostications were fulfilled.

In November the monarchs, with their armies, and Herr vom Stein, entered Frankfort. I stayed at Leipzig. The sight was like Wilna on a small scale, only with this difference, that the town had not been destroyed, and that it was inhabited by Germans. In the hospitals lay thirty thousand sick and wounded, friend and foe. Waggons full of dead passed through the streets daily, and many of the inhabitants were carried off by the pestilence. But the kindness and humanity of the people were unwearied, and the Leipzigers forgot themselves and their own misery and suffering in trying to help and save as many as they could. It was Germany seen in its best light.

I was engaged in little matters, and put forth some small pamphlets. One of these was a source of pleasure to me—that entitled "Der Rhein Deutschlands Strom, aber nicht Deutschlands Gränze" ("The Rhine a German River, not a German Boundary.") It was successful, and still appears to me well written. Naturally, most of these little pamphlets, produced amid the whirl of business, when it was seldom possible to get hold of the

right materials, were little more than leaves blown away by the wind. This one brought me public praise from the Prussian Chancellor, Prince Hardenberg, and promises of employment in the Prussian service.

STEIN to E. M. A.*

"Freiburg, Breisgau, Jan. 7th, 1814.

"You will certainly be of use in Frankfort, and your presence is desired there. You will find there Herr von Rühle. Go to his Excellency the Imp. Privy Councillor Herr von Hügel, who is managing Government affairs. He is an honest intelligent German.

"Your essay, 'Der Rhein ein Deutscher Strom, aber keine Deutsche Gränze,' has given much pleasure to many, among others to the Chancellor. He wishes to become acquainted with the 'honest professor.' I have taken the opportunity to repeat a proposal which I made long ago on your behalf both to him and to you. If you come to Frankfort, pay a visit to the home of my ancestors on the Lahn.

"Farewell. To-morrow I am going to Basle. On Jan. 6th, 1813, we left St. Petersburg!

"STEIN."

EICHHORN to E. M. A.†

"Jan. 23rd, 1814.

"Your book, 'Der Rhein Deutschlands Strom,' etc., has done a great deal. We have dispersed it abroad. The wavering minds of men need to be often and powerfully stirred up before they become firmly settled in what is right. Now people are ashamed of the thought that the Rhine could possibly be the frontier.

"Yours,

"EICHHORN.

"The Chancellor von Hardenberg thinks very highly of you. He knows that you put the honour, freedom, and glory of the Fatherland, especially of Prussia, above everything else."

Immediately after Christmas I went to Frankfort-on-

* "Nothgedrungener Bericht," pt. ii. p. 252. † *Ibid.* p. 250.

the-Main, following the road, which is a bad one in winter, over the Inselberg to Schmalkalden, and thence by Würzburg and Aschaffenburg along the Main, for it was impossible to take the usual road by Fulda, on account of the want of horses. On the summit of the Thüringer Wald, the road being slippery with ice and snow, my carriage and horses met with a serious accident, from which, however, I escaped with a severe bruise and the loss of a tooth. In the ancient, imperial, sacred coronation city, I found the state of feeling such as I could not quarrel with. The discovery of the secret articles of the Treaty of Ried had produced a great effect. Most Germans wished that the power of Germany should be increased, and that, therefore, *ad modum Napoleonis*, several of the lesser states should be suppressed. They did not understand how the necessary compensations could be paid if Napoleon's work were left untouched in Germany, especially considering the offers of peace which they had made themselves, after the great battle of Leipzig, to the defeated party. In his flight, he had made one of his diplomatic *enfants perdus*, Count St. Aignan, remain behind and let himself be caught, in order that he might use him to feel the pulse of his enemies. Many faithful hearts began to tremble lest the evil one should have his own way again, and the fox should again escape. But however much they offered, almost throwing away the advantages of their victory, he could not and would not acknowledge to himself the whole extent of his misfortune, and his wounded pride would not bend. The following document, which looked like an official declaration on the part

of the illustrious monarchs, was read with astonishment in Frankfort, on Dec. 1, in the German and French languages.

"MANIFESTO.

"The French Government has recently determined to make a new levy of three hundred thousand men. The motives for this *senatus consultum* are a kind of appeal to the Allied Powers, once more in the face of the world to make known their wishes and determinations, the opinions which guide them in the present war, the principles on which their conduct rests. Not against France, but against that ostentatious supremacy which the Emperor Napoleon, to the misfortune of Europe and France, has exerted only too long outside the borders of his empire, do the Allied Powers wage war. Victory has led the allied army to the Rhine. The first use which their Imperial and Royal Majesties made of their victory was to offer peace to his Majesty the Emperor of the French. The new increase of power which they have received by the conjunction of all the rulers and princes of Germany has had no influence on the conditions of peace. They have been grounded as much on the independence of the French Empire as on the independence of the remaining states of Europe. The opinions of the Allied Powers are just in intention, generous and noble in application, giving security to all, and honourable to every one. The allied monarchs wish that France should be great, strong, and happy, because the greatness and strength of the French Empire is one of the principal foundations of the

European state edifice. They wish that France should be happy, that French trade should revive, that art and science, those blessings of peace, should flourish again, because a great nation can only be at rest when it is happy.

"The Allied Powers will confirm an extension of territory to the French Empire, such as France never possessed under her kings; for a gallant nation is not degraded because she has suffered disasters in an obstinate and bloody struggle, in which she has fought with her wonted courage. Bnt the Allied Powers wish also themselves to be free, happy, and at peace. They desire a state of peace, which by a wise division of power, by a just balance of power, may preserve their people in future from the innumerable misfortunes with which Europe has been burdened for twenty years.

"The Allied Powers will not lay down their arms until they have attained this great and salutary object, this noble aim of their endeavours. They will not lay down their arms until the political situation of Europe is established afresh, until unchangeable principles have gained the victory over idle assumptions; and lastly, until a sacred treaty has secured true peace to Europe."

This remarkable declaration was not addressed to the French alone, but to the Germans, and that in no indirect manner. After the insults and injuries of so many years, after the bloody and exhausting efforts of the last two, they might be allowed to express some astonishment that this declaration did not explain more clearly why, for the welfare and happiness of Europe, it

was necessary that the French should be so great, powerful, and happy. For three hundred evil years this power had been to them nothing but the symbol of deceit and cunning, bringing upon them shame and ruin. They might naturally wonder why no one ever spoke of the necessity of their nation being great, powerful, and happy. For it was in the centre of the Continent, and seemed appointed to be a barrier between combatants from East and West.

So it came about, fortunately, in the wisdom of God, that Napoleon continued his resistance, and the allied armies crossed the Rhine. At last they entered that sacred land: beautiful, glorious France, the seat of art, science, civilisation and beauty, as its inhabitants describe it to the rest of the barbarous populations of Europe. This most polished of nations had to be contented to see its land overrun not only by Germans, Hungarians, and Russians, but by Cossacks, Kalmucks, and Bashkirs, who water their horses in the Volga and the Obi.

But, in the midst of marching and fighting, negotiations with Napoleon were not dropped, but were reopened at Chatillon, February 3, 1814. We, on the other side of the Rhine, trembled at rumours of peace. Slight reverses to our arms did not alarm us; but we feared the fox's cunning, lest he should succeed in loosening the bonds of love and concord in which the monarchs were now united. But, thank God, every little success aroused new hopes in Napoleon, and he made it evident to the monarchs that he was only amusing them with negotiations that he might gain time. Accordingly,

they grew more and more exacting in their demands, until not merely his pride but his personal safety was at stake, for he did not dare to confess himself conquered and disarmed by giving up the fortresses and very keys of France: Mainz, Antwerp, Lille, Metz, and Strasburg. The French, indeed, when the misfortune and misery which they in their insolence had brought upon their neighbours knocked at their own doors, cried, "Peace, peace!"

But Napoleon knew his people. As they threw on him the blame of all their acts of cruelty to other nations, so they would like to represent him as guilty of their humiliation. An upstart has not the same hold over his people as a prince of an ancient race possesses. He himself afterwards said, "I could have ruled differently, and have ventured many things, if I had been my own grandson."

Thus pride and egotism this time saved Europe. In the January of this year, 1814, in the French Lower House, then called the Corps Législatif, Laîné and Raynouard ventured to express their opinion freely upon the danger to France of continuing the war; and these daring sentiments were sent up to Napoleon in the address of the Lower House. Such opposition was quite new to him. He had been accustomed for ten years and more to abject submission. He lost his temper, and drove them out, answering them in a manner so characteristic that I cannot help giving it here.

"I have forbidden the printing of your address; it was seditious. Eleven-twelfths of the Corps Législatif con-

sist of good citizens; I know them, and esteem them. The other twelfth consists of intriguing men and bad citizens, and your delegates are among the number. Laîné is a traitor, who, through the medium of Deseze, is in communication with the Prince Regent. I know it; I have proofs of it. The other four are men of factious minds. This twelfth consists of people who wish for anarchy, and are like the Girondists. To what did such conduct bring Vergniaud and the other ring-leaders? To the scaffold! It is not in such a moment as this, when we must be driving the enemy from our frontiers, that a change in the constitution should be demanded from me. The example of Alsace, of the province of Burgundy, and the district of the Vosges, must be followed. There the inhabitants turn to me to supply them with arms, and to send them leaders for the franc-tireurs, where I have also sent adjutants. You are not representatives of the nation, but delegates of departments. I assembled you to receive comfort from you; not that I am wanting in courage, but I hoped the Corps Législatif would raise it for me. But instead, it has deceived me; instead of the good which I expected from it, it has done me harm: little harm indeed, but only because it could not do me great harm.

"In your address, you seek to separate the ruler from the nation. I alone am the true representative of the people, and which of you can take the burden upon you? The throne is but a thing of wood covered with velvet. I alone am the true representative of the people. If I were to shape my course according to you, I should

give up to the enemy more than he himself desires of me. You shall have peace in a quarter of a year, or I will yield. Only at present we must display our strength. I will seek out the enemy, and we will beat them. The moment in which Hüningue is being bombarded and Belfort attacked, is not the right one for bringing complaints about the constitution of the empire and the abuse of power.

"The Corps Législatif is only one part of the State, and cannot be compared with the Senate and the Council of State. I stand at the head of the nation, as long as the existing constitution seems good to you. If France should desire another constitution, which does not seem good to me, I should say, 'Find yourselves another ruler.' The enemy is more embittered against me than against France; but shall I therefore allow the empire to be cut to pieces? Am I not sacrificing my pride and my own judgment for the sake of peace? Yes, I am proud because I possess courage,—I am proud because I have done great things for France. Your address is unworthy of me and of the Corps Législatif, and at some future time I will have it printed to shame the Corps Législatif and the nation. Go back to your homes. Even supposing I were wrong, it is not for you to reproach me. Besides, France needs me more than I need France."

After several sanguinary engagements the allies entered Paris. Napoleon was dethroned, and submitted tamely to be exiled to the island of Elba; the Bourbons again ascended the throne of their fathers. What need is there for me to treat of a subject so well known to all

Germans? Talleyrand came to the front at once to receive the Emperor Alexander; indeed, he took him prisoner, or, rather, not he, but the French, the Parisians, captivated him. How the Prussian and Austrian soldiers ground their teeth with rage when they were left to suffer hunger and thirst before the gates and in the streets of Paris, when they were not allowed to find quarters in this capital of the civilised world, as Frenchmen call it, after the humiliation of Berlin and Vienna, and the sufferings of so many years! Yet we must not forget that we owe it chiefly to the perseverance of Alexander that we ever reached Paris. By him we conquered Paris; but as soon as he had passed the gates of the city, Paris conquered him! France retained the spoils of many lands, and paid not the smallest indemnity.

Nevertheless, her pride was greatly hurt that she had to restore most of her conquests and annexations. It is a fortunate thing for the French that their language is in such common use throughout the world. It gives them great advantages in all kinds of negotiations, and from its universal use in education exerts a very subtle influence on most minds. The Emperor Alexander was almost a German prince through his father, as well as through his mother. The Russian people have been raised out of barbarism, and have received European civilisation, chiefly through German influence. The Cza had more than a million of German subjects, but he had been educated as if he were to rule Frenchmen. His master and tutor had been a Swiss. This man and Talleyrand, and all those who surrounded him in Paris,

were always whispering, "Mercy, mercy, and favour for the French! They are the transmitters of history to future generations. As Alexander of Macedon, and as Rome, spared and honoured Ilium for Homer's sake, so spare and honour Paris for the sake of the learning and polish without which we should all have been barbarians."

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER THE WAR.

The Central Administration at Frankfort.—A visit to the Upper Rhine and Strasburg.—Stein at Frankfort.—Hardenberg. — A visit to Nassau.—Fräulein vom Stein.—On foot to Berlin.—The Congress of Vienna. .

IN this sacred old city of Frankfort I spent almost a year. Since then I have stayed there for months and years together at different times, making, as I flatter myself, many friends and very few enemies. I, too, in those days, was one of the burdens of war, and I was quartered in good soldierly fashion with the noble old Burgundian family of Gontard, and afterwards with the worthy patriotic German bookseller, Eichenberg. I gained the friendship of these excellent men, and it has remained mine ever since. Eichenberg was a very well-educated man, a pupil of the "Dessau Philanthropin." His father had printed Goethe's earliest attempts, and his widow still lives, one of the truest friends of my old age.

What was I doing, making, or rather creating, here in Frankfort? I reply, much the same as in Königsberg, Dresden, and Leipzig. Occasionally I had special business and commissions from the minister, which took me away perhaps for weeks or even months to Coblentz, Mainz,

Worms, and other places, while I had also to watch the proceedings of the courts of Darmstadt and Baden-Carlsruhe. The Council for the administration of German affairs was now firmly established at Frankfort, though its head had proceeded with the monarchs into France. Under the protection of this court, I had the power and liberty to employ myself with the pen in my own fashion, and with the most perfect freedom of the press. Colonel Rühle von Lilienstern was here on behalf of Prussia for matters concerning the war and the general arming of Germany; and for the rest, especially the commissariat and the care of the hospitals, the noble and excellent Count Solms-Laubach was appointed, and with him I had much intercourse. For Austria there was a Herr von Handel and Major Meyern, author of the "Diana Sora," in whose intellectual society I made many expeditions to the beautiful Rhine. There were representatives also of other German States, and Russia was represented by Nicholas Durjeneff, whose brother Alexis I had known very well in St. Petersburg. I spent the whole winter in Frankfort, and then went to Coblentz, as Stein thought that I should find a suitable post under Gruner, in the administration of the Middle Rhine. However, this came to nothing, as after the peace of Paris this Government was dissolved, and reformed after quite a different plan to that which had been at first intended. I made use of a part of the summer and autumn in making myself more fully acquainted with the provinces of the Rhine, which I had hitherto only cursorily visited. I saw the Upper Rhine and Strasburg twice, of course in the strictest

incognito. What a country it is! What a town! And yet, alas! we did not take it back and keep it. Some say that these provinces would not readily be reunited with ours, and it is true that they would not at once, but in time they would grow accustomed to the change. The rest of the Rhine-provinces, though they were only held by the French for twelve or fifteen years, yet have had in some degree to accustom themselves again to Germany and their German brothers. The greater part of Alsace has been united to France for from one hundred and fifty to two hundred years, but still the Teutonic language and Teutonic manners prevail among the inhabitants, though few of them feel what they have lost in not being united to the great German nation. And here is a great perversion of nature; for when a people is governed by a greater foreign nation, the elements of its own nature grow feeble and are little developed, while it can with difficulty adopt the elements of its foreign neighbour. Will, or can, a German Alsatian, brought up under French influence and in French habits of thought, ever become a man of the first rank in the French kingdom? I doubt it. But again, some say that they wanted to kill the spirit of revolution in France; they wanted to satisfy and content the French, and how much would they have exasperated them if they had taken away from them Alsace, and all that lies on this side of the Ardennes! Oh, do you think they were thankful to us Germans for our moderation? Were they not enraged at having received their well-merited punishment? Where is the Frenchman who does not curse the people of Antwerp, Coblentz, and

Mainz, because they do not take off their hats to him? Where is the Frenchman, from Chateaubriand and Lamartine to the stupidest corporal in the army, who does not say, "But the Rhine is the natural boundary of France. Whatever lies on this side of the Rhine is France, and must be annexed on the first opportunity." Oh! with what feelings of admiration and sorrow did all this beauty and splendour fill me, as I stood on the cathedral tower at Strasburg, and saw in the blue distance towards the east the Black Forest, towards the south the Jura, towards the west the Vosges. The magnificent town and its inhabitants, how German still! How easy it is to distinguish the simple German manners from the more lively and elegant French. What a fine strong race they are in this splendid valley of the Rhine. They are Alemanni; their vehemence, the impetuosity of their passions, their short-clipped accent, their hearty kindness and straightforwardness, and their very coarseness, prove it. This race, mixed up indeed with other races and somewhat thinned, extends (I have convinced myself by examining the language, and still more the appearance and manners of the people) over the Hundsrück and the Moselle up to the Eifel, and to the east as far as Maifeld and Andernach, so that in several places it reaches almost to the Aar. Every five (German) miles as you go towards the west, you find the language lose spirit and tone, and betray symptoms of its connection with Low-German. The peasants round Cologne, and those inhabiting the land of Jülich, Cleves, and Limburg, speak with little variation the same dialect. Certainly the variations are not greater than in North

Germany among the people of Brunswick, Holstein, Pomerania and Brandenburg. We must conclude therefore that they are for the greater part Franks. These lands were the seat of the Ripuarian and Salic Franks. They never emigrated, only their princes with a following of volunteers conquered Gaul. Why should they leave such a splendid country, watered with the finest streams, endowed with rare fertility and all the riches of nature, for a worse? And if they did march out with everything belonging to them, who succeeded them and took possession of their vacated lands? Perhaps the Saxons, their hereditary enemies. But we know nothing of the kind occurred. Their conquest of Gaul occurred in historical times, and German-France, under the name of Austrasia, remained for four centuries the strength of their empire. But with the Saxons they were related, very closely related, though they were afterwards their most bitter enemies. That is clear, even at the present day, in their whole language and manners. Were the Franks originally one particular family? I think not. The name Frank arose from a confederation. The mass out of which the Frank nation was formed must have been composed of several Saxon tribes. In Roman history of the third and fourth centuries the names of many Saxon tribes occur in the wars of the Romans as dwelling on the left bank of the Rhine, in the very district which is known to have been the stronghold of the Franks. The latter dwelt in the district between the Moselle and the Meuse, and beyond the Meuse as far as the boundaries of the Frisians, who were settled in the marsh-lands along the sea coast, and round the Zuyder

Zee, from the mouth of the Meuse beyond the Elbe as far as the Cimbrian peninsula. Besides, in the descriptions given of them by friend and foe from the fourth to the ninth century, Saxons and Franks are represented as very similar in many respects: stubbornness, untamableness, violence and horrible cruelty, were as much, or even more, the characteristics of the Franks as of the Saxons in those days. In contrast to them, Goths and Lombards seem humane, gentle, and chivalrous. And the Frank in Gaul was soon contaminated by the corrupt, servile, and Romanised Gaul, and became as cunning and faithless as he was brave and cruel.

What happy days I enjoyed during my excursions through this country! How many noble Germans I met in Worms, Spires, Baden, and in the Black Forest, and even in Alsace, all of them exulting in the great hopes which were opening before them. I had already made acquaintance with Alsatians in Frankfort, and received letters of recommendation from them to several of the inhabitants of Strasburg, who would often say to me, "We are Germans, and many of us would be glad to become German again, but do not join us to some little principality. That would never do. Give us something better than that, or we would rather stay as we are."

I visited Cologne and Düsseldorf, where I saw Friedrich Jacobi's brave son, Georg, in his ancestral Pempelfort. I went into the mountain districts of the duchy of Berg, where I was amused to see how every one was on horseback. It reminded me of Jemtland, in Sweden. How they must have galloped, in the days when there were no roads, and when it was almost impossible to

travel through the narrow passes in a two-wheeled, not to say a four-wheeled, conveyance. I was much amused too at a philosophical absurdity which I met with in a commentary on Tacitus's "Germania." The Tenkteri, whom Tacitus speaks of in this neighbourhood as excellent cavalry, were said to have derived their name from the notes of the trumpet—tenkter, tenk-tenk! just as a Roman is said to have given the name of Idistavisus to the battle fought on the Weser between Germanicus and Arminius, because a German, being asked the name of the river, replied, "Et is a Wise." I went over the mountains from Elberfeld by Solingen to Remscheid, not on horseback nor in a carriage, but on foot, with a guide from Elberfeld carrying my luggage. Jahn* was with me, the master of the Turnverein (Gymnastic Society), though so young, having been my pupil at Greifswald. He travelled with me from Coblentz, where I met him, down the Rhine. In Ehringhausen we went into a house, where I have been on an intimate footing

* F. L. Jahn, the "Turnvater," was the son of a pastor in Pomerania, and was born in 1778. In 1809 he settled in Berlin and opened a gymnasium for the purpose of preparing the youth of Germany by bodily exercises for fighting for their country. His book "Deutsches Volkthum," published at this time, brought him many disciples, and his influence became considerable. At the outbreak of the war he and all his pupils joined the army. Jahn enlisted in the Lützowers, but his enemies charged him with insubordinate conduct, and threw it in his teeth that he always contrived to be ill or absent at the time of a battle. After the peace he was employed in organising gymnasiums in various places, until 1819, when at the time of the alarm about socialist intrigues he was arrested and condemned to two years' imprisonment. The sentence was not carried out, but he was banished to a distance from Berlin, and every effort made to separate him from the "Burschen," who idolised him. In 1830 he published a sequel to his "Deutsches Volkthum," which contained some very extravagant ideas. He was afterwards a member of the Parliament of 1848, and belonged to the extreme Right, but he found his influence quite gone.

ever since for a quarter of a century, and hope to be so till death. In Remscheid, Ehringhausen, and the neighbourhood, there are several families of the name of Hasenclever. In Ehringhausen there were then living three brothers, Bernhard, the eldest, since dead, David, and Josua. There was much that was patriarchal in their manners, and the other names being from the Old Testament, I unconsciously called my dear friend Bernhard, Abraham, stamping him, what he really was, a true patriarch. It was a thoroughly German family, full of exultation in those days of victory. David I had met before in the winter, at Frankfort. He was captain of the *Tenkteri* in the mountains, that is to say, the Landsturm. His wife was from Frankfort, George Schlosser's worthy daughter. Who would not gladly pay homage to such a woman as Queen David! It was a pleasure to live with such people, and gather information from them about the country and the manners and customs of the people. David's Landsturm would have stood more firmly, if called upon, than Count Gessler's calico-weavers. The strong manly *Tenkteri*, accustomed to work in iron, would have been at home in the heat and tumult of battle. In fact, when the news of the French overthrow in Russia and Poland reached these mountains, many of the inhabitants rose in premature rebellion, which cost the lives of many young men.

After the conclusion of the peace, Stein came back to Frankfort, about the middle of August (June ?), 1814. I was in a carriage going from Frankfort to Mainz, when, not far from Höchst, he came flying past me at full speed in a post-chaise. I knew him at once. General

Boyen was sitting by him in the chaise. Stein recognised me too, and called out, "Turn round at once, and come back with me to Frankfort." I did so, and sat down to dinner in the "Römischer Kaiser" with him, Boyen, and the brave General Kleist-Nollendorf.* It was a right German festival to us all. He called for some of the best "Elfer,"† and we drank and touched glasses. Now, again, after nearly a year and a half, I passed a few palmy weeks with him.

Stein had now become a great German name. People, invited and uninvited, crowded round him, and often assembled at his tea-table in the evening. This generally stood in a pretty garden belonging to a house which he had taken for the summer, on the road to Bornheim. Here came the Crown Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, burning like Stein, with a fiery enthusiasm for a new, free Germany, and at home a declared opponent of his father's premier, Count Montgelas. This prince, friendly and amiable as he was, and full of ardour for the German Fatherland, sometimes took me by the arm and paced with rapid strides up and down the walks, when the youth's voice—he was very deaf—would be heard far beyond the garden hedge, and perhaps mine too, for I never could whisper or talk softly. The consequence was, that people who wanted to see the famous Stein, and a Crown Prince, crowded on the

* F. H. Count von Kleist-Nollendorf, born in Berlin, 1763, fought under Bulow in the war of the Bavarian Succession. He distinguished himself in the war of 1806, and in 1813 commanded a division of the Prussian army in the battles of Lutzen, Bautzen, Dresden, and Leipzig. After the peace he held various high commands, and retired in 1820, with the rank of field-marshal.

† Rhenish wine of the year 1811.

promenade by the garden, and stood still there. Then Stein would call out: "Come, your Royal Highness, and cool your zeal with a cup of tea. You are talking so loud that the people are standing still to listen, and think I am holding a Jacobin club here." And the good Crown Prince laughed, and sat down.

Here, too, I met Prince Hardenberg* for the first time, who repeated to me the promises he had previously made, and, after this autumn, I received from Prussia the stipend which had been paid to me by the central administration, until I was regularly appointed to a post in the Prussian service. From Frankfort Stein went to his estates in Nassau, and there I spent some days with him in August. I enjoyed it much, and chiefly my intercourse with a noble lady whom, though I had met her before, I now learnt to know for the first time. This was his elder sister, Fräulein vom Stein, prioress of an institution for noble ladies at Homburg in Hesse. I had made her acquaintance in the spring at Dietz, during a journey from Frankfort to Coblentz. She was a very small and delicate woman, a little

* Karl August, Prince von Hardenberg, born in 1750, was a native of Hanover, and was for some time ambassador in London; but having a misunderstanding with the Prince of Wales, he left the Hanoverian service, and entered that of the Duke of Brunswick, from which he passed into the Prussian service, and in 1795 concluded the treaty of Basle. In 1803 he entered the Department of Foreign Affairs as a substitute for Count Haugwitz, and during the war of 1806 received a kind of dictatorial office, from which Napoleon expelled him just before the Treaty of Tilsit. In 1810 he was recalled and made Chancellor of State, and displayed extraordinary tact in managing Napoleon, while at the same time he pushed forward the legislative changes commenced by Stein. He guided Prussia through the War of Liberation, and through the negotiations of Vienna. He continued in office until his death at Genoa, 1822; but he allowed himself to be led by the party of the reaction, and his influence in the Government became gradually more nominal than real.

deformed, over sixty, and with snow-white hair. Her little face beamed, and her beautiful blue eyes shone like stars. She was the image of her brother, the minister—the same face, the same features, only smaller, and more refined, and quieter, and gentler, as a woman's should be; the same terseness and felicity of expression in conversation; the same unconscious wit, and almost more originality. But at the word originality I stop, for there are so many kinds of counterfeits. Women have more clearness and more collectedness, and, if they have real originality, may easily have more precision and pointedness than men. Perhaps she had more originality than her brother; but whatever Herr von Varnhagen may say, who could find no traces of originality in him, I think he had plenty of a certain kind, and that he might very well have spared some to many a sharp satirical poor sinner without impoverishing himself. But there are some who never can understand the power and simplicity of a great character in which the originality is subordinated and becomes almost invisible, being lost in courage, humility, and faith, though it is there, and is a necessary ingredient in the qualities which go to make a man of virtue and action. There is a proverb, "Fulmine non grandine." But how should such a great wit understand that a man may sometimes strike more effectively with a club, than with a hundred little darts.

Anyhow, Fräulein vom Stein was original enough. She was also learned and well-informed: knowing the history of her country and the old German laws and constitutions, not by rote but by heart. It was touching to see how she stood by her brother, and how all her

interests were centred in him. It is well known that she was concerned in the German rising of 1809, and was carried away and shut up as a state prisoner by the French. It was said that she had embroidered and blessed a banner for the Ritter von Dörnberg. She was exceedingly amiable and pleasant in society. So was also the minister's wife, a daughter of the former Field-Marshal of Brunswick, Count von Walmoden, a beautiful stately woman, but very gentle, quiet and grave.

A little incident took place here in Nassau which I will relate.

Hetmann Platoff,* and another Russian General, came to dinner at Nassau. After dinner we all, with the prioress and the minister's two young daughters, went out into the grounds of the castle. An old mason of the town of Nassau, who in days long gone by had been a playfellow of the baron, and had always been especially attached to the family, had taken it into his head to make representations, by the most wonderful arrangements of stones, moss, flowers, and bushes, set up in the walks which run over the heights and through the meadows into the park of Stein, of the events and sufferings of the Russian campaign,—the burning of Moscow, the retreat of the French, the battle of Leipzig, etc. Here and there among them were Stein's name and coat-of-arms, surrounded by a wreath. The old baron had already heard of this performance, and

* Count Platoff, the famous Cossack Hetmann, born in 1757, began his military career in the Turkish war of 1770, and afterwards served under Suwarrow in the Crimea. He served through the campaigns of 1812-14, and his Cossacks became the terror of the French.

had looked stern about it, but now when he really saw it, he went into a violent passion and wanted to have it all destroyed immediately: all the skilful laborious work on which the grateful old mason had probably spent the leisure hours of several weeks. The kind prioress was beside herself, but did not venture to oppose it, only sighing, "Ah, the poor man!" She got hold of me and several other guests and induced us to intercede for it, and we succeeded so far that the old man went off very much provoked, saying, "People will think that I am a childish fool, and imagine that I have conquered the world;" but he agreed at last to leave it to wind and weather to destroy the old man's works of art.

Soon after, in September, Stein went to Vienna; and towards the end of October I set out on a journey to Berlin. I was glad to be able to go on foot, with my sabre at my side and my stick in my hand. There is no such delightful freedom as that of the pedestrian, and whoever wishes to study national manners and customs, should never travel in any other way, unless prevented by deserts or robbers. To travellers in coaches-and-four, people shut their mouths or only open them to lie and flatter. But the world belongs to the foot-traveller; he is the equal of the peasant and the citizen, and every one speaks to him; and the thoughts and feelings of men are open to him. Those, too, who travel in grand coaches, with four or six horses, must belong to the select few of the great civilised nations of Europe; and, whatever may be the peculiar characteristics of the different nations, the polish of education

reduces them to such a uniformity that it matters little whether they were born on the banks of the Tiber, the Neva, the Tagus, or the Elbe.

So I went merrily through the Wetterau, Hesse, and Westphalia; saw the Teutoburger Wald and the Porta Westphalica; spending some pleasant days with the gallant old Hessian, Dr. Faust, in Bückeburg, and then proceeding through Hanover, Brunswick, and Magdeburg, pleasantly enough, though, as it was autumn, often through storms of rain. I was still strong enough not to mind the changes and severity of the weather.

Here I noticed something which I will offer to the consideration of chemists and physicists. I was accustomed to travel like a fiery horse, till I was often bathed in perspiration. One day, when I was unusually warm, I noticed in my left side, just where the iron scabbard of my sabre touched me, a pricking in my skin, as if I had been pricked with a needle. I felt it, in the same place, for some weeks after the conclusion of my journey. My idea is that there was a great deal of iron in my blood at that time, and that the two metals being acted upon by the heat, a magnetic connection was established between them.

In Werder, near Potsdam, a curious thing happened to me. I arrived there late in the evening, tired, wet through, and wanting sleep. I went to the Black Eagle for a night's lodging, where such a bad supper and such sour wine were set before me, that I went fasting to a cold bed. There all Mexico appeared to me in a dream. I have often read flowery poetry about the Mexicans and Peruvians, but the description and representations

never took such hold of me as to enable me to form any picture of them in my own imagination. But now, for hours, counting the time by the amount of what I saw I had before me the most vivid representations of the brightest figures and most lovely scenes. The past, present, and future, and apparently the supernatural were magically arranged in the most enchanting series of pictures, so that I woke in a state of rapture in my miserable bed. How did it all come about? What brought this lovely brightly-coloured picture of Mexico before me? How did I get caught in this web of Mexican flowers? Above all, what is it that conjures up these wonderful night visions, when our judgment, which ought to reign supreme, seems to be nodding? What are these gay little spirits which lie concealed in the dark corners of our brains, and produce in mysterious dream-land strange figures not only of things done and felt in our lives, but pictures of the yet unborn future? What god or spirit is it which can conjure up the image of a future love? or is an ideal so impressed upon that noblest part of our being that if it appears to us in living form we are drawn to it as with an irresistible magica force, and cannot forbear to love?

However this may be, I rose full of pleasant sensations, and to this day have not forgotten the enchanting scenes. I swallowed my thin yellow coffee contentedly, and wandered out to the royal seat of Potsdam.

About half-way to Berlin I stopped for dinner at a splendid hotel, where the water of a little bay of the great Havel lake ripples up to the high-road. This was the place where the gifted Heinrich von

Kleist,* whose society I had much enjoyed during my incognito at Berlin in the winter of 1809, and a lady had cut short their lives by shooting one another.

I asked to be shown the place where they fell; the trees waved quietly, and the grass was green, and I picked some leaves of thyme from the spot. In the room where I dined sat a young officer, with a very pretty, blue-eyed blonde. Like myself, busy with their dinner, they had no appearance of intending to cut short their lives. They started for the south, and I for the north, and in the evening reached Reimer's hospitable home, where I found a softer bed, but no Mexican dreams. I spent this autumn and winter of 1814—15 in Berlin. I now belonged to this state (Prussia). After my connection with Sweden was broken off, and I found myself without any special attachment to any particular German state. I was much in the condition of St. Christopher, on his wanderings in search of a master. And, in fact, in 1810—11, who had a German master? One man was lord of all. But when his pride began to

* Heinrich von Kleist, born 1776, began life in the Prussian army; but discontented with the military service, he obtained a post under Government in Berlin. His natural melancholy, however, prevented him from settling steadily to any occupation. He left Berlin and went to Paris, then to a lonely spot in Switzerland, devoting himself to poetry. Returning to Germany, a severe illness increased his gloom, and the humiliation of his country, after Jena, weighing heavily on his spirits, he threw up his post. He was soon after unlucky enough to fall into the hands of the French garrison in Berlin, and was sent prisoner to Paris. After his release he settled in Dresden, and cherished hopes that the Austrian war would restore Germany to liberty; but the fatal campaign of 1809 crushed them. In deep depression he returned to Berlin, where he made the acquaintance of a lady who was suffering from a mortal disease, and they agreed to put an end to lives which they persuaded themselves were of no value to them (1811). His poems rank high as German classics.

yield, and the Scythian ice and snow, and the lances of the Cossacks united to destroy this Colossus, people began to look about them. I already had strong leanings towards the Prussians, though my old master had not hoped as much from them in the beginning of 1813 as he might have. He still remembered the struggle of 1809, when Austria, covered with honourable wounds, had succumbed—no, not succumbed—but was forced to sign a disastrous peace, because she was not only left to stand alone, but was also attacked from the east by the Russians. But when the old Prussian thunder and lightning was heard again, followed by the victories of Walstatt, Dennewitz, Wartenburg, and Leipzig, I thought I saw a master whom one stronger than ten Christophers might well be glad to serve; I thought I perceived a power which possessed sufficient vitality to maintain and protect itself in the future. I became heart and soul a Prussian. The eyes of all Germany had been directed, ever since the autumn, to Vienna, where the Emperors and the Kings of Europe, with their councils, had assembled, in order to try and bring some order out of the chaos into which the world had fallen, and especially to arrange German affairs. I cannot deny that I, and many others, were very unjustly vexed and discontented when things did not seem to be going right according to our judgment. We often grumbled, certainly without reason, at the Prussian Chancellor, Prince Hardenberg, because affairs did not appear to us to be arranged so much for Germany's honour and dignity as her services in arms, for the general benefit of Europe, deserved.

We Germans always forget how particularly disadvantageous our position is in these matters; that when a great many with divided interests have to contend with one, or even three, that one, on those three, have an immense advantage over them. They can unite their strength for one object, while the advantage which Germany gains in the field, she loses in petty negotiations concerning the divided interests of her several states. Russia, England, France, and Spain were units at Vienna; Germany was a multitude, a very divided and contentious multitude, with whom it was easy for foreigners to play a profitable game. But the curious part of it was that the origin of all the suffering—France, conquered, and overthrown, whose rightful territory had already been restored to it by the Treaty of Paris—was allowed to take an active part in the doings at Vienna—that the man who so lately had bought and sold the German principalities, who was so intimately acquainted with all our dissensions, our weaknesses, and our faults—that Talleyrand was allowed to take a seat among the honourable friends and councillors of the different monarchs. Prince Hardenberg certainly occupied a very difficult position, particularly as Prussia, in the question of indemnification, was involved in every possible German quarrel and dissension, far more than Austria, who looked for her choice morsels in Italy and round the Adriatic. Hardenberg was a man of noble birth and noble character, generous and frank, with amiable, winning manners, well-informed, and clever; his honesty and loyalty to his King and country were undoubted. But every one knows that with the same

daring which took the Prussians to the front on the battlefield, he had proceeded with a straightforwardness and honesty too open and artless in the beginning of the negotiations, without sufficiently taking into consideration the artifice and cunning which are inseparable from long negotiations, or considering the possibility of an alteration either in the disposition of people or events. Thus, for example, he made great cessions of Prussian territory to England for its future kingdom of Hanover, without requiring from it in return any precise promises for Prussia. He consented to the formation of the kingdom of the Netherlands, without clearly understanding the condition of the country which was to form this new kingdom, or the political and natural relations between it and Prussia. After the battle of Leipzig, when Bavaria wisely and fortunately concluded with Austria the Treaty of Ried, which must necessarily form the model for any future treaty with any member of the Confederation of the Rhine, his attention was directed more exclusively to the districts of the Rhine, as it was now clear to every one that if Prussia was to obtain any indemnification in Germany, it must be in the south-west, for in the centre there was nothing further to be obtained.

In that treaty Austria wrote a P* before Prussia; but no German could wish that Prussia should receive her indemnification in the East at the expense of Poland, for any pretended increase and strengthening of Prussia in that direction would be only a source of weakness to

* To write a P before anything: *i.e.* to set a mark upon it, from the custom of writing a P upon the door of a house infected with plague.

that country and the whole of Germany. There were three countries the possession of which was most disputed at Vienna—Poland, the kingdom of Saxony, and the districts on the Rhine and the Meuse which had been re-conquered from France.

I know that many Prussians, especially those who were generals, or who might become such, would have preferred Saxony—the whole of Saxony—to any other compensation. I have heard many complain of the extension of Prussian territory beyond the Rhine. For my part, I troubled myself little about these disputes over Saxony. Saxony being in the centre of Germany, if we did not fall back again into the state of internal dissension which seemed to invite the intervention of foreigners, must remain part of Germany, and stand or fall with it. But it was quite another thing with Poland and the countries round the Meuse, the Moselle, and the Rhine. These were surrounded by powerful enemies, who would be only too glad to create weakening dissensions and quarrels among them. A Prussian chancellor could not be indifferent to this danger. If Prussia were to advance its borders to the Rhine, and that she could not avoid doing, he must take care that she was prepared to act as the champion of the German people. Many things which were considered settled were still very doubtful—even after the Treaty of Ried the affairs of Saxony and its king admitted of several different solutions—and the country would be contested and fought for to the very last; considering dispassionately these possibilities, or rather probabilities, it was better to choose a field which had as yet no master. This

field was the newly-won Rhenish districts—the splendid ancient Austrasia. The opinion of short-sighted generals, that Prussia would *lengthen* herself too much by the possession of territories on the Rhine, and that her military power would be thereby weakened, must have no weight with him. This was both an absurdity and an untruth; an absurdity, for the campaigns of this century had proved that whoever held the Rhine could soon reach the Elbe, the Weser, and the Inn, and that therefore it was madness to entrust this part to weak princes, and then, when foreigners had broken into the country, to be obliged to march against them from the Oder and the Elbe. Either they did not know, or they had forgotten, that the great Elector had been obliged to fight for the empire in Alsace, Brabant, and Holland, and Frederick I. and Frederick William I. also experienced the same necessity. And so, however many possessions the King might have on the Elbe, the Saale, the Weser, in Saxony and in Westphalia, he must advance and make himself strong on the Rhine to secure the safety of Germany in the East and West. It was also an untruth. It was only six days' march from Cologne, Coblentz, and Wesel to the very heart of those beautiful lands where the contest must really be fought out. However, for Saxony they struggled hard, they made themselves mortal enemies, they would have died, and, alas! that I must say it, they patiently and good-temperedly let foreigners tear these other lands to pieces as if that were of no consequence. I am still perfectly convinced that if the subject of these important boundaries had been wisely and firmly managed, a much

better result would have been obtained than in the miserable quarrel about Saxony. England, indeed, with the Prince of Orange and his Dutch and German councillors, had cut out a new Austrasian kingdom; but just because Hardenberg was aware of this, he should have watched the land with the eye of a falcon, and not have left its future destiny to accident. England had received from Prussia, in return for loans of money, arms, and other supplies, the promise of whole districts —East Friesland, Hildesheim, and a part of the district of Münster. Hardenberg need not have played the generous to England and Holland.

On the part of Holland there was much to be deducted. Had Austria insisted upon the Italian princes paying many millions for the reconquest of Italy? Prussia had conquered Holland and most of the Belgian districts and fortresses at the cost of its best blood, and had resigned all the artillery and baggage and a great deal besides gratuitously to those strict-reckoning merchants. And what did we get for it? We did not even divide the Meuse and its fortresses with the new kingdom, but let the Dutch, with their usual niggardliness and crafty procrastination, fix for us the weakest and most insecure boundaries, which will prove a great source of danger in future. These people had suddenly become so hungry for territory, that they would have liked to have swallowed up the whole of Germany as far as the Moselle, though it would have proved an indigestible morsel to them, even more so than to Belgium. With a still worse policy, the eastern portion of the Rhineland was torn up into half a dozen scraps and distributed as choice

morsels among several princes. France laughed in her sleeve, but all clear-sighted friends of Germany mourned. It would have been better to have fought for the Rhinelands than for Saxony. Prussia had made her position at Vienna worse by not having had the foresight to insist upon the recognised *do ut des* in her negotiations with England concerning the cession of territory to Hanover, and not having established matters on such a firm basis that England and Prussia could act in concert until affairs were settled in Vienna. There were some short-sighted, narrow-minded Germans who, at the very beginning of the negotiations in Vienna, had taken part with England and Hanover against Prussia; not traitors inspired by mere hatred, but moved by the old German jealousy and by the miserable fear lest some great light should rise in Germany that should show how very short the shadows of the others were. They called it anxiety for the liberty of Germany. Nevertheless, they had all suffered in the last ten or fifteen years from the fearful punishment which discord and helplessness had brought upon all, one after the other. And yet before their scars were healed the old failing showed itself again, and the Roman proverb was quite forgotten—"The states of Greece, wishing each to rule alone, lost their liberty altogether."

England, too, forgot the words of the great Pitt, which he left as a testament to his friends—that if the Rhinelands and Belgium should be conquered in some successful war, Austrasia must be given to Prussia, she having been the champion in the west, as Austria had been in the south-east. But the great Pitt, with his sublime

ideas on the pacification of Europe, had long passed away, and Lord Castlereagh and his associates were incapable of such sentiments. And it was from England and from a poor-spirited, narrow-minded German, the Hanoverian Minister, Count von Münster, that Prussia received the most decisive checks. He, with some of his partisans, who called themselves German patriots, placed himself at the head of the envious intriguing party who conspired against Prussia, being supported by the English ministers, who saw everything with his eyes. Some have said of Hardenberg, certainly with injustice, that being a Hanoverian by birth, he did not oppose the machinations of this party with sufficient firmness. It may have been partly true that, without any suspicion of evil, he yielded too much to the influence of one whom the Prussians accused of tortuous dealings. This was a Baron von Hardenberg. He was, as Herr von Hormayr has described him in his "Historisches Taschenbuch" for 1839, one of those prying, insinuating figures who, with apparent insignificance and want of character, always contrive to beat the bush in the diplomatic field so as to drive the game across the path of the right huntsman. He had played the part of a harmless Brutus so successfully, that even the French, when they overflowed Vienna and the whole of Austria in the year 1809, left him undisturbed. This disguised Brutus now attached himself to his cousin, the Chancellor, to whom he was able to render many little services through his connections and acquaintances in the Austrian capital, scarcely leaving his side for a moment during his residence in Vienna. While pretending to have neither opinions nor desires

and holding himself carefully aloof from every political party in his familiar social intercourse with the Chancellor, he contrived to make himself acquainted with his most secret thoughts and plans, and, so the Prussians said, betrayed everything to Count Münster. It was natural that Talleyrand should attach himself to this English-Hanoverian party, and help them to spin their webs. It was touching to hear what beautiful sermons the wolf preached to the sheep and the calves, and with what unction this Frenchman, speaking in the name of a people, who, if their arms had been long enough, would have crushed the life out of every foreign opponent, talked of political moderation and justice, and of the great importance to Europe of respecting and preserving all the little German nationalities, and every shade of difference which remained to mark the several German races.

So the political folly and envy which looks upon the rise of any German power as dangerous, succeeded only too well in its efforts against Prussia. Whatever Napoleon had created, or added to, was looked upon as a thing not to be touched. Many little German princes were rewarded with lands and subjects, as if it were they especially who had saved the country. England, Russia, and Austria took good care of themselves; but Prussia, who had done and suffered most in this Holy War, was left with a smaller territory than it had possessed in 1806, a smaller number of subjects, and with the weakest of frontiers in the south-west, where it touches couchant France and covetous Holland.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE YEAR 1815.

Return of Napoleon.—Arndt goes to the Rhine.—Mutiny of the Saxon troops.—Battle of Waterloo.—Stein and Goethe in Cologne. The terms of peace.—The "Watchman."—A visit to Berlin, Rügen, etc.—Sequel to the "History of Serfdom."

JUST at this moment, when every one at Vienna had his hands full of work, and friendships and alliances were cooling under the influences of embarrassments, intrigues, and quarrels, suddenly came the news that on the last day of February, 1815, Napoleon had left the island of Elba, that he had landed in the south of France with some hundreds of men, and was marching up the valley of the Rhone into the heart of the country.

Soon followed the tidings that his march had changed into a triumphal procession to Paris, generals and common soldiers alike falling to him, and joining his standard. Louis XVIII., forsaken by all, had fled into Belgium, and the Allies must send their armies again over the Rhine and Alps to renew the struggle with the dangerous Corsican.

About two months before "the wolf escaped from his cage," Arndt had written a paper entitled "Will the ruler of Elba ever again govern Europe?"—interesting, because it shows that the return from Elba was not quite the complete surprise it is generally thought. It could not at the time pass the censorship, but it was afterwards published in the "Watchman."

In this he quotes a judgment which he had already pronounced in his pamphlet on "The relations of England and France to Europe," "Ueber das Verhältniss Englands und Frankreichs zu Europa," that "Napoleon is not so *unique* as many have thought him. The Napoleon of 1813 and 1815 is no longer the Napoleon of 1796 and 1797. . . . Suppose that he come back again, which at least is not impossible, he may cause agitations and tumults enough—he may cause much misfortune to France, and some even to our Fatherland, but he will never regain the old dominion, he will never repossess himself of the 'great French Empire,' as the vain-glorious nation calls itself with such boastful self-complacency."

E. M. A. to GEORG REIMER.

"Greifswald, April 5, 1815.

"I received your letter of the 30th to-day. I am driven out again, and must leave my affairs for the most part in confusion. But I cannot get away very well within eight days—then back to Berlin—then to the Rhine, where one must use every means to rouse the people, as with the sound of a trumpet.

"The ogre is among us again, I hope for our honour and happiness, and for his disgrace and shame. If only the Prussians now will seize their arms and stand firm, and not do things by halves! Necessity must teach and effect that which no sense of duty will force cupidity and depravity to do, or even to listen to. If Louis XVIII. could only hold a few places on the border! Lille would be of infinite importance to us! It is the chief place on the west, and the gate by which you enter France."

E. M. A. to G. REIMER.

"Aix-la-Chapelle, May 8, 1815.

"My journey here, my dear friend, with Treu, has been successfully accomplished. I shall remain from five to eight days here, and then shall probably go to Cologne, and see whether I can succeed in infusing a few drops of pure German faith into the breasts of the people. I have come to-day, early, from the head-quarters at Liège, where I saw and spoke to Gneisenau, Grolmann, Müffling, Bardeleben, and other friends and acquaint-

ances. They are burning with the desire that matters may soon come to a point with the foreign dogs, and are incessantly spurring on Wellington, who, it is reported, has now received permission from the Allies to begin. According to letters from Paris, Bonaparte sent notice that he should be at Maubeuge on May 6, but he has not arrived. Two of his regiments of the Guards have been lately drawn off towards Brittany, which perhaps is no bad sign. The French troops, which hitherto have been more to the west, opposed to the Anglo-Belgian army, have now marched farther to the east, and appear to intend to take up a position on the Meuse, between Givet and Mezières, opposite the Prussians. They must be somewhat stronger than the Prussians there, who estimate themselves at about 60,000 combatants. Yet these are firmly convinced that they will beat the foreigners wherever they find them."

Thither (to the Rhine) I went in April, which I had previously intended to do, only I had meant to go a little later. For my thoughts and hopes, not without the approbation of my superiors, were all directed towards the Rhine and the Prussian University which was to be founded there.

I wanted to be better acquainted with the Rhine and its people. I wanted to learn to be at home there. I was now freed from all ties—good or bad—and could choose my own place of residence. Some of my friends were pleased to call me a vagabond—a word which the Pomeranian peasants change into "Vagelbund—thinking of birds of passage.* My name, in fact, means a bird.† Yet I would not wish that such a comparison should be carried too far!

* Vogel, a bird.

† Arnen, to move quickly, to fly. "Arend," an eagle, comp. English "erne."

I spent the first month in Aix-la-Chapelle, that I might be near enough to watch the preparations for war and the movements in Belgium. It was then that the trouble arose in Liège, with the unhappy battalions of Royal Saxons, which according to the Treaty of Vienna were to be divided between Saxony and Prussia. They demanded to be shown the orders of their King. An angry mob assembled and tried to storm Marshal Blücher's palace.

It would have been a pretty thing if they had succeeded. They would have murdered the old hero Blücher, Gneisenau, and the flower of the Prussian staff, who were all assembled in the house. But while these Saxons were raging outside, the guard of the palace, who were their fellow-countrymen, did their duty manfully, and defended the doors which the insurgents were trying to break open, giving the generals time to escape by a back door, mount their horses, and get to a place of safety.

I came to Liège with Colonel Rühle von Lilienstern the day before that on which the old field-marshal addressed the Saxons and Prussians who were in the town on the subject of this uproar, both praising and admonishing them. I went at the appointed hour to the place where the old man was to speak. He looked like the god Mars, and spoke magnificently. The beginning of his speech was ordinary and commonplace (I was told it was written for him by a general who was clever with his pen), but he soon broke through these bounds, and, with all the fire of his nature, hit about

like a true hussar, perfectly regardless of his dative and accusative.

I remember the conclusion, which ran thus: "No, the French shall not rejoice that they have fetched back their Bonaparte, and that they have heard of Germans mutinying against their general. Before them, and on their frontiers, we are no longer Saxons and Prussians; we are all Germans, will remain Germans, and as Germans will conquer or die. I have sworn it, and you swear with me. I will never cross the Rhine again except as a victor or a corpse."

I again realised the power which had made this strong man, distinguished by no special knowledge or breadth of view, a German champion.

About the middle of May I went to Cologne, where I established myself for a time. Here, during the whole summer, there were plenty of warlike sights and much enthusiasm. Several people from my home, some of whom were relations, came through on their way to join the Prussian army as volunteers. I remember I went with them along the bank of the river, intending to cross to Deutz, entertain them there, and go a little way farther with them in the evening. My little fourteen-year-old boy, with his long fair hair, ran by our side, carrying one of the horsemen's great sabres under his arm. He was pretty and slight, and his hair made him look almost like a girl. Some women ran after him, crying, to his annoyance, "It's a girl, a pretty girl, running after the hussars." Others, looking more closely at him, said, "Ah! poor young fellow, what is he going to the war for?"

Soon after came Talleyrand, hurrying after his Louis XVIII. to Ghent. I was with the commandant, Colonel von Ende, a brave but rather quick-tempered man, when a messenger came from him to ask the colonel to send some gendarmes to escort him a few stages on his journey.

For the old rogue had been frightened by the not very respectful way in which "Frenchman" was called after him. He did not understand the extent of German patience, and it would not have been advisable for a *German* Talleyrand to have made a journey through France, after playing a similar part, without a strong escort.

Ende was offended at the imputation, but sent the desired escort, saying, "I would rather strike the wicked old fox dead."

So, during the whole summer, friends and acquaintances were passing through on their way to or from Paris, for Cologne was on the high-road of the war. It was amusing, and made the time pass pleasantly. It may be asked why I did not visit Paris or Vienna in these years. I knew my place better. I was but the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and what should I have done there? What should I have done in a place where the great ones were casting lots for lands, cutting them up, and joining them together as they pleased? And it would have given me little pleasure to go and amuse myself in Paris at the expense of the tamed and conquered French.

E. M. A. to FRAU VON KATHEN.

"Cologne, June 21, 1815.

"God has given us success and victory over the wicked. After a three days' bloody struggle on the 15th, 16th, and 18th,

Blücher and Wellington have completely defeated Satan Bonaparte, and turned to flight his bandit troops. This is the beginning. God will continue to help us, and make even the follies and wickedness of certain men to further His work. . . .

"The wild, tumultuous time carries me away, and often plunges me into too bitter and wild feelings, and then I come back to myself with much painful self-reproach; and in such moments I feel deeply, and have often felt, that I am without dear, confidential, considerate friends, who might soften and calm me, and that I am alone among strangers. I have indeed a good safe friend in my Karl Treu; but the youth should be left in his quiet life, and least of all should he be carried away by his feelings. I must show myself to him and to the world as calm and unruffled as I can, and he must not know how bitter is the pain at my heart.

"I am here in an old German town, which has much that is venerable and beautiful in art. Only I have little time to enjoy it, except as far as I can do in evening walks."

EICHHORN to E. M. A.

"Berlin, June 24th, 1815.

"I write to you, dear Arndt, in the midst of the excitement into which Berlin has been thrown by the arrival of a courier to-day with the news of Blücher's victory. Yesterday's unpublished report of the unfortunate occurrences of the 15th and 16th had caused no little suspense, so that the ray of joy was shot into them with the more power and set them on fire, and every one left his business, and the streets were crowded with a surging, tumultuous multitude. In the unending shouts of joy could be distinguished very clearly the names of Blücher and Gneisenau. . . . Now, old friend, you may speak again to the people freely and boldly, and say out of your full heart whatever you feel impelled to say, and whatever, in the excited feeling of the present time, you think is necessary for your object."

E. M. A. to G. REIMER.

"Cologne, July 8th, 1815.

"I received your letter, my very dear friend, almost at the

same time with the news of the death of my dear brother Friedrich, which crushed me for some days. I have lost in him one of my dearest and truest friends, and the world an honest man. He was one of those rare spirits which the world seldom recognises, and which often shut themselves up in themselves too much.

"Everything is going on well, if only the pen does not spoil the work of the sword. God is visibly with us, but the cunning Jews are alive again with their treachery and political hypocrisy. Nothing has reached me from head-quarters, and no couriers at all pass through Cologne, so I can send you nothing new or interesting. Besides, the greatest event of the war seems to me to have already taken place in the battle of Belle Alliance.

E. M. ARNDT to FRAU VON KATHEN.

"July 28th, 1815.

"God has blessed us greatly; and in the German people also may be seen so much that is great and daring that something greater still must follow. Therefore we must all prepare ourselves with force and honesty, that we be not unworthy forerunners of that better age that is to come for Germany. I hope they will do what is right now, and place those heathens in such a position that they may keep still for the next ten years. We will not sleep indeed, but we shall all be out of breath if the age continues to advance with such giant steps. . . .

"There are many pleasant things here, much that is entirely so, although the foreigners have ruled here for twenty years. Whatever has retained its vitality is now rising again with joyful elasticity. I made a journey lately with Treu to Bonn, and to the glorious Siebengebirge, where we stood on an old castle 1800 feet above the Rhine; we were very much refreshed by some brave people whom we learned to know in Bonn, and by our hosts in Obercassel, on the Rhine, three quarters of a mile (German) from Bonn. To-day Stein was here with Goethe, and excited very lively interest. It will be still more lively when Rubens' St. Peter, a birthday gift (he was baptised in St. Peter's Church) comes back from the Paris Museum."

In the summer of 1815 Stein came to Cologne, where I was then residing, not long before his second journey to Paris. He sent a servant to tell me to come to the cathedral, where I should find him. Just at the same moment his assistant Eichhorn, just fresh from Berlin, and on his way to Paris, where he was to work as the assistant of the Prussian minister, Baron von Altenstein, came to give me a morning greeting. Eichhorn, as a very scientific man, had been specially recommended to the Chancellor for the work of fetching away from the French Napoleonic lion's den, Paris, the German monuments of art, libraries, and documents, etc., part of the booty which the first civilised nation of Europe, as they had always called themselves, had collected with the most shameless rapacity from all countries. I told him, "Stein is here; we shall find him in the cathedral;" and we went thither immediately. He greeted us most kindly, and whom did we see not far from him? There stood the greatest German of the nineteenth century, after Stein,—Wolfgang Goethe, examining the cathedral. Stein said to us: "Children, hush! hush! nothing political! he won't like it. We cannot, indeed, praise him for that; but still, he is too great!"

The two great Germans conducted themselves wonderfully towards each other, with a kind of mutual reverence; it was the same, too, at the inn over our tea, when Goethe was, for the most part, very silent, and withdrew to his room very early. How had the two happened to meet, and then come together to Cologne? Goethe had been revisiting his native city, and some old friends and acquaintances. This had given him heart, and

he had gone over the road which he had traversed as a joyous, gifted youth—the road which runs by Wetzlar along the Lahn, and through its beautiful valleys to Nassau, Coblentz, Ehrenbreitstein, and Valendar. Stein heard in his castle the news that Goethe was staying in Nassau at the Lion Inn. He went straight to the Lion, and constrained him, though reluctantly, to come to the house. Goethe was intending to make an expedition to Cologne, so Stein had his carriage out, and together they drove down the Rhine as far as Cologne. I can quite understand how the fellow-travellers would avoid any collision with one another; it was Æsop's journey of the iron and the earthenware pots. And so they behaved to one another in Cologne. I never heard Stein's voice in company so gentle.

Here I was able to study our hero Goethe for a couple of days, very much at my ease, and to enjoy his splendid countenance—the wide lofty forehead, and the exceedingly beautiful brown eyes, which, ever well opened and steady, and with an expression of deep thought, firmly met every opposing eye or object; and yet I was convinced that I was right in what I had before noticed in his carriage, that there was a slight want of proportion in the handsome figure of the old man. When he stood, I could see that his figure had a certain stiffness and awkwardness, his legs were six or seven inches too short. Goethe was now "His Excellency" and a minister, and, in truth, one of the most excellent excellencies of the Fatherland; but here in Cologne, when some of the young officers who were residing there came to pay their respects to him, such as those whose fathers and

cousins he knew, Thuringians and others, ministers' sons, barons' sons—among them the eldest son of William Humboldt—boys to whom Stein would not have uncovered, nor even I myself, Goethe behaved as if he were quite their inferior.

Stein went on to Paris, but came back in the autumn. He appeared at the beginning of October, accompanied by quite a different guest, the Grand Duke of Weimar, and it was pleasant to the uninitiated to see how well he understood the art of living with princes. The prince, gay, lively, witty, and daring, as a prince may very well be, talked well and rapidly; and my master was so little behind him, that the spectators were often astonished and sometimes alarmed.

Napoleon was conquered, and chained to his Prometheus-rock of St. Helena. The congress of monarchs met again at Paris, and again we lulled ourselves with false hopes that at last every one's eyes would be opened, and full reparation and satisfaction would be demanded from the haughty French nation, and again the result disappointed us, or at least only partially satisfied us.

GNEISENAU to E. M. A.

"Paris, August 23rd, 1815.

"MY DEAR ARNDT,

"Put off mourning. Everything is tending towards the conclusion of a new Peace of Utrecht. Germany's misfortunes are to be rendered lasting. France is still to be able to make continual sallies from her fortresses, and if they fail, to return to her untouched territory. Is not this wilfully encouraging France to wars which, if successful, will bring her great conquests, and if unsuccessful, involve no danger to herself? We

are to be satisfied with the temporary garrisoning of some fortresses. Prussia is giving up everything, and we may think to have won a great deal if we do not lose territory. . . . I am telling you this that you may prepare upright, hopeful minds for the misfortunes of Germany, and make them also understand that it is not Prussia's fault, if diplomacy does not deal justly."

The French were indeed required to pay a considerable indemnity, and to give back all the libraries, works of art, and monuments which they had taken from different lands, and to consent that part of their territory and their strongholds should be occupied by the Allies with 150,000 men for a period of three years, which it was afterwards found necessary to extend to five; but they were not required to give up any German territory, nor was Germany strengthened by better and more secure frontiers. What was it which stood in the way? Surely the experience of many years, and especially the recent experience of the winter, might have taught them that this fickle, boastful nation was not to be bound by oaths or gratitude, but could only be restrained by fear and self-interest.

In the first place, Louis XVIII. and Talleyrand adopted the usual arts and devices in the use of which this nation surpasses all others. Old Louis boasted of his chivalrous Frenchmen, as if he had always built and could still build upon their faith and devotion. They were perfectly innocent of the last insurrection—it was to be laid to some who had seduced the soldiery, and to the treacherous representations of the Corsican! These vulpine arts and wily fawnings were used most

assiduously upon the Emperor Alexander, for it was he who had comforted them the year before for all their defeat and humiliation. They filled his ear with every possible flattery and blandishment. Among other things, when he went to hold a grand review on the plain of Vertus, the French newspapers remarked, "The Emperor Alexander has gone to his favourite spot" (the field of virtue). But the Czar showed himself rather cool towards them, though he was no warmer to poor Germany. So the crafty people tried him on another side. The trumpet of earthly glory having ceased to please him, they tried the music of another world. The Frenchman is a man of the present moment, and knows how to make use of the slightest breath of air which may blow in his favour. One has only to open the memoirs of their diplomatists to read therein the Proteus-like arts which are there revealed to the eyes of Europe. Take, for instance, the memoirs of the Maréchal, Comte de Villars. In the reign of the Emperor Leopold, he occupied the post of French ambassador to Vienna, when the illness of Charles II. of Spain was agitating the whole of Europe on the subject of the Spanish succession. He was young, handsome, active and spirited, and brought with him a dozen of the handsomest and cleverest youths of the first French families, as well as many other assistants who were in his train and under his protection, under various disguises, besides a swarm of charming French actresses and dancers. The first were expected to win over the German and Hungarian ladies; the second the men. He himself, under many different disguises, engaged in these adventures,

and kept in his pay all the low, venal rogues of Vienna as spies and informers. Such were the French then, and such they are to the present day; and they have an advantage over all the other nations of Europe in their language being the universal medium of communication everywhere, which gives them great influence, and ensures them an entrance wherever they go. They now sought to influence the Emperor Alexander in a different way. He was an amiable prince, with strong impulses, which, however, were very transient, towards all that was good and noble, and with a gentle, mild, almost womanish disposition, so that he deserves double credit for the manliness which he displayed in the years 1812–13. He showed also an almost feminine vanity, and seemed constantly to be striving for the favour and good opinion of every one. They had found this out the year before, and it guided them in spreading the net in which they hoped to catch him, and in a certain sense they succeeded.

There was a Frau von Krüdener,* the widow of a Russian diplomatist, a lady of the great world, who had

* Juliana von Krüdener, *née* von Vietinghoff, was born at Riga, 1766, but brought up in Paris, where she excited general attention even as a mere child, in the circle of intellectual men that assembled frequently in her father's house. She was married when only fourteen years of age to Von Krüdener, the Russian ambassador at Copenhagen, and afterwards in Venice, but was separated from him in 1791, and gave herself up to pleasure in Paris and elsewhere. About this time she published her novel "Valérie," which earned her a considerable reputation. In 1813 she formed a close intimacy with Jung-Stilling, and began to hold religious meetings in her house. After the peace she went to Switzerland to carry out her mission, and her preaching caused such a sensation that the authorities interfered, and she was conducted by the police back to Russia. She died in the Crimea in 1824.

been a famous beauty in her youth, and had learned the ways of that world only too well—even some of the more crooked ones. This lady, now grown older, though still retaining considerable remains of her former beauty, with the additional attractions of a fervid penitent, apparently weary of the vanity and nothingness of all earthly joys, had appeared on the scene as an enthusiast, as one favoured with visions and heavenly visitations, as the preacher of the doctrines of grace, repentance, and expiation. She had spent the last few years on the Upper Rhine, in Baden, Basle, and Strasburg, and had excited great attention, all the more that many Russian generals and other grandees had been captured in the toils of her ardent piety, and were led by her in a kind of Christian triumph, while she even enjoyed the favour of spending hours with the Emperor Alexander, discoursing, it was said, of heavenly things and heavenly manifestations. I had seen her often in the summer of 1814, when I spent a month at Baden, in Alsace, and in the beautiful Murgthal. She was then much in the company of good old Jung-Stilling,* with whose child-like simplicity she played most skilfully.

She had all the restlessness and busy excitability of

* Johann Heinrich Jung, surnamed Stilling, born 1740, was the son of poor parents, and became first a charcoal-burner and afterwards a tailor, but having succeeded in educating himself, he obtained a situation as tutor in a gentleman's family, where he saved money to take him to Strasburg University to study medicine. He practised as a physician in Elberfeld until he was appointed professor, first at Lautern and afterwards at Heidelberg. Intercourse with Goethe induced him to take up literature, and he published his autobiography under the title of "Heinrich Stilling's Childhood, Youth, and Wanderings." Besides this, he wrote some scientific works, and several religious ones of a mystical character.

a lady of the great world, who has not yet found her rest, who has one eye intent on earthly pleasures, while the other is gazing after the peace of heaven. She did not give one the impression of being an impostor or a deceiver, but rather a visionary, and she had all the irresistible magic of that character. She preached her new gospel with equal zeal to the rich and to the poor, to the Emperor and to the beggar. Her favourite theme, as I have generally found to be the case with old women, whether masculine or feminine, was the connection between the wars and revolutions from which Europe had suffered, and the sins of the nations which drove them on continually with restless impulses, and never let them seek peace where alone it was to be found. In this she was expressing an undeniable truth, only she should not have begun with the lower classes of all nations, but rather with her own people and race, and with the higher orders of society, and in respect to France, with the abominable immorality and infidelity of the courts of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. Some pseudo-pious French diplomatists addressed themselves to her, and brought about a most intimate spiritual friendship between her and a French lady, Madame Lezay-Marnesia, the widow of a former governor of Strasburg, a brave man, universally respected for his uprightness, who, when travelling the year before with the Comte d'Artois, had been thrown from his carriage and had broken his neck. The two ladies went together to the Imperial court, and Frau von Krüdener held long religious exercises and pious conversations with the Emperor, the beginning and end of which always was,

that though it was true that the French were a God-forgetting and abandoned nation, among whom the worst principles had the upper hand, and though they had justly deserved the chastisement both of God and man, yet if they were not to be driven to utter despair, if ever they were to be won back to Christianity and the old rule of the Bourbons, they must not be treated with all the severity of strict justice, they must be gradually led to better things by kindness and gentleness. So the word was always mercy, mercy, while Germany was refused justice, which had been solemnly promised to her.

These ladies, and some others whom they knew how to attach to themselves, got the Czar entirely into their power. The English,* or rather their great general, Wellington, fell under another and much worse influence; and Castlereagh and the others who were associated with him in the negotiations were drawn in also. Fouché, the notorious Duc d'Otranto, who had been for so many years the general of Napoleon's band of spies, whose name (Fouché=Fusche=Pfuscherer) might be translated *meddler* and intriguer, had, when the armies took the field in that summer (1815)—certainly not without Napoleon's knowledge—entered into negotiations with the great English general, pretending to be a traitor who wished to communicate to the English the movements of the French and the plans of Napoleon. It was through him that the Allies had been surprised by Napoleon.

Some weeks before the battles of Ligny and Waterloo

* We give this as the view of a German living at the time, and cannot, of course, enter here into the question of the truth of it.

the Prussian general had warned Wellington and had tried to persuade him to move the different bodies of the allied armies nearer together, so that they might be prepared for any blow. But in vain! Wellington trusted to the reports of Fouché, who represented that Napoleon would certainly not act on the offensive, and that his army would not in any case be ready for a battle before July.

So it happened that the Allies were attacked and partially defeated by the whole French army on June 16 and 17, because about 50,000 or 60,000 of their men could not reach the place in time, and did not arrive till the second and third day.

If Napoleon had succeeded in gaining a decisive victory, how the virtuous cunning of the noble citizen Fouché would have been applauded by the whole of France! But, nevertheless, Wellington was caught in the net, and remained in communication with Fouché; who, now indeed that Napoleon after his defeat at Waterloo was hopelessly lost, and confessed himself so, went over to the other side, and enticed his old master, through endless systematic intrigues, to surrender himself to the English on board the *Northumberland*, in the roads of Rochefort. Fouché had the greatest influence over Wellington, and used this influence for France against Germany.

Prussia, influenced by Stein, who, however, had lost a great deal of his hold over Alexander, continued to demand, as a *conditio sine quâ non* of peace with France, the cession of the German territory of Alsace and Lorraine, with the fortresses of Metz and Strasburg;

and she urged this requirement boldly, declaring that she was acting only for the sake of the honour and security of Germany, not desiring for herself the smallest village of the district to be surrendered. But English influence prevented the attainment of this demand, England here, as in other points, playing the generous at the expense of Germany.

It was of this that Germany complained, when, in the autumn of 1815, everything was settled and every one went home. She might have complained of many other things, if complaining would have brought back what was lost, or made up for what was missing. At neither of the Congresses did any great German cabinet or any true German minister put forth a statement of the condition and claims of Germany, as was done on behalf of almost every other nation by its minister. Not only the French but also the Allies deafened us with talk about beautiful France, so rich in civilisation and the arts! and how it was necessary for the happiness of Europe that she should be strong and powerful. But who said anything about Germany being made and kept strong and powerful—Germany, which was the centre of this quarter of the globe, and on whose shores must break all the waves of popular movements and general changes? At best they spoke of restoring the old state of things of 1790, which, if one keeps before one the requirements for self-defence, the happiness of security, and the honour of independence, would not awake the most cheerful recollections, or the most edifying reflections.

It would have been possible to found greater claims

and demands for Germany on the fact that this great country, being cut up and divided into more than thirty states, large and small, could never have the power which its natural resources, its large population, and the warlike disposition of its brave inhabitants would otherwise have given it, from the difficulty of uniting its forces, and the consequent slowness of its movements; that this land, which had gone on crumbling away for more than six hundred years, would not be likely to be inclined to attack its neighbours, but would on the contrary be exposed to encroachments from their covetousness and rapacity; and that as a great peaceful country, placed by the hand of God for the happiness of Europe in its very centre, it should be invested with some of the splendour of majesty at least by the greatness of its circumference. Foreigners at last openly insulted us by saying that Germany, in consequence of its victories, had been at least restored to the possession of all that it had held in 1790. But that was not true. A number of small possessions in Alsace and Lorraine, which in 1790 had belonged to German princes and barons, were left in the hands of the French; and without any adequate opposition to the foolish scheme of England, four millions of souls were given over to the Dutch (who never will consent to be Germans, though they really are such)—the beautiful Burgundian territory, and the great bishopric and principality of Liège, besides several imperial abbey-lands.

In the holy Rhine city, as half in earnest, half in joke, they call Cologne, I was very busy publishing a newspaper, which bore the name of the *Wächter* (Watchman).

I spent the whole summer, autumn, and winter of 1815–16 in Cologne, and it would have been a pleasant time to me had it not been for political troubles and sorrows. I found the old imperial city very different from what it had appeared to me in my younger days, twenty years before, in the summer of 1799, when it had a desolate and dead appearance, and made a miserable impression upon me.

Cologne had formerly been the first imperial city on the Rhine, and throughout the whole of the Middle Ages it had been shut up within itself,—locked up and barred. The ideas of the inhabitants did not extend beyond their own walls, and they were frequently at war with, and always suspiciously watching, the spiritual elector who took his title from their city. They were surrounded by warlike and mighty princes, who only allowed the city to exercise rule over the traffic of the Rhine.

This position has produced the same effect which I have noticed before when speaking of Stralsund, *i.e.*, a peculiarity in manners, character, and speech which distinguishes the town even from the districts immediately surrounding it.

The character of the people is distinctly Low-German, quiet, with a satirical way of looking at themselves, and a gay, cheerful way of looking at other persons and things. They are more lively than the Western Dutch. They have a great deal of good-humour, combined with downright straightforwardness, and a secure consciousness of the dignity and equality of citizenship which has descended to them from old times, and which is

also noticeable in the citizens of Strasburg in spite of their having been so long under the giddy and frivolous French. And all this is combined with a peculiar kind of wit and humour, which cannot be described, but which must just be called *Colognish.*

I got on very well here, surrounded by German hospitality and kindness, and could put up with Cologne jokes and witticisms, even when I was myself the subject of them. For in Carnival-time I came in for my share. In another way, however, attacks began to be made upon me of a more serious kind.

The storm which Schmalz and Von Bülow, cousin of Prince Hardenberg, were raising in Berlin against destroyers and seducers of the time, recoiled upon me. It was not unexpected. I was prepared for it, and did not allow myself to be troubled by it; only I had not expected it from that quarter. But when in the winter of 1816 I was amusing myself with my friend Schenkendorf in the revelries of the Carnival at Cologne, caricatures of me as a demagogue, for which those gentlemen had mixed the colours, were to be seen on all sides.

In the spring of the miserable famine year, 1816, I took my son to the Gymnasium at Düsseldorf, and then wandered up the Rhine to Coblentz, Mainz, Frankfort, and Cassel, and thence to Berlin, and then to my home. Part of the summer I spent in Denmark, in order to complete some northern investigations.* Then in the

* "In Friedrichsberg I had a visit from the famous E. M. Arndt., not the above-mentioned oddity (referring to an old antiquarian of the same name), but the Bonn Professor, and author of the 'Spirit of the Age,' after

autumn and winter I arranged my affairs at my old home, and packed up ready to go to the Rhine, having had distinct offers made me from that district.

The spring of 1817 I spent in Berlin, and the summer on the Rhine, on whose shores I settled down in the autumn at Bonn, waiting for the future university in which I was to teach.

During this visit to his old home Arndt seems to have devoted much time and thought to the changes which had taken place in the condition of the peasantry, and all he saw and heard aroused his indignation at the way in which the abolition of serfdom had been made a mere mockery. Writing to G. Reimer from Putbus on October 20th, 1816, he says:

"In this paradise of nature, Rügen, it is always an oppressive feeling to me, that there are only masters and servants, that there are no longer any peasants, and therefore no happiness or strength in the people."

"Putbus, Dec. 7th, 1816.

"I send you a manuscript, which, when it is printed, will make about six or seven sheets. I think it will be advisable that it should be printed now. The censor, I think, can have nothing against it, as it is written . . . . When you have printed the thing, please send me six copies, and let a couple elegantly bound and printed be sent, with the enclosed letter, to the Chancellor."

"Putbus, Christmas Eve, 1816.

"If you can bring the manuscript I lately sent you to the light of day as soon as possible, do so. It touches

his fashion an antiquarian too. He was engaged, that is to say, in tracing out the extent of the spread of the old races, which naturally followed the geographical division. Arndt had been in Sweden, and had been much struck by the Dalecarlians, a thick-set, black-haired, passionate race, of southern nature, who, according to Arndt's opinion, during some unknown immigration, had planted themselves among the tall, fair, quiet Scandinavians."—*Oehlenschläger's Autobiography*, vol. iii. p. 100.

upon many things here which are now in hand, and if the ill-disposed are not ashamed, they are sometimes afraid, and often when, if they knew, they really have no need to be. Many abominations have happened here, and are happening still every day in secret, which the disgraceful charter of September, 1811, is to cover. We must at least draw the attention of the Government to such things. Then if they will not hear, they will bring down lightning on their own heads."

This book was a sequel to the "History of Serfdom," which had once so nearly got Arndt into trouble with the King of Sweden. It was called "Geschichte der Veränderung der bäuerlichen und herrschaftlichen Verhältnisse in dem vormaligen schwedischen Pommern und Rügen" ("The History of the Change in the Relations between the Peasants and the Ruling Classes in what had hitherto been Swedish Pomerania and Rügen"). These districts were now, by the Treaty of Paris, to be transferred from Sweden to Prussia, and the book, therefore, was dedicated to Prince Hardenberg. The following extracts will give some idea of the character of the book:

"According to the Royal Charter of July 4th, 1806, the year 1810 had been fixed as the period when those who had hitherto been serfs were to receive the full enjoyment of their liberty. In the autumn of the year 1809, when the country was still in the power of the French, the Government commission then sitting in Stralsund, issued regulations about the time of the change. The time was fixed for the autumn, and the new hiring was to take place at Easter; only eight days were allowed for finding places. It is easy to see how much it was feared that many would wish to change their places. Half a year after another order was issued, which gave leave for notice to be given at midsummer. Not long after this last order three edicts were issued. . . . It is not necessary to be specially clear-sighted to be able to discover, by looking through and considering these regulations, that quite another spirit had influenced those who drew them up from that which is perceptible in the edict of Gustavus of the year 1806. . . . They contain several good police regulations about hiring and service, but the exactions are

in many respects intolerable, and can only be explained by the want of population, which the masters had caused by the universal destruction of the peasant communes, and for which the lower classes could do nothing, though now in their so-called liberty they were to atone for that which had been their misfortune, not their fault. . . .

"It was very strictly forbidden that any of those who had been serfs, or their children who were over fifteen years of age, should be received in the towns or villages, those only excepted who had learnt a trade, or wished to learn one, or whose weakness and infirmity made them incapable of agricultural labour. Earlier regulations were referred to on this subject. Unmarried men and women were forbidden to work by the day and so earn their daily bread; they were to hire themselves out as domestic servants. No peasant or cottager who had formerly been a serf was to keep more servants than he absolutely required, and this was left to the decision of the officer of the district. Every impartial person will naturally ask why this law should touch only the lower people, and why not the so-called masters (the noble or burgher landowners, pastors, farmers, etc.), why equal severity should not be exercised upon all who live in the country, in seeing whether they have no unnecessary servants.

"But now come worse things. Parents who were formerly serfs must not keep at home any of their children who are capable of service except those they actually *require*. The officers appointed are to watch carefully on this point, and to inflict a fine of five thalers upon the parents for each case in which they are guilty. This is enforced afresh in the regulations of September 19, 1811, in which, speaking of the serving classes, it says they may only keep their children at home until the close of their fifteenth year; after that they must leave their parents' home and enter service, or take up some other branch of industry.

"Here one naturally asks with surprise what kind of command is this? As a rule, one can generally reckon that the scanty resources of this class will of itself oblige them to send

their children to service as soon as they can use their hands and feet in any kind of employment, if only in cow-keeping. But if they are well enough off, is it not usurping a most unjust authority over the parents and their intentions in respect to their children? What if a cottager and day-labourer should wish to send his son to school and let him learn a little more writing and arithmetic, even after he has finished his fifteenth year, which is the more frequently the case, since learning begins so late with such people! What if a cottager and his wife should wish to keep their grown-up daughters, even if they have half-a-dozen, at home, and let them work with them as day-labourers, or earn their bread by spinning, weaving, or some other handiwork, until they leave their home to be married! As service is now, especially among the troops of servants in the larger farms, the thought of their daughters in such company is not indeed the most comforting one to parents who have any sense of honour, and that a sense of honour may reside in the breasts of peasants, nobody will venture to deny; and I can well imagine that such parents would consider their daughters happier and safer at home with the poorest fare, than sitting at the best tables in luxury and comfort in their masters' houses.

"Very hard, too, are the sixteenth and seventeenth articles of this edict. The case may very well happen that the possessor of a cottage may not be able to prove his right by title-deeds or any written papers; the possession for so many years undisputed by the owner of the estate shall decide the matter until the owner of the estate shall prove his better right. And as now no one has the right to keep any peasant on their estates against his will, he must accept the notice given; but the landowner is obliged to buy the cottage from the possessor, either at an impartial valuation or for the price which is ordered.

"If these arrangements do not satisfy the possessor of the cottage (he may choose which he prefers), there only remains to him the right of pulling down his cottage, and taking it away with him. Already a royal proclamation, of July 4, 1806, had ordered that no one who had been a serf might leave his German

territory without the special permission of his Majesty, it is now more distinctly stated that any one belonging to this class who shall secretly leave the country shall not only be summoned back and receive corporal punishment, but shall forfeit all claim to the property he left behind him, as well as all rights of inheritance.

"Many of these houses may have been worth at the valuation only fifty or one hundred thalers, and yet with improvements from time to time have been capable of sheltering their inhabitants for a couple of generations; but can a man build a house for fifty or one hundred thalers, and where is he to build it when the towns and villages are closed to him, and when the ruling classes will not suffer any landowner near them?

"Now, as things stand at present, one hears both from good and bad men complaints enough, well grounded and ungrounded, about the disorderly behaviour, license and insolence of the working-classes. . . . I do not deny that these complaints are just; they have been confirmed by too many good and unexceptionable witnesses. I do not maintain that the working-classes have been better behaved since the abolition of serfdom, but I think that the cause of these well-grounded complaints is to be sought in the fact that in the part of the country where they are most heard, the natural relations are so bad, indeed, are just of that sort, that if they remain as they are, this class cannot possibly be improved.

"Therefore, the first thing which the new Government, on which so many hopes are founded, has to do, is to consider how the peasant communes which still remain may be preserved, and how, where they are wanting, they may be created; and thus the country people, who are now so uncared-for, may be brought back into a better and more respectable condition."

In 1820 he published, as a separate pamphlet, an article which he had written in the *Watchman*, on the condition of the peasantry. In it he argues with great earnestness that some considerable portion of the land ought to be in their hands. 'The wisest legislators of antiquity founded their states on

agrarian principles,' he says; and then, after touching upon the Mosaic system and other constitutions both of ancient and modern times, he expresses his belief that in the long-run it will go well only with countries in which one half or two-thirds of the land is in the possession of the peasants, to be held by them as entailed estates.

CHAPTER XIV.

PROFESSOR AT BONN.

Schmalz's pamphlet.—Arndt made professor at Bonn.—Second marriage.—Fourth part of the "Spirit of the Age."—Opening of the university.—Building of his house.—Birth of Siegerich.

IT will be necessary at this point to drop the regular course of the autobiography, which turns away from the account of his life to discuss political institutions and the condition of Germany. One or two of the greater events that occurred to him afterwards are related in scattered passages, but the rest must be told in other words.

From his own account in the last chapter, it is evident that the years 1814 to 1817 were spent by him in an unsettled state, entirely uncertain what the future for him would be. Writing to Frau von Kathen as early as May 8th, 1814, from Coblentz, he says:

"Where my future life will be, I know not. If I cannot obtain a position of influence, free, and capable of being used directly and powerfully, for the good of the community, I shall retire into a very little place somewhere, and carry on the studies of my heart and affections as well as I can. I have, alas, had more opportunity to study, both in myself and others, the nothingness and transitoriness of life than the opposite, and

vanity does not for a moment attract me to any career which is at once glittering and cold."

And again, on the 24th of July of the same year:

"As to my future I know nothing, it depends on many circumstances; either a right lively scene of activity—some place where energy would be necessary (as for example, somewhere on the Rhine), or else some very quiet place of rest. The longing for this last is often very strong with me, but this longing is not always a proof of a vocation. Besides, in spite of all the vexations of the time, I have learnt that fine lesson, that there is no better people than mine, and that the German nature is not to be spoilt."

Of course, Germany itself had to be reorganised; its old constitutions had passed away, and it was hard to say what form the new one would take. Arndt was not the only one who was unsettled and knew not what course to choose:

"I foresee no quiet times during my lifetime," he says, "this generation will be carried away in a storm, and ourselves with it, and of those quiet, peaceful pleasures which an earlier age enjoyed, we shall see little. But God has awakened us, and directed our thoughts to something higher, and for that we will praise Him."

It does not appear that upon the return of Napoleon in 1815, Arndt was in any way called upon by the Government. He went, as he has told us, to the Rhine, and did his best to blow the sparks of patriotism into a flame, and he speaks of himself "as hard at work," chiefly probably upon his newspaper, the *Watchman;* but he was not officially employed, and his writings were no longer under the protection of the Central Govern-

ment. And this was partly because the reaction had already set in. The people of Germany had at least been allowed to believe that with the yoke of the foreigner they would also throw off the yoke of despotism, and would earn for themselves political liberty. If the question was left in doubt at the Congress of Vienna, the King of Prussia was explicit enough in the decree issued from Vienna in May 22nd, 1815, in which a general assembly of the estates was distinctly promised, and a plan for their constitution sketched. But difficulties soon began to appear, and the enemies of the change came to the front. How strong was the feeling on both sides became evident upon the publication of a little pamphlet by Privy Councillor Schmalz. He was a native of Hanover, and had been one of the professors of Halle University, but had migrated to Berlin during the French occupation, and had been actively engaged in the foundation of the new university there, of which he became the first rector. The pamphlet, which was published on September 15th, appeared under the title of "A correction of a passage in *Venturini's Chronicle* for the year 1808," and was occupied for the most part with the account of his being arrested and examined by the French in Berlin in that year. But from this he passed to speak of the Tugendbund, and to declare his conviction that though that society had been dissolved, there were still existing societies, secret societies, bent on overturning the State. The controversy grew fierce; pamphlets and articles in the newspapers on the subject appeared in numbers, Schleiermacher and Niebuhr entering on the arena; but it is only necessary here to explain how Arndt's name

was dragged into the quarrel. Schmalz had, as Niebuhr said, "pointed his finger at certain individuals without naming them;" but the allusions were so obvious that every one could easily add the names, and there were many passages which were supposed to point at Arndt. Schmalz had argued earnestly that the Prussian people in the war of 1813 had been animated by no "enthusiasm"; they had merely risen "at the summons of their King from a sense of duty, just as a townsman from a sense of duty hastens at the alarm of fire to give his help in extinguishing it;" and he spoke contemptuously of those who imagined that their "declamations" and their "preaching of hatred against the French" had had anything to do with rousing the spirit of the nation. At the same time, he charged them—and this was especially understood to refer to Arndt—with having incited the soldiers to barbarous cruelty, adding that these were the people who were now declaiming about the union of Germany, and demanding constitutions against the will of their princes, instead of waiting until it pleased them to grant them.

The dispute was finally stopped by the express order of the King, who forbade anything more to be published either attacking or defending Schmalz. The councillor himself was decorated with the Order of the Red Eagle.

Arndt has told us in the last chapter that he did not allow himself to be troubled by this storm; but he may naturally have felt that his future prospects were uncertain. For the year before (1814) he had published, at Stein's instigation, a little pamphlet, "Ueber künftige

ständische Verfassungen" ("On Future Representative Constitutions"), in which he not only had given his voice for a united Germany, but had also claimed representative government as a right belonging to the German people. Writing to Frau von Kathen on October 2, 1815, he says:

"As to what concerns myself, I have to do with plenty of unworthy artifices of foolish men, who would gladly bring me under lock and key, if they could. But I think I shall be able to fight my way through, and my good conscience will comfort me in any case. Besides, how should any honourable fellow waver, when so many brave men have died for their fatherland?"

And again, on January 22nd of the next year (1816):

"We have indeed fought out the struggle with the evil destroyer, but much remains to be done, and many are wanting to lie down and sleep again, or wish to bring back from the grave the miserable past. I know not how it will go, for one cannot judge rightly from appearances, but I think the Great One above has not shown Himself so powerful in vain; and although certain people may make a noise about it, I have swallowed too much of the real wine to be able to relish any longer their stale water. Let it go with me as it may, I will take quietly and humbly whatever God sends; but I will never call light, darkness, nor right, wrong. The clamour of certain people, the applause or reproach of the multitude, has never troubled me, and I should not be much of a man if I could not bear with courage the twenty or thirty years which remain to me, in whatever circumstances, even were it in a dungeon, until through sickness or old age my earthly strength gives way."

But for the time the danger passed, and those who valued Arndt still possessed influence enough to obtain

for him a post of some importance. As early as January 17, 1815, Gneisenau had written to him:

"I have been thinking, in reference to your future destination, that you ought to be appointed Professor of History to the University of Cologne" (Gneisenau was against the University being placed at Bonn), "because of the great service you may render in that post, in the formation of young minds; or would you prefer a post in the administration? But there your activity would be much more limited, both as to time and space. Or would you prefer perfect independence, with a fixed yearly salary? Let me know when you wish to talk to me about this subject, and I will stay at home for you."

Arndt himself tells us that the first of these proposals was his own wish. In his "Nothgedrungener Bericht" he writes:

"I wished to remain a Prussian, and desired nothing more than to become Professor at the University to be founded on the Rhine, for the purpose, as I thought, of helping to strengthen the German feeling there, but as my accusers say, of seducing and destroying youth. I asked for this post from the prince, the Chancellor, several times through my friends."

"There are several horses," he writes, Dec. 21, 1817, "ready saddled for me, which I may mount if I please."

And refusing an invitation to come back to Pomerania, he adds:

"I must repeat my 'no.' I have a course open before me for study and the employment of my powers, which may be vigorous for some five and twenty years yet, to which I must adhere, however sweet and pleasant it might be to spend the rest of my life among my good countrypeople and dear friends, and in a home only too much beloved."

As early as April 5th, 1815, in the charter granted to the Rhenish provinces, the King of Prussia had declared his intention of founding a university for their benefit.

Duisburg, Cologne, Bonn, and Wetzlar, were all at different times proposed as its seat; but finally Bonn was selected, because of its position in the centre of the province, its charming situation, its large empty palace, and a desire to compensate "the inhabitants, who were distinguished for their good behaviour and orderly disposition," for being no longer the residence of a court. The university was endowed from the funds of extinct universities and schools in Cologne, Coblentz, and Duisburg, and by liberal donations from the public treasury. The palace in Bonn, and one in the neighbouring village of Popplesdorf, were granted to it, and on the 18th of October, 1818, "the birth of the new high school was proclaimed on that sacred day on which, five years before, the independence and liberty of the Fatherland had been won."

In this university, which numbered among its professors many well-known names, among them A. W. Schlegel, and later, Niebuhr, Arndt now became professor of Modern History. He had settled in Bonn already the year before, as soon as he felt sure of his appointment, having brought from Berlin his second wife, the half-sister of the well-known philosopher, Dr. Friedrich Schleiermacher.

Arndt's acquaintance with Schleiermacher was of old standing, having probably come about through Schleiermacher's wife, who was of a Rügen family, and sister to Frau von Kathen, Arndt's friend and correspondent. We find Schleiermacher writing from Halle in 1806, to Frau von Kathen, "What is your friend Moritz doing? Has not somebody advised him to cross the seas, for to

the authors who are in favour with the One in power, he certainly does not belong."

At that time Schleiermacher himself and his sister Nanna, who was living with him, were also suffering from the misery of that disastrous year. He was then professor in the University of Halle, and they were driven to such straits during the occupation of the town by the French, that they had to combine their housekeeping with Steffens and his wife; for Schleiermacher says, "I had only a little borrowed money, and Steffens none at all. If we had not shared, we should have both been worse off; we save wood, light, etc., in our housekeeping. . . . We live as poorly as possible; indeed, more so than is good for us. Wood is not to be had."

And he writes again: "My sister and Steffens' wife are behaving excellently. Certainly few women here in such a plight and with such dark prospects have been as courageous as they have."

When Halle became part of the kingdom of Westphalia, Schleiermacher went to Berlin and took an active part in the foundation of the new university there, of which he became professor. Like Fichte, he used his influence, which soon became great, both as a preacher and a professor, to arouse the patriotism of the Prussians. There Arndt would meet him at Reimer's house in 1809, and the beginning of 1812.

When the spring of 1813 came, and Prussia rose to throw off her chains, Schleiermacher worked indefatigably for the good cause. Though very delicate, and rather deformed, he entered himself in the Landsturm,

and went constantly to exercise. Writing to his wife, whom he had sent to a place of safety, he says: "In the evening, when I was sitting at tea, Twesten came in, and we had to collect bread and rolls from every corner. We had only been chatting a little while when in came Savigny, Eichhorn, Scheele, and Arndt. Fortunately, there was a sausage in the house; and after I had got over the first difficulty, and had explained to them that they must do with one teaspoon between them, we enjoyed ourselves heartily, and a glass of wine made up for other deficiencies."

A friendship formed in such times and under such circumstances was likely to be lasting, though it is not easy to imagine two men more dissimilar in character than Arndt and Schleiermacher.

"You will find his fresh life and good-nature unchanged. He is certainly more in his element among you (in Rügen) than here," writes Schleiermacher in 1814. "I wish he could find a place to settle in, although I do not see how it can come to pass;—and then a home of his own."

Henriette Herz describes Arndt soon after this time in the following language: "Arndt is a man for whom I have the greatest respect, and who has always shown me the greatest kindness. Yet I have never succeeded in becoming so intimate with him, as I have often felt a strong desire to be, even during a long stay in his house. I think the reason lay in this, that he only appreciated strong, almost heroic, feminine natures. Most women in his opinion stood much beneath men. They were to him only as flowers or children."

Arndt was married to Nanna Schleiermacher, who was about twenty years his junior, at Berlin, on September 18, 1817. The day before, the Berlin Gymnastic Society, with Jahn at its head, presented him with a silver cup, surrounded with a wreath of evergreens and oak-leaves, and with some verses from Arndt's "Bundeslied" engraved upon it, and the inscription: "To the German teacher, writer, singer, and speaker, Ernst Moritz Arndt, from the Berlin Gymnastic Society 1817."

Arndt himself writes of his marriage in the following terms:

"I was now little short of fifty, and was to feel the truth of the old saying, that fortune goes with youth, and that age must not look for her company. Hitherto she had led me through many dangerous situations and circumstances, and with little help on my part had placed me in a position which I may well term happy. Now, in 1817, she bestowed on me one last great favour, and then as it were took her leave of me, or at least she only ran occasionally for a little way by my side, when, before, she would have run in front, and prepared the road and a lodging for me. This last great gift was a brave, faithful wife, who has ever since loyally helped me to bear up against my misfortunes: Nanna Maria Schleiermacher, from Upper Silesia, sister to Professor Dr. Friedrich Schleiermacher, of Berlin. Her father was a native of the banks of the Rhine, and thus she was returning to the home of her race.

"Immediately after, the first blow fell upon me, I lost full two-thirds of my library, which had been shipped to come from Stralsund to Cologne. I had made a tolerable collection of the classics, and of northern literature. These were completely spoilt by sea water on the transit, together with a good many papers which I had myself written during the past twenty years. An error had been made in the insurance of these books, and so

I never obtained the slightest compensation for my loss, which indeed, in many ways was beyond the power of money to repair. In fact, though it is usual to show pity for those who have suffered by shipwreck or fire, I never received a single book to replace them. This, too, was a sign of the approach of old age, which, to quote my dear Dr. Martin Luther, finds favour with no man. But there was one bright spot in this mishap: that among many valuable papers, a heap of rubbish perished, which I had collected for my own amusement, consisting of those plans and schemes which I have mentioned before as being sent to Stein, and which used to pass through my hands. If these had escaped they might have brought me into serious trouble in the examination which followed, and might have spoilt many a happy hour for me. For naturally I had preserved the maddest and most extravagant of these suggestions, and at least it would have appeared as if I had been connected with some of the worst and most dangerous adventurers and Bedlamites, particularly as in many cases I could not remember date, place, or author."

While waiting for the opening of the University, Arndt's pen was not idle. Writing from Bonn, April 4, 1818, to Professor Schildener, he says:

"I have been working hard this winter; that is, I have been turning out some old material, partly for the fire and partly for the press. Much of it is ten years old—a good deal of it Swedish. I am trying if possible to clear up my work this summer, as by-and-by there may be something else to do. I have brought out 'Poems,' Part I. and 'Mährchen' (partly old stuff, some of which may please you), and in a few months will appear the fourth part of the 'Spirit of the Age,' and the second part of the 'Poems.'"

These two volumes of poems contain many which he left out in the later editions. The next year, 1819, he published besides a little book "On the Word and

Church Poetry" ("Vom Wort und Kirchenlied"), which contained a good many original hymns; and also his "Recollections of Sweden" ("Erinnerungen aus Schweden"), in which are two plays written many years before.

The second part of the "Mährchen" did not appear until 1842, and was written in Plattdeutsch. The scene of many of these fairy tales is placed in the island of Rügen, near his old home, and many of them are probably founded on stories he had heard in his childhood from the country people. Schildener writes of them:

"Your 'Mährchen' have aroused much interest and excitement everywhere here, and in my house too. Karl thinks 'Klas Avenstaken' the best; Marie, 'The Princess Snowflake;' and I, 'The Nine Hills of Rambin.' Klas Avenstaken would, in my opinion, have been able to eat his way straight through the mountain, and then the mountain would have had no need to turn round!"

The more important work, more important at any rate in its consequences to himself, the fourth part of the "Spirit of the Age," was written in the winter of 1817–18, and published the next summer. "The demon of politics is torturing me," he wrote in December, 1817, and he sought relief in his pen. Stein, too, wrote to him: "The present moment is weighty and critical. Men like you, who have lived in the tumult of practical life, and in various circumstances and connections, should lift up their voices and make use of their influence."

Long after he wrote of it:

"In the years 1817 and 1818, questioning and expectation were busy with the Constitution in many German countries, and

men's minds were extraordinarily excited about it. In several of the German States this excitement and anxiety was quietly and easily set at rest by the wisdom and good feeling of the rulers. To soothe this almost stormy excitement, expectation, and anxiety, to warn, to quiet, and to comfort both old and young, to moderate the force of passions, of too eager hope and too one-sided party spirit; in short, to comfort, to calm, and to clear up the subject, such was the purpose of the book, as indeed its whole contents show. It is, I think, written in general with the moderation of feeling, thought, and expression which were suitable to a time when there was no longer war in the country, and when the foreign rule, and foreign party, had been driven out and humiliated."

It dealt with most of the burning questions of the day—the unity of Germany; constitutional government, and the liberty of the Press; secret societies, which he entirely condemned; the gymnastic societies, and other matters respecting the student class, such as amusements and commemorations. Stein wrote of the book that it had given him much pleasure, that "it contained a multitude of sound and excellent principles, thoughts, and opinions about the conditions and necessities of the present time," which he hoped would bring forth rich and ripe fruit, and in a letter to Gagern about a book which the latter had published, he wrote:

"It has been preceded by another, the fourth part of Arndt's 'Spirit of the Age,' which he has sent to me, and which contains much that is sound, true, and good; and I honour the man for this, that while he burns with anger against the worthless, he is not bitter or unfeeling."

In the summer of this year, Stein had invited Arndt to take part in the "Monumenta Germanica," a pro-

jected edition of German historians from the earliest times, and wrote to him requesting him to give his opinion on certain points of the arrangement.

Arndt replied with a long letter, in which, after giving the results of a consultation with his colleague, Professor Hüllmann, he continues:

"And I as co-worker? If I were not also in many other ways unfit for the work, I might say with reason I have not time. I have lost five or six years in other things; this is work which suits those whom God and their own hearts have always let sit quietly among their books. If I have here and there gained something of knowledge of life, and the opinions of the world, and of a free political estimation of things and people, I certainly need four or five years of quiet reading and repetition. When the University gets into work, I shall have much to do, since, though many others are more learned than I am, I can at least speak out firmly, and like a German. I can, however, promise to do something towards the filling up and correcting of the 'Glossaria mediævi,' out of my stock of knowledge of old Scottish, Icelandic, Scandinavian, and old Saxon."

After a visit to Aix-la-Chapelle, undertaken "to mend a head which from childhood has been plagued with toothache and rheumatism," he returned to Bonn for the opening of the University, to take up a work there which he fondly hoped would be the employment of the remainder of his life. He writes to Frau von Kathen on October 19, 1818, the day after the University had been declared open.

"It is long since you heard from us, my dear friend, so long that we should be ashamed of ourselves, were it not that the last few months there has been a whirl and confusion of people here, which has made it difficult to do anything serious.

"Bonn has been like a great high-road, and our house often

like an inn, so many emperors and kings,* professors and students, strangers and acquaintances, have been up and down the Rhine, and many of them have knocked at our door. Then the last weeks Bacchus has come with a very rich vintage, which promises a noble juice. The merry-making has not been so great since the year 1811; the rich blessing of God and the finest weather have made this year right jubilant. . . . . Now we hope life will flow along its banks more quietly, and in the usual still course that peace will come back to us, which is disturbed by even the most innocent pleasures when one is too long without work.

"A part of the confusion is due to the professors and students arriving, and all the visits and occupations which fall upon us, because we are the oldest members of the institution, and are therefore called upon for advice and assistance. For it is really, at last going to begin here, and I shall soon open my mouth from the chair of history."

The calendar of the University announces lectures by Arndt on the Germania of Tacitus, the history of the German nation and the German empire, on the last three centuries, on the history of our own times, and the unfolding of its spirit and activity, etc. Heinrich Heine was a student at Bonn in 1819, and mentions that he "heard in one and the same term four courses of lectures in which German antiquities of the most distant date were treated of, among which were, first, the 'History of the German Language,' by Schlegel, who for three months unfolded the quaintest hypotheses concerning the German language; and, second, the "Germania of Tacitus," by Arndt, who sought to find in the old German forests those virtues which he missed in the drawing-rooms of the present time."

* It was the year of the meeting of the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle.

As soon as Arndt was fairly settled to work he built himself a house by the side of the Rhine, of which he writes to Georg Reimer, his bookseller.

"I have taken a burden upon myself, or rather I am going to lay one on the left shoulder of the old Rhine, which he, however, will feel no more than an elephant does a fly! a little house! a sort of settlement in this unsettled time. Man lives here but once, and then not for long, so at least I will have water, sky, and mountains at first hand. If I collect the small remains of my paternal inheritance, and add to it some thousand thalers which a friend here most kindly has offered me, the humble little house, with a few trees round it, may be to be seen in a year and a day before the Coblentz gate. You will do me a great favour if you can help me with a hundred friedrichs d'or next spring. There shall be a little room always ready for you."

The friend mentioned in this letter seems to have been Count Gessler. But Arndt only drew a hundred friedrichs d'or, and some years after, when he was thinking that he might be driven to leave the country, Gessler reminded him that there were still five hundred thalers at his disposal. To Schildener he describes his house as

"A pleasant home on the Rhine, which has unquestionably the pleasantest situation near the town in the whole neighbourhood. I chose the exact spot myself. It lies eight minutes from the gate of the town and from our lecture-rooms."

Here Arndt received any of the students who liked to come to his cheerful, unconstrained evening parties, to which no special invitation or recommendation was needed. They were a contrast to the aristocratic and elegant *soirées* of A. W. von Schlegel, in his luxurious

house, to which no student was admitted unless he could be of some use by his musical talents, or was an especial favourite, like H. Heine. Before, however, the house was ready for them to move into, Arndt's second son was born on the 18th of June, 1819; Stein was one of his godfathers, and Arndt gave him the name of Carl Siegerich. "The little fellow is strong and fresh," Arndt writes, "and may some day, if God grants him to grow up, do honour to his good name, and the lucky day of his birth."

CHAPTER XV.

GATHERING OF THE STORM.

The Burschenschaft.—Festival of the Wartburg.—Royal reprimand.—Murder of Kotzebue.—Arrest of Arndt.—Seizure of his papers.—Articles in the Allgemeine Staatszeitung.

THE storm, however, was gathering, and the two years which Arndt had now spent at Bonn had not been undisturbed. The party that desired the return to the old state of things was gaining power constantly. Görres' *Rheinischer Merkur* had been suppressed at the beginning of 1816, and orders had been sent that the censors in the Rhenish province should redouble their vigilance in examining gazettes and political journals. When the provincial assemblies ventured, in 1817, to urge the fulfilment of the promise of a constitution, they were answered that "those who admonish the King are guilty of doubting the inviolability of his word."

Arndt had written of the fourth part of his "Spirit of the Age," before it appeared, that it "contained passages about mysticism, the police and the gymnastic societies, which would probably attract readers, and perhaps some enemies;" and it was not long before the enemies showed themselves. He writes to Stein at the beginning of December, 1818:

"The police, 'the Wittgenstein Kampzianers,' are said to be very angry about my remarks on the police in the fourth part of my 'Spirit of the Age.' I cannot help it, even if they succeed in destroying my civil prosperity. I consider the accursed foreign invention a worse misfortune than a ten or twenty years' war, and as bad as a pestilence or a famine."

Meanwhile, there were many who found it hard to give up the hope of a new Germany. With Arndt, they said, "We have seen the dawn, and shall the morning mists make us fear that the sun will not be able to penetrate?" But these were suspected and feared by the Governments. The German national spirit, which Arndt had desired to see, began to show itself in forms which many thought would prove dangerous to the governments. The students in the University of Jena took a leading part in this movement, by forming, on June 18, 1816, the Jena Burschenschaft. They then proceeded to address a circular to the other universities of Germany, proposing to celebrate in the next year the tercentenary of the Reformation and the fourth anniversary of the battle of Leipzig. Arndt himself took no part in this celebration, but he had published three years before a pamphlet called "Ein Wort über die Feier der Leipziger Schlacht" ("A Word on the Celebration of the Battle of Leipzig"), in which he had warmly urged that it should be universally observed, proposing that on the 18th of October—

"As soon as it grows dark, in the whole of Germany, from Stralsund to Trieste, and from Memel to Luxemburg, fires should be lighted on the tops of all the mountains, or, where these were wanting, on all the hills and towers, and should be kept burning till midnight. They would be like messengers carrying

tokens of love and joy, and announcing to all their neighbours that there was now but one feeling and one thought among all Germans. Around these fires should gather all the people in festive garments, with their heads wreathed with green oak-leaves, and their hearts with green thoughts; they should relate to one another what happened on these days, holding banquets and dances, and in their joy thanking God who had granted to them again in German tones to rejoice in the rapture and pride of liberty. Then in all the towns and villages let the bells ring in with glad chimes the feast of the next day. The 19th October is the great solemn day which the authorities of all places should celebrate as a feast-day. The morning should be set apart to splendid processions of the dignitaries and authorities, assemblies in the churches, and thanksgivings and songs of praise to God. The afternoon should be given up to worldly joys and feasts, and may be celebrated in many ways."

Then, after proposing that all should on that day adopt a universal German costume, a subject which he had treated in an earlier pamphlet, "Ueber Sitte, Mode, und Kleidertracht" ("Manners, Fashions, and Dress"), and that the day should be made a great feast for children, he goes on:

"And that the creatures too may feel what bright days have risen for the German people, let not only men, but everything living that serves and helps man, be cared for better than usual. Let the house-dog and the hound get better bits, the cow and the ox the best hay, and the horses fresh oats."

The feast in the hands of the students was carefully arranged and well managed, and passed off successfully, except for one little incident. Some of the students, in imitation of Luther's burning of the Pope's bull, flung into the fire a number of books, works of Kotzebue, Schmalz,

Kamptz, and others, who were, or whom they supposed to be, enemies of the union of the German nation. This act, which had not been in the original plan, caused a great outcry, and Kamptz, Minister of Police, sent an indignant protest to the Duke of Weimar, who had patronised the celebration. Nevertheless, in spite of a strong opposition feeling, a general German Burschenschaft was founded at Jena on October 18, 1818, by deputies from fourteen universities. F. W. Krummacher, in his autobiography, gives an account of the ceremony of initiation, which shows the spirit which animated the students. He says, "Of course I put down my name at once for admission into the 'holy alliance' of the German Burschenschaft, in which I soon found myself honoured with a charge; and even now, when I go back to those youthful days of surging, boisterous life, the solemn elevating feelings reawake in me which were first called up by the assembly of the whole Burschenschaft, convoked to receive the new members. The large brightly-lighted hall, decorated with the insignia of the society, filled to the last seat by the great, closely-packed, sanguine throng of the pillars of the new era of the Fatherland—such we thought ourselves; before us, on a platform, a long table covered with a cloth of black, red, and gold, on which lay crossed the naked swords and the book of the society, while behind it stood the officers, twelve in number, some decorated with the iron cross of the War of Liberation, with the president in the middle overshadowed by the German standard. Then the ceremony began with the (Arndt's) impassioned song, 'Sind wir vereint zur guten Stunde,' poured out

from eight hundred fresh sonorous throats to an orchestral accompaniment; after this, a powerful address from the president to the new-comers, and then the oath of allegiance to the old, holy, virtuous, and knightly customs of the fathers, and to all that was contained in the device of the league. How could all this fail to impress a novice in the highest degree, and irresistibly to carry away the youthful fancy into the raptures of an ideal world? And, in truth, the whole movement of the Burschenschaft was not mere froth and fitful, boyish fantasies. Enthusiasm it was, but of a kind, even if the enthusiasts were but half conscious of it, in which the noble and the beautiful were striving for existence."

Gymnastic societies were established in all the university towns and many other places; and the students adopted a national costume, and gave up the use of any language but German.

It was about this time that the fourth part of the "Spirit of the Age" appeared. As has been already mentioned, Arndt was prepared for its making him enemies. Its language was bold and outspoken, and it was plainly on the popular side, and those in authority were beginning to be frightened at the strong desire awakened in the people to have a share in the government. The Russian Councillor Stourdza presented a memorial to the Congress, assembled this summer at Aix-la-Chapelle, in which he complained that the German universities were centres of revolutionary movements, an act of interference on the part of Russia which so greatly incensed the German students that they sent him a

challenge. That his book would not please the Government Arndt could not fail to know.

"I am sometimes worried by powerful political enemies," he writes in November, 1818, "but my anxiety about them is short; and should there really be danger, I hope, with God and truth on my side, to bear it quietly and courageously. Yet indeed the weak mortal must pray: 'Lord, lead us not into temptation.'"

It could therefore be no matter of surprise to him to receive at the beginning of the next year, 1819, a letter from Count Solms-Laubach, telling him that he had been directed to communicate to him an order from the Cabinet, respecting the fourth part of the "Spirit of the Age." "I have infinite regret in executing a commission which will be so specially painful to you, as your attachment to the person of the King is well known to me." The contents of the Cabinet order are as follows:

"'Professor Arndt was included among the number of the professors appointed to Bonn, because his talents were acknowledged, and confidence was reposed in him that he would satisfactorily discharge his important duties as a teacher of youth, not only in his teaching, but in his conduct and his writings; but these expectations, although the Chancellor fully intimated them to him, he has not fulfilled in the fourth part of the "Spirit of the Age." His Majesty indeed will not believe that the design of it was blameworthy, but, at least, the book contains very unbecoming and useless things, which are particularly unsuitable to a teacher of youth, and may work injuriously on them. His Majesty does not at all mean to limit free discussion, but commissions the Cultus-Minister to warn him and to require him in future to be cautious, as his Majesty cannot have any teachers in the Prussian universities who lay down principles such as those contained in the fourth part of the "Spirit of the

Age," and on the next occasion of the kind he will be removed from his post.'"

To Count Solms Laubach, with whom "he was on such friendly terms that he could write to him unrestrainedly," Arndt wrote on the receipt of this letter:

"If some words in the book may have been written with a vehemence or a carelessness which may admit of misinterpretation, yet, though kings and emperors may think otherwise, I have no need before the Highest Emperor to be ashamed of my principles, nor of the feelings which brought the book into the world. . . . I will now wait quietly to see how things will go, or where the Kamptzians and Schmalzians may drag me."

He also wrote to Prince Hardenberg, to whom he owed his appointment, and reiterated his assertion that though certain words and expressions might be ill-timed and unmeasured, he had no need to be ashamed of the principles expressed in it, and that though his professorship was "a darling child longed for and much loved," he would give it up quietly if he could not live in it with honour.

No further proceedings were taken at the time, and the affair would probably have dropped out of notice, but for the unhappy murder of Kotzebue, on the 28th of March. A fanatical student, named Carl Sand, considering Kotzebue the chief of the enemies of Germany, determined upon his death, and after brooding over his plan for some months deliberately carried it into execution. The deed caused a panic throughout Germany. It was assumed to be the act not of an individual, but of an extensive association among the students, and the

excitement was increased on the 1st of July by an attempt made by another student, Karl Löhnung, on the life of the President of the Government of Nassau, Von Ibell.

The Government immediately proceeded to strong measures. The Burschenschaft was dissolved by its order. The "Turnvater" Jahn was arrested in the middle of the night of the 13th of July, and carried away to Küstrin, and on the morning of the 14th the police entered the houses of Arndt and two other of the professors of Bonn University, and seized their papers.

The following description of the proceeding is taken from the "Recollections of Henriette Herz:"

"On my return from Italy he (Arndt) entertained me hospitably in his house at Bonn during the months of July and August. His wife, Schleiermacher's sister, had been my friend before her marriage. Her eldest son had been born but a short time before I came to Bonn, in July. A few days after my arrival, about six o'clock in the morning of July 14th, I heard a knock at the door of my bedroom. As it was so early, I concluded some one had made a mistake in the room, and did not open the door. But after some time I heard an unusual commotion in the passage, and when I did open I found it occupied by police officers and gens-d'armes. Going to the window, I saw some more of these gentlemen posted before the house. Soon after Frau Arndt sent to tell me that her husband's papers were being searched. In the meantime the news of what was going on had spread in the town. The students assembled in front of the house. One

of them who had succeeded in penetrating into the house, a young man from Frankfort, came to my room, and communicated to me his intention of letting in the students, who were in front of the house, that they might interrupt the inspection and sequestration of the papers, and, if possible, in the tumult get them out of the way. As he seemed to wish for my opinion of the plan, I did not hesitate to tell him very clearly and earnestly that he must give up entirely such a foolish, indeed mad, undertaking. Besides the danger which it would bring on the students themselves, it would necessarily injure Arndt and his cause. To my satisfaction I saw the students soon after take up their position on a bank opposite the house, watching quietly for the end of the affair. Not long after I saw Arndt's papers brought out of the house in a number of great sacks, as big as sacks of flour, and put into a chaise, which was waiting for the purpose in the street, and which drove off with them. Soon after, the early knock at my door was explained; the wife of Professor Welcker, the jurist, with whom the investigation had begun, had sent a messenger, who was to wake me and inform me of the proceedings in her house, that I might warn Arndt. The plan, indeed, had failed, but if the news had reached Arndt it would scarcely have altered the case, as doubtless he would not have thought it advisable to take any step. Arndt's manner after this event, though grave, betrayed no dismay. But that he was inwardly greatly disturbed was evident from the fact that he used to talk to himself so vehemently at night, that I, whose bedroom was next to

his, was often awakened from my sleep by his declamations."

This proceeding called forth a long letter of remonstrance from Arndt, addressed to Prince Hardenberg, complaining that the police, in seizing his papers and those of two other professors, had violated the law in the most glaring manner.

"Nevertheless," he adds, "I can be quiet and confident. I have never been mixed up with any secret plotting, either with the old or the young, because, both from nature and from principle, I hate all secret intrigues like snakes of hell."

He goes on to lament that "the poor German cannot say, like the Englishman, or his own forefathers, 'My house is my castle,'" but declares that "though his venomous enemies may drive him from his post at the University they shall not drive him from the position he has taken up."

The three professors also addressed a united protest to Beyme, who was the minister employed in revising the laws for the newly-conquered territory, in which they relate how "early in the morning of July 15, we were suddenly awaked from sleep, by the entrance of officers of the gens-d'armerie, armed gens-d'armes, and commissaries of police into our dwellings, and how, in the case of Professor C. T. Welcker, the officers of the gens-d'armerie, in spite of all the protestations of the servant-maid, had followed her up into his wife's bedroom. According to their own statement they had travelled in plain clothes, and stayed here more than a day, to reconnoitre the ground before they appeared at our

houses in their military uniforms, and they made use of the old artifices of the universally-hated secret police abolished by his Majesty, after the fall of despotism, to the universal joy and satisfaction of all citizens, by announcing themselves at the house of Professor C. T. Welcker as friends coming to take leave of him. None of the local authorities were informed of the act, or were present at it. We were even told that the royal troops of the garrison were ordered in vain to get under arms. As soon as we were sufficiently dressed, the officers told us that in obedience to a police order, signed with the name of Prince Wittgenstein, which they showed us, they were to take possession of all our papers, on grave suspicion of participation in, or knowledge of, secret societies. Although this treatment seemed to us in all respects injurious; although, after the order of the honourable council of Jan. 11, we knew nothing of the existence of a ministry of police, far less that it possessed competent authority for such a proceeding, yet helpless men, attacked in their own dwellings, must yield to armed force. They then searched the whole house unsparingly, and every place where the husband and wife, or any of the family, kept anything, even carrying away a number of scientific books on account of some marginal notes; even the ladies' papers out of their secretaires, those belonging to Professor Welcker's wife and sister-in-law, and in spite of her opposition, of his mother-in-law, Frau Wiedemann, of Kiel, while the letters of Professor Arndt's wife, who had scarcely recovered from the birth of a child, were taken out of her writing-desk, and read through, partly in her presence."

Hardenberg answered Arndt's complaints by assuring him that his papers had been seized, not on account of any suspicion having fallen on him personally, but only in the search for evidence concerning the present popular conspiracies.

Arndt, later, referring to this visit of the police, says that "among the torn sheets and waste paper which they turned out of my library, and out of my pockets, boxes, chests, and secret places, they found an old torn pair of trousers and some ragged dirty pieces of old shirts and ties, which had been used some weeks before on a little journey to wrap up some boots and shoes. They packed up these old rags, although I represented that their instructions only gave them the right to touch writings and papers. They seemed to place importance upon them, as if I was suspected of murder or theft or other such crimes. One of my colleagues who was present, and acted as witness to the inventory of my sequestered property, suggested that these rags as embryos of books might become dangerous some day! To be short, these old rags were sent round from commission to commission, and as Herr Dambach told me, were obliged because they were so dirty to be regularly washed, until at last they were sent back to me with some old scraps of printed paper."

Reimer's papers were seized at the same time, and an order was issued to arrest the well-known journalist Görres, of the *Rheinische Merkur*, and convey him to the fortress of Spandau; but having warning in time, he succeeded in escaping to France. Arndt's brother-in-law, Schleiermacher, also fell under suspicion, partly on

account of some of his letters which were found among Arndt's and Reimer's papers. The secret police kept a close watch over him, and permission was refused him to leave the city for a few weeks' visit to the country.

The search after conspirators was carried on vigorously throughout the country, and arrests on the charge of treason were numerous. Kamptz announced that he had discovered an important conspiracy among the Tertianers, (equal to fourth-form boys)! A commission was appointed by the Cabinet to investigate the whole matter, and to examine the papers that had been seized. Welcker says that he heard afterwards that their report was favourable to the professors, but it was not approved, and a new "Immediate Commission" was appointed to revise it. Repeated promises were given that the matter should be speedily decided, but the year 1819 passed away; 1820 came and went, and no decision had been arrived at. The "Immediate Commission" stated in March, 1820, that so far, no information had come before them which would induce them to institute criminal proceedings. The professors had been allowed during this time to continue lecturing, but on November 10, 1820, Arndt was silenced, and in the Calendar of the University, in the announcement of the lectures to be delivered in the next year, we read, "Professor Arndt will announce the continuation of his lectures at the proper time." During this year of anxious waiting and delay several articles were published in the *Allgemeine Preussische Staatszeitung*, which caused Arndt much vexation. They were written to prove the existence of a wide-spread socialist conspiracy, and to show the dangerous

character of this band of "corrupters of youth, poisonous revolutionists and traitors," they published a large number of extracts from books, speeches, and private letters. Many of them were sentences entirely detached from their context. Among "a medley of the maddest suggestions and appeals" came quotations from Arndt's writings, taken without any regard to the general drift of the passage. For instance, among a number of extracts selected to prove that "the wretches were ready to carry out their intentions by murder and violence," came some verses out of the first volume of the "Spirit of the Age," written in 1805, calling upon the German nation to use their swords against the French. And more curious still, two sentences to the following sanguinary effect: "A couple of executions, and the whole affair is at an end;" and "if a preacher is shot, the affair is at an end," the origin of which was as follows: It happened that a paper of Clausewitz's, written in 1810 or 1811, containing a plan for a rising of the people to throw off the French yoke, had fallen into Arndt's hands. There were some notes on the margin, and being told that they had been made by the King, to whom it had been sent, he took the pains to copy them. The King's remarks referred to the summary measures by which the French would crush such an effort, and it was by two of these observations coming from his Majesty himself that Arndt was proved to be a rogue determined on treason and murder. Arndt felt this attack bitterly, and complained of it to Prince Hardenberg. The Chancellor, however, only assured him that the articles, though they had appeared in an official paper, were not themselves

official. This answer did not satisfy Arndt. He complained that every one had thought them official, and he did not see how they could think otherwise, as they were called "Actenauszüge," ("extracts from the documents") relating to the trial, and could not possibly have appeared without the knowledge and consent of the authorities, being extracted from papers which all the world knew were in the hands of the ministerial commission. Welcker says that so little care was taken to keep the sequestrated papers private, that clerks and copyists were heard in inns quoting in jest sentences out of Arndt's private correspondence. To these complaints Hardenberg only replied by stating that the whole matter had passed entirely out of his hands.

CHAPTER XVI.

TRIAL.

Suspension.—Carlsbad Resolutions.—Court at Mainz.—Examination.

THE year and a half before his trial began must have been a hard time to Arndt, and there is a touch of sadness in his letters at this time:

"We are all, thank God, very well," he writes, "and the smallest in the nest, who yesterday completed his eleventh month, is prospering excellently well, and wanders about already on his own feet, with the help of tables and chairs. But man needs another kind of health, and much is included in the daily bread of a healthy human life and in the contents of the Fourth Petition; and that indeed is not so well. . . . . It is hard to give up faith and hope, and I cannot do it; but only truth and justice bring prosperity, and we, who have lived through such hard times, ought perhaps to prepare ourselves for still harder. But the saddest part of it is, that the old animosity between ranks and classes is being sharpened again, and they are becoming embittered towards one another. Against this one must arm oneself and pray: Lord, preserve me from that worst thing, hatred."

And again, on October 9, 1820:

"Our little house and garden on the Rhine is now almost finished. We have been living in it, indeed, for a year already,

but there were all kinds of work to be done to it afterwards; and the orchard too is now beginning to get into order. The order in the house is good, and I may well praise my wife for her goodness and courage, and the little boy also, whom God has given, who is one of the finest, quickest, most lively, and fiery of children. As for order outside, in the great community of God and the people, it will surely become what the good and upright hope and wish. That for which alone I have wished and worked unselfishly and fearlessly, and as I believe, well, according to my small power, will surely make its way by the efforts, wishes, and prayers of many, and then both the palaces of kings and the homes of the middle and lower classes will become quieter and happier. I know in my inmost heart that I have sowed no devil's seed, for I have never wished for rebellion, and least of all have I practised, or approved the practice of, underhand lying or treachery, as lying enemies have laid to my charge. That a man should be discomposed by such a conflict is indeed unavoidable. So far however, my health and, for the most part, my cheerfulness remain tolerable."

When it was at last decided to proceed against him, and to bring him to trial on the charge of treason, he wrote:

"Bonn, November 11, 1820.

"Soon after my son's arrival came something unpleasant for me, not indeed endangering my neck, and if it were, I hope it would not break my heart. Yesterday I received notice that I am suspended from my office, and am to be subjected to a special investigation. I know well whence this comes, and why. It has not much surprised me, for I have long been prepared for something of the kind. *Coming down* has never seemed so hard to me as to some people, even if it be to a smock-frock. We must all go lower still soon, where all earthly pomp, however lowly, will be stripped off us; and, whoever cannot fly upwards, must creep, even if he wears the crown."

"December 21, 1820.

"God, who is much more gracious than I deserve, has granted me some very good days in the midst of the pressure of the last four weeks—days which I cannot describe but as days of love and joy. All that I have worked at has become easy, and my life is bright with courage and light, and this evening especially cheerful. I could fall down and adore with tears the measureless love which has ever helped me in the worst times. In this state of mind I feel the spiritual communion of many pious, faithful souls, who are sympathising with, and praying for old Arndt.

"You must know too, dear friend, that I shall soon be fifty-one years old, and with this weight of years I find myself so well, that it sometimes seems to me as if there might be thirty or forty years more for me in this land of conflict, called earth. Well, as God will, without whose will no sparrow flies upward."

So, with full confidence in the Divine support, he went courageously through this time of great trouble.

"To man an eagle, to God a worm,
So in the life-storm stand'st thou firm;
He who feels weak in his Maker's sight,
Alone among men hath undoubted might."

The trial so long impending began at last; but neither before the judges nor at the place which to the accused seemed just and right. In the autumn of 1819, when the panic was at its height, a meeting of ministers from the several German States assembled at Carlsbad under the presidency of Metternich, and passed the famous Carlsbad Resolutions, of which the substance was that the censors should be ordered to be more strict and vigilant; that the universities should no longer be allowed to govern themselves, but should be subjected to officials

appointed by the Government, who should immediately dissolve the Burschenschaft; and that a Central Commission should meet at Mainz to prosecute inquiries in all parts of Germany concerning the socialistic intrigues, with power to arrest all suspected persons, and punish all whom they might find guilty. Much indignation was excited throughout Germany by this proceeding. The principal members of the courts of justice at Berlin protested, declaring the court illegal, and complaining that the King, by sending his subjects to be tried in this foreign court, was renouncing his most sacred right—the right of pardoning. A large party in the Prussian Cabinet also was opposed to the Resolutions. Wilhelm von Humboldt expressed it as his opinion that they were shameful, and that the Prussian minister at Carlsbad, Bernstorff, had exceeded his powers in signing them; but the party for repression was too strong for them, and Humboldt and General Boyen, and those who felt with them, were obliged to resign, and from that time Prussia was foremost in the search for conspirators, and in the endeavour to suppress the spirit of independence in the people.

The court (Bundescentraluntersuchungscommission) met on October 15th, 1820, and Arndt and the two Welckers were summoned before it. Arndt protested vehemently against the injustice. We will give his own account:

"I certainly do not belong to those who readily turn pale at a danger, but a shudder comes over me when I think of the continuous injuries, slanders, and persecutions of three years, and of the summer of 1821 and its examination. At the beginning

of the affair I was put outside the pale of all law and justice; they took away my privileges and my rightful court of justice, and subjected me to police commissions, and ministerial commissions, and other extraordinary things. Then came the suspension from my office, and three months later the summons before an Extraordinary Special Commission of Inquiry, which I had many reasons to believe was arranged and guided in great part by my enemies and accusers. My refusal to submit to this illegally-formed tribunal,—which appeared to me to be founded on principles which Englishmen condemn as 'high-commission principles, high-government principles;' and Germans, and even Prussia's most glorious leader, under the title of 'cabinet justice,'—was slighted, and my appeal to be tried by an ordinary court of justice was refused, and I at last was compelled, by threats of bonds and imprisonment, to submit to a power which took away from me every legal right. Then, when the examination began, injustice of every kind, which seemed to me to exceed the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition, mortifications and vexations about trivial nothings, about feelings and thoughts, about theories and opinions."

The investigation of Arndt's case was entrusted to a member of a provincial court named Pape, assisted by a referendary of the name of Dambach. Arndt says:

"It was very hard for a professor to have to be questioned by a man who, during the examination, frequently had to make excursions in fields where he had never gathered a single ear. One example out of hundreds and thousands. 'In one of the letters came the words, 'that is out of my sphere.' Pape (to Dambach): 'Sphere? what is sphere?' Dambach: 'I think sphere is the Greek for ball.' Pape: 'Ball? out of my ball. What does that mean?' Then followed discussions and philological and etymological interpretations, ending at last in an approach to the real meaning of such a magical formula, in all of which I helped in my way. During the first weeks I often

lost my temper; but afterwards I remembered a saying of Count Gessler's that 'a reasonable being should never be provoked.' And really afterwards I tried as much as possible to make a joke of it, and submitted like a patient sheep to the wearisome torture; but it continued to be none the less a fearful irritation and mortification of spirit. At times, indeed, we had many a hearty laugh together, particularly over the philological and etymological part of this criminal inquiry, and I have even taken a glass of wine and 'butterbrod' in good fellowship with Herr Pape."

The charges brought against him were: secret conspiracy, corrupting youth, and planning to form a republic and "restore the Fatherland." As has been mentioned before, one of the chapters in the fourth part of the "Spirit of the Age" was devoted to the consideration of secret societies. His condemnation of them was entire and emphatic. He begins by asking "whether a Christian state should tolerate secret societies within it?" to which he answers "No." And again, "Is there no case when secret societies or orders may be allowed? I can think of none."

In his "Recollections" he abstains from giving any detailed account of his trial, as at the time the book was written he was still suspended from his professorship, but he dwells at some length on the charges made against him. In defending himself from the charge of secret conspiracy, he says:

"Even from my youth, when unfledged creatures are so easily attracted by empty conceits and glitter, I never took pleasure in secrets or secret societies, and in my maturer years I have kept away from them from principle and conviction. I have indeed belonged

to orders: first, when a boy, to the order of 'Coarse Food Eaters;' and secondly, when a student at Greifswald, to a society which concerned itself only about virtue, and had no other mysteries than spotless purity and blameless courage. It was a society of from ten to twelve youths, which I, my brother Fritz, the poet Karl Lappe, etc, joined: we called ourselves the Allied Brethren, Fratres Conjuncti. This was the end of all my connection with societies, and this Tugendbund died a natural death in a very short space of time. From all the Landsmannschafts and other societies so numerous at the universities, I kept myself free, even running the danger sometimes of having to fight for my liberty. Afterwards, when the Tugendbund, which indeed had the most noble patriotic object, rose like a formidable spectre in Germany before Napoleon and the French, the honour was done me, as well as many other honest men, of counting me a member of it. I remember once the fine old Count Gessler looking at me in a roguish way, and saying as if he wished to catch me; 'And you are sitting here, and have not gone to Schweidnitz? Stein set off early: the Tugendbund is choosing a master in the place of the dead Scharnhorst.' So far had the idea spread. However I knew so little of this Tugendbund, and troubled myself so little about it, that I never even read the regulations which were afterwards printed."

And he was able to say after his examination, "that in about a hundred letters of his which were found in the possession of Reimer and Schildener, as well as in many letters from most worthy men, nothing could be discovered secret, forbidden, or ambiguous, unless certain passages were violently wrested out of their connection with time, place, and occasion;" nor could they discover "any close or intimate connection with any one of whom he was ashamed."

He was cross-examined on these letters with an absurd

minuteness, not merely on political subjects, but "whenever his judge did not understand and could not make out anything in his books or letters," even in matters which from the vagueness of the expressions, or the distance of time, he could not himself explain; for example, about greetings to friends, or messages about packets and enclosures which were to be taken care of, in letters written from ten to thirteen years before, he was often asked what particular friends were to be greeted, and what the packets or enclosures contained. In a letter written by him to Reimer in 1812, after his return home from Berlin, he had written, "There is so much going in my head, for which paper is too limited and too faithless . . . God keep you fresh in body and courage!" About this he was questioned again and again, and when he answered that there was a great deal going in his head just then, but what he meant precisely he could not remember, Reimer was asked whether *he* did not know what had been going in Arndt's head in 1812? Why had he hoped, too, that God would keep him fresh in body and *courage?* was there some special meaning in the word courage? etc., etc.

In his "Enforced Account of his Trial," he gives a great number of such questions, about things perfectly foreign to the subject. "Among other things, I was asked how my writings had excited the interest of the Baron vom Stein? Why the Baron von Greifeneck praised me so? Why the worthy Ebel of Zurich? Why a Count Schwerin and a Count Bandissin wrote so confidentially to me? How General Count Gneisenau came

to write letters to me from Paris and communicate to me his opinions on the political negotiations?"

It was treated as a matter of suspicion, that in the time when the French were in Prussia he had frequently adopted other names. "But," he says:

"I would ask any reasonable man whether, in a time of danger and subjugation, or of war, this is not a perfectly natural and innocent expedient, common among great and small, not of course when it is used for criminal purposes, but as a defence against crime and violence. For I have yet to find the man who would throw away his life for nothing. And with all my German innocence and honesty, I should have been a pretty simpleton if I had thought I could travel about the country among the French, or stay in places swarming with their spies, with my papers made out in the name of E. M. Arndt. So I have borne many names beginning with A (I always kept to this letter), such as Allmann, Amsberg, and perhaps others which I do not recollect. And in time of war I never signed my real name to any letters going by the post, if they contained anything but the most everyday matters. As every one knows that under such circumstances both friends and enemies open letters, and that many of them never reach the right destination, but fall into strange hands, every one is careful not to expose either himself or his friend and correspondent by anything which, however innocent or indifferent, might receive an evil interpretation.

"I travelled from Stockholm back to Germany in the autumn of 1809, under the name of Allmann, teacher of languages, and lived in Berlin during the winter of 1810 under that name, as may be seen from the police papers. It was safest for me at that time. A man who calls himself professor always excites some attention if he stays for any length of time in one place, without any definite object; but a teacher of languages belongs more to the wandering class,

and therefore to the less suspicious. And I could at least make a tolerable show with several modern languages, if I came to be tried. For the same reason I called myself Amsberg, a teacher of languages, in the spring of 1812, when in a still more critical situation at Breslau, as is still to be found in the police books."

From the charge of having used his influence over young men for evil purposes, of having endeavoured to stir up in them a feeling against the Government, he defends himself in his "Recollections."

"If in those wild, stormy days, when everything seemed to have overflowed its banks, I used wild and stormy language, such as does not suit ordinary and quiet times of peace, it was addressed to men and not to beardless boys, and with the object of shaking and breaking down a foreign tyranny. When young men came within my circle, I always pointed out to them their proper boundaries of waiting and hoping, and directed them to the future when the beard of their strength and understanding would have grown."

He proceeds to quote from a little book on "Education" he had written many years before, his opinions on the subject not having changed.

"Besides, I do not wish that young men should be politicians. . . . It is good to love one's country, and work for it, but it is better, infinitely better, to be a man, and to esteem things human above the things of one's country. The noblest citizen may be the noblest and most large-minded man, and for this to be so, no one should be made a citizen before he *is* a man."

Passages from one of the lectures delivered at the University of Bonn in the summer of 1819, were cited in

proof of this charge. It was an introductory lecture "On Life and Study," and Herr Pape objected that it was neither philosophical nor historical, but that it was evident that he was trying in it to excite a feeling of discontent and dissatisfaction with the present time, which might have an influence on their future life. To this he answered: "It was not my fault if people felt uncomfortable after this lecture. I considered it my duty to represent in all their strictness, and with all the force of stern reality, the demands of morality and the greatness of the contest both in study and in life. Such a discontent and dissatisfaction might very naturally arise, and it had been my intention that they should arise, as I wished to lash the frivolity and vanity natural to youth, and to show that there is no virtue without modesty and discipline. There would have been no need for any questions at all about this paper, the answers to all the disputed passages being contained in it, if Herr Pape had not broken off in the middle of the passage, but had continued with the words immediately following, which explain the object of the whole lecture: And if your eyes are strong enough to gaze steadily at this naked truth and this severe virtue, then you will discern also the merciful God of love, who is ready to reconcile all disagreements, either in you or in the times. You will find peace and consolation in your breast, and will remain undisturbed by the quarrels and confusion in which life and society, science and art, are involved. And that will be a reward for my trouble, as it is the object of it."

Besides the lecture, he was cross-examined about his

correspondence with two young men, over whom it was stated he had exerted an injurious influence. One of these, an officer in the King's body-guard, was an enthusiastic youth, who "followed both the good and the foolish fashions of the day with an innocent but not always prudent zeal." He had free access to the King, and used to write him long letters couched in Biblical language, beginning "Dear father," and subscribed "Your loving son." His correspondence with Arndt was of the same mystical character, and the complaint was that Arndt had not written him in answer "a rough letter." He had enclosed in his letter a long hymn for Arndt's son, and in reply Arndt sent him some verses of his own. The hymn contained some lines about putting an end to the slavery of sin, and the expression, "the blood of the new covenant" ("des neuen Bundes") incidentally occurred. Herr Pape, wrongly supposing that the hymn was written by the young man, began questioning closely, supposing there was some dark and sinister meaning; but, Arndt says, "when I said the poem must have been taken out of some published book of hymns (I found it afterwards in Porst's collection), as it evidently referred to a heavenly rule, and to the redemption of the soul from the tyranny of sin, he forebore to question further."

Defending himself against the further charge of wishing to form a republic, and to "restore the Fatherland," Arndt says that in the dark years 1805, 1806, and 1809, most people had dreams for the future. "I also have had mine, making the dark reality bright with the visions of hope; but I do not think that they belonged to

the most foolish and romantic—bloodthirsty and destructive, as those of the later associations of youths have been charged with being, they were not. *But I have preached the dangerous doctrine of German unity.* In this I was only a poor imitator, following so many famous teachers; I think the doctrine is as old as the history of the race. The divisions between our various rulers and governments have almost always made it necessary to preach it. And is it less necessary now? . . . . I had from my childhood so accustomed myself to a kingdom and to monarchy (by my historical reading, I think, as well as by the political creed and feelings of my family) that I could scarcely be just to the best republic in its best time, and always in my early youth took part with the English against the Americans, and with the kings and princes against the French republic. Later, when I learnt to think about the world and its institutions, this was my decision: that a great free state is a chimera, and that, passing through one revolution to another, it soon falls into the hands of a fortunate and crafty bird-catcher, who treats it as Cæsar did Rome, or Napoleon, France; that little republics between great monarchies can seldom keep themselves independent now; but that a well-ordered kingdom, where law is honoured, and the reigning dynasty respected, offers all the possible advantages of a free state, and passes happily and safely through all convulsions and dangers, either from one pre-eminent individual or from wild factions."

He underwent, also, a close examination on the greater number of his political writings, although, as he explains,

seventeen of them fall between the years 1805 and 1815, and were written and published under the protection of the Swedish or Russian Government, or the Central Board of Administration of the Allied Powers. Of the remaining five he says, "If it were right, which in my opinion it is not, that I should be called upon by the Prussian State to answer for what I wrote in the year 1815, when I was not a Prussian subject, yet for the three first of these books, and for the first and second volumes of the *Watchman*, I have the sacred protection of the royal word, which no court of justice is competent to alter. For when, in the middle of November, 1815, I, with my fatherland the Island of Rügen, was incorporated in the Prussian kingdom, and became a Prussian subject, the amnesty for all political offences pronounced at the shifting of provinces between Sweden, Denmark, and Prussia, covered all the offences in these books, if there were any. There remain, then, the third part of the *Watchman* and the fourth part of the 'Spirit of the Age.' About these two books I would remark, 1st, In the third part of the *Watchman* nothing was found at the examination which could be pointed out as suspicious, not to say criminal. And, 2nd, that for the fourth part of the 'Spirit of the Age' I had already received my due in a royal reprimand of the winter of 1819; and I reckon it impossible that I could be again called to account for this book by any Prussian court of justice."

He had other serious causes of complaint in the way in which the trial was conducted. In the spring of 1821 he published a pamphlet called "Some Words on my

Case forced from me" ("Abgenöthigtes Wort aus meiner Sache") which Herr Pape refused to allow to be sold in Bonn. And again, when he came to the defence, the Ministerial Commission in Berlin refused repeatedly to allow him to see some of his letters, which had been found among Reimer's papers. Among the legal documents themselves, often a third, sometimes half of them, were covered up as secrets which he was not to see, and which were concealed even from his counsel. He also found great difficulty in selecting a counsel whom Herr Pape would accept. Welcker says that he was refused three, one after another, upon no legal ground known to him.

The course of justice at Mainz proved no more rapid than at Berlin. His own examination was prolonged over several months, and it was not till June, 1822, that he could write, "My case is approaching its conclusion." He could feel satisfied that he had refuted the worst charges against him, and that it was impossible to condemn him except for conduct, which, though now held reprehensible, had been considered meritorious and honourable by the best of the people — by Baron vom Stein, and even by the Chancellor Hardenberg himself, who had rewarded it by bestowing on him the Professorship at Bonn. But as the time drew near, when he was hoping that his character would be cleared from the stains cast upon it, a rumour reached him, which seemed to him quite incredible, that no decision would be pronounced at all. It drew from him two indignant letters: one to Hardenberg, who had repeatedly

promised that he would see that justice was done him, and the other to Altenstein.

He complained that every means had been taken to represent him to the King and to his fellow-subjects as an abominable rogue and infamous conspirator; and he adds, "I know, unfortunately too well, that they have attained their object; they have excited the King's anger. And if these black, hideous charges against me are not cleared away, how should the King suffer that a man who confesses such abominable things—so he has been made to believe—should remain at his post, or even in the country? Indeed, I must admire his Majesty's sense of justice and forbearance, that he did not, upon receipt of documents which he cannot but consider genuine, proceed to violent measures against a man who, if they were true, would have been thrown into chains immediately by many kings, or made to swing high, and indeed not unjustly."

To Altenstein he writes: "I have suffered persecution and losses of the most unjust and cruel kind, which no mortal power can make good to me; the heaviest loss of all, the loss of time. Three years have, as it were, been struck out of my life: for three years I have been able to do and think of nothing but in this case, or for this case. It is as if during this time I had been in chains in a prison, without any means of continuing my studies; and indeed I should have been there for a year and a half, if I had not yielded to the threats of violence in the winter of 1821. And now, after such a long time of torment, and after such an examination as I have had to suffer, they threaten at the conclusion to

break off abruptly, and leave the judgment unpronounced; thus denying me the only restitution which seems to me possible."

Hardenberg again assured him that when his case was finished, he would do everything possible for him, but that time never came. "What had begun as a criminal trial, ended in the form of a police investigation." No decision was ever arrived at, and Arndt was never pronounced either "guilty" or "not guilty." But he remained silenced for twenty years, and his repeated entreaties that his papers might be restored to him were refused.

CHAPTER XVII.

DURING HIS SUSPENSION.

Home Life.—Intercession of Stein.—"The Question of the Netherlands."—Death of Stein and Niebuhr.—Death of Wilibald.—"Recollections."—Restoration.

THROUGH the influence probably of Eichhorn, Niebuhr, and perhaps some other of his friends, Arndt, though thus set aside from active service, was allowed to remain in his little home on the Rhine, and to retain his full salary.

"In this time of heavy trial," he writes, "humiliating to human pride, I have learnt to know God and my friends, and this has been a great joy in my sorrow. There have been some who, declaring me to be a dangerous man in these parts, would gladly have sent me into exile and misery. And I have to thank the justice and mercy of my King for allowing me to remain in my little garden on the Rhine."

And then, looking back over the whole period of his disgrace, he writes :

"My stubborn, rugged nature has had to learn, through much humiliation, that I too must tread the path of suffering for the sake of my country, and that there were wounds for me too, though I had never fought among the swords and bullets of the battle-field. When I had collected and composed myself a

little after the first bitterness, I received my lot as coming from the hand of a just and righteous God, as due payment for many presumptuous and arrogant words, and this has preserved me, and I thank God for it, from that bitterness and gloom to which most men, in such circumstances, yield.

"During the examination, indeed, and the time which followed it, according to the judgment of my friends, I behaved with tolerable equanimity and composure. Nevertheless, I felt in my inmost being the slow irritation and wearing away of my best powers. While a tower is standing, no one notices how storms, rain, and snow have gradually loosened the stones and mortar. But the worst of it was that I passed many good years which I ought to have employed better and more usefully, in a kind of misty, idle dream among children, trees, and flowers. I see it now, and repent it; but it is too late. That time, and my time, is gone and lost. I am indeed a dreamer by nature, a loiterer and trifler, save when some definite object, some work or some danger, suddenly comes and drives me out of my misty dreams. Such being my nature, I can hardly succeed in anything in my character of scholar (pardon! we all, as a body, bear this name, though few really deserve it) or author, unless I have some definite act given me to do, some speech or lecture, which will strike some clear sparks of knowledge and thought out of me. I am so born, that I must speak, in order to arrange my thoughts and feelings. I need the flint and steel of speech and conversation to bring out my small powers. My suspension was probably no loss to the University, but a great misfortune to me.

"As I have already said, then, after the misfortune which put an end to my academical activity, I trifled and dreamt away more time than was right; and with a numerous family, and the losses which time brought with it—for I lost fees to the amount of from 500 to 700 thalers annually—I had to accommodate myself to my circumstances, and learn to draw in my expenses. To this may be attributed a certain plainness and rustic simplicity which began to show itself more in our outer life, and which some people have attributed to my tastes and fancy. It has

given me many a pinch, and does so still; but a good wife, strong, healthy children, and many hearty, faithful friends have supported me, and carried me through, with all my weakness and failings, by their love and kindness."

In the midst of the annoyances and vexations of his examination, his home was brightened by the birth of his third son, Ludwig Roderich, to whom the Countess Julie zu Dohna stood godmother. His old friendship with her and her husband had been renewed on his settling at Bonn, where they were then living, and he felt the loss severely when they left the place. "My wife particularly has lost much," he writes, "for the countess is one of the truest and most steadfast, as well as one of the most vivacious souls."

GRÄFIN JULIE DOHNA, *née* SCHARNHORST, to E. M. A.

"Blessing and happiness with the third son, dear friend. Heaven is giving you in your children all the joy which it is taking from you in so many other ways; and it was very pretty of him to be born on the 17th (of June). He has the best of it in the keeping of his birthday, as he has fallen between his two elder brothers, and so never can be passed over. That he is a boy, is a good thing too. Now the two can play together, and be brought up together. So everything is as one could wish in the birth of this child.

"I thank you from my heart that you have chosen me to be godmother to the little one. I need not assure you how much joy it gives me, nor how proud I am of it. I will be a faithful godmother to him, and, if it should be necessary, supply a parent's place to him.

"Yesterday I and my children drank the health of the newcomer. It is a pity for the children that we live so far away, but they still take a great interest in your family. Do not let your pleasure be spoiled any more than you can help by the disagreeable morning hours. That too will soon become bright

and clear again. For some time past I have had more faith and courage about that matter. You never fail in either."

Arndt's letters to Frau von Kathen are full of descriptions of his children, and the happiness of his home life made up in great measure for the bitter disappointment of his worldly hopes.

"Yes, it is very beautiful here," he writes on December 7, 1821, "nature and all that God has made laughs with indescribable loveliness; everything, too, which one plants grows with extraordinary rapidity, and begins to bear soon, so that we have already had a considerable crop from our cherry-trees, which we only planted two years ago. This has so won my housewife's heart, that she roundly declares she *will* not leave the Rhine. And, indeed, God's blessing is to be seen also in the two little boys, whom Rhenish air and Rhenish light appear to suit admirably. Little Sige is really a nice, lively, sturdy little man for his two and a half years, and is growing up merrily by the side of the Rhine, which he calls his Rhine, among his hens, Thriumphant and Kreiant, and his doves, which he drives about famously. The youngest is in nothing behind him, and is a bright, pleasant little child, of whom the old nurse says, it is another Sige."

Three more boys followed, and last of all a girl, born in 1827, and named Nanna. But meanwhile he was constantly fearing that his enemies might be too strong for him, and that he should be driven out of his pleasant home. Under this fear he writes to Professor Schildener in August 15, 1823:

"I cannot at all see whither fate may lead me. I should be sorry to leave the sacred German soil; but may I not perhaps be forced to? I have several times thought of England. There, still, there is a sound mode of life, with many drawbacks, which are inseparable from everything earthly; and if hatred and contempt are to rest on my children, what should we do at home?

. . . . In England I should soon find the means wherewith to maintain myself and mine, honestly and religiously; and no man can get more, as Goethe the Great says. But when I consider my fifty-three years, I must trust that God will keep me tolerably active for twenty-five or thirty years yet."

And again, March 27, 1824:

"As I said to you some time ago, I am still determined that I shall only quit my country if I am obliged; for what can a man with the weight of more than half a century on his back hope for in a foreign land? Into the American desert of so-called liberty I could not go. I do not see how there could be any very enviable happiness there for me or for my grandchildren, in merely having possession of a spot of ground on which to graze in tolerable comfort. When some centuries have gone by, it may be better. At present, the best of them appear to me to be only good shopkeepers, or to be as civil as possible —shopkeeping peasants. Such, of course, we can find in plenty at our own doors; but we have much that is good and beautiful which the New World does not as yet possess."

In the year 1824 the well-known publisher Perthes visited Bonn, and made Arndt's acquaintance. Arndt had been a contributor to Perthes' "National Museum" in the spring of 1810, so that they were already known to each other. He writes of him:

"Arndt is just what I pictured him, sound-hearted, stable, lively, and clever in conversation, never wearisome with his etymological and historical derivations, odd as they often sound. Everywhere the poet peeps out, and it always does me good to hear his just and discriminating views of men, even of those who have done him wrong. His hard fate has left no trace of bitterness in him, and his good heart peeps out through whatever hasty expression he may on the spur of the moment utter. The many points of contact afforded us by our past

lives soon made us feel intimate. He has been very unjustly treated, and that is Niebuhr's opinion as well as mine. He is an imaginative man, and exciting and stimulating to the young; but that was well known before his appointment, for his whole character, as well as his writings, is perfectly transparent. And now, there he is, in a beautifully-placed house, a quarter of a mile from the town, but without any scope for the exercise of his rare talents."

Although he describes his life at this time as an "idle dream among children, trees and flowers," and it is true a great part of his time was spent in working in his garden, which he had named Lülo, after the wood in Rügen where he had played in his childhood, he did not entirely lay aside his pen. In 1826 he published, under the title of "Leisure Hours" ("Nebenstunden") a book on the Orkney and Shetland Islands; and papers by him on old German customs, and old German words and expressions, appeared in the "Rheinisches Museum." In 1828 came his little book called "Christian and Turk" ("Christliches und Türkisches"). Of poetry, at this time, he wrote but little. His trouble seems to have checked his singing, and it was left for a heavier trial still to break the ice round his heart.

Fresh danger seems to have threatened him at the beginning of 1827. Niebuhr, writing to Stein, says: "Poor Arndt is still threatened with being driven out from here—God knows whither. He would be quite ruined by it. The quietness and composure with which he bears his hard, rough treatment are quite admirable.'

Arndt himself writes about it to Schildener as follows:

"Bonn, June 6, 1827.

"I have at last received a ministerial edict, not only of the most unfriendly description, but also very important. The close of it seems to leave me at the mercy of a cruel despotism, and, to speak truth, looks as if it were intended at last to banish and degrade me. If they carry matters as far as that, the cask will be staved in. I must give it all up and lose everything, and shall certainly fall into the greatest distress; but, at the same time, I shall be free, as regards my enemies, to let the world read and see, how it is possible under a mild government for a man to be ill-used and unmercifully punished for the very things for which he was praised and rewarded ten or twelve years before. I must be ready for anything, and, in case of the worst, do and suffer whatever honour bids, and God, the refuge and shield of the oppressed, ordains. This winter must decide it. I have been long used to look misfortune in the face. Anyhow, it is all in God's hands."

In the early summer Arndt went to visit Stein at Nassau, and thence sent a petition to the King. Stein forwarded it with a letter to Witzleben, the King's aide-de-camp:

STEIN to WITZLEBEN.

"Nassau, June 1, 1827.

"I send you, to do the best you can with, a remonstrance of Professor Arndt, of Bonn, to the King's Majesty, about retaining his professorship and his property situated in Bonn. Interest yourself in this upright man, who has been harassed for eight years past by suspicion and stupidity. He kept alive courage and devotion to God, the King, and the Fatherland by his words, deeds, and self-sacrifice, at a time when many, now in positions of influence, trembled or cringed. His writings animated and strengthened the spirit of self-sacrificing patriotism, which was expressed so nobly in the time of foreign rule in the Prussian States. The highest authority has declared Arndt innocent, yet punishes him with disgrace, for such is the depriving him of his office and injuring his property. Was not the

whole investigation an injustice? for Arndt's writings appeared at a time when he was no Prussian subject, nor did they prevent his being appointed professor. They all appeared before that time.

"I trust that you will take pains to bring the truth before his Majesty the King, whose sincere, kind, noble mind will decide the matter in such a way as may secure the evening of the faithful, honest Arndt's life against trouble and deprivation. And what is to be said for the sentiments of influential persons, when a Herr von Herrmann, a Tyrolese who betrayed his country, who in the Montgelas-time scoffed at the Prussian States in his 'Allemannia,' stands at the head of the Untersuchungs Commission at Maintz, while honest, faithful, vigorous, gifted Arndt is assailed in his reputation and injured in his property, and that wretch sits among his judges and inquisitors?"

Stein's intercession prevailed, and the King allowed him to remain undisturbed in his house at Bonn and in receipt of his stipend as professor. His brother-in-law, Schleiermacher, came to visit him the next year, and sent home to his wife the following picture of his family:

"Yesterday, at dinner, we were alone, and Sigerich said a genuine Arndt grace before meat. After dinner we had a beautiful walk to Blettersdorf, also alone. Nitzsch was to have come, but did not arrive till tea-time. The little flock looked very pretty. Hartmuth (nicknamed Sparrowhawk) and Wilibald, in little red-striped frocks, were drawn in a little carriage. The three eldest ran about us in blue blouses."

In 1831, when the troubles in France were threatening renewed disturbances in Europe, Arndt published a pamphlet called "The Question of the Netherlands and the Rhinelands." ("Die Frage über die Niederlände und die Rheinlände.")

Stein wrote, on receiving this book: "Excellent, capital! here sounds the war-cry, the triumph song of

the old Skalds—powerful, historically true, animating, exciting. Let me have a thousand copies at two silver groschen through the publisher. I will pay the expense."

But the friendship with the great minister, which Arndt's disgrace had not interrupted, was now broken by death. In August, 1831, Arndt writes: "I have just come from Schloss Nassau, where I have been on business with the daughter of the deceased minister, Stein, and am still much affected by many reminiscences of this good and brave old man. His shield and helmet are laid in the grave with him, but his memory will be sacred to all true Germans. His last wishes, his prayers, and his conversations with his family, were for the German Fatherland."

In the same year he lost another old and true friend, Niebuhr, who had stood by him faithfully through good and evil. On the occasion of one of the visits of the Crown Prince to the Rhine provinces, he came to Bonn, and the University met to do him honour. Arndt came with the rest of the professors, but kept in the background, not knowing what reception he might meet with. Niebuhr, however, who was also present, drew him forward and presented him to the Prince, saying, "This is my friend Arndt," an act of real friendship, as Arndt remarks, for it was no advantage to any one to be seen speaking to him at that time, or to be known as Arndt's friend.

We must now go on to the year 1834, when that terrible blow fell upon him, from the effects of which he suffered to the end of his life. We will give the account

in his own words, as he relates it in his "Recollections":

"In that most beautiful summer of 1834, on a beautiful bright afternoon, June 26, the Rhine took from me my sixth and youngest son, a child of nine years old, under circumstances which are too terrible to relate. Oh, we are poor mortals! God had warned us, but signs and warnings are lost on the blind. We must fulfil His decrees. He was such a beautiful, spirited boy, and I had built great hopes on him, and had thought and prayed most about him. Why should the Rhine demand this sacrifice from me, of all men? Had my joy at winning it back been too earthly, and my thanks too little heavenly? Had I loved the sweet child too much? Childish questions! God alone knows, who loves and guides us. But I shall feel this wound as long as I wander in this vale of shadows. The old trunk which had stood up straight enough through all storms till then, feels itself shattered, and droops its branches over the grave."

He wrote of it at the time to Frau Pistorius:

"The contents of our last letter about the irremediable loss which his friends and the world have suffered in Schleiermacher's decease were painful, but more painful and mournful to us is the loss which we suffered the day before yesterday, when our youngest son, Gustav Wilibald, nearly nine years old, through the carelessness of one who was with him, sank in the Rhine, and will never return to this sun and to the joys of this earth. He was a lovable, beautiful, strong child; in talent, courage, determination, and in individuality of character, as it was beginning these last years to develop, perhaps the most distinguished of our children."

The body was found, but not till some days after, several miles down the river. Arndt himself brought it home in a boat, and over the grave he planted an oak, leaving room for another tomb beside it.

Often at night he would come and weep beside it. With his northern poetic fancy, he remembered that at his birth the widow of the poet Schenkendorf, who was staying in the house, had made all the children drink the baby's health in Rhine water, and that he himself had been used to call him his Narcissus-flower.

"You comfort us," he writes to Frau von Kathen. "You point us to the only real and true comfort which in such grief can sustain and support us. We have dear good friends here, who lavish their love and kindness upon us; but the grief is too recent; indeed it is only now, after the first crushing effect of the violent blow is over, that the grief has begun to flow in tears; and for all those earthly joys and hopes, for all those dreams and fancies which we need to cherish here below, in order not to sink under the vanity of earth, it seems to us as if, in the sweet boy who has flown away upwards so early, we had lost immeasurably.

"Besides, the suddenness and violence of his going home worked on the feelings of the moment. My faith stands firm that without God nothing happens, and I have had signs that this was prepared for me by divine wisdom. I feel also that this child has been taken especially from *me*, and see now, for the first time, how his life and mine had grown together, and how, in the great hopes which his fine mental and bodily gifts justly excited, I had looked for a long and close community of feeling in future days.

"But all this was not to come true on this earth. And what good does all questioning about the mysterious and holy ways of God do to us? Did he leave us so early because, through my sinfulness, I was not worthy of him? Have we made an idol of the child? Were we to be drawn more from earth and the good things of earth? etc., etc. Such questions and a thousand similar ones occur to me. Our sinful nature and its efforts—does it ever deserve any happiness? Have we not received all good things and all our joys unearned and of

grace? Then, we did not make an idol of our dearest son; his simple, strong nature did not tempt us to do that. We have often prayed beside him and his brothers and sister as they slept, and thanked God for their bright, healthy life. That we may be more drawn from earth? Yes, we must all cling to it; and I knew nothing that bound me to it but love to my children and to my friends."

And again, September 14, 1834:

"It is a splendid festive Sunday, full of sunshine and of the warm, loving breath of Nature, which yesterday was refreshed by a gentle rain. I have been with the children gathering grapes and shaking down nuts for dinner, then reading some pretty songs to them, but not without tears; for he is wanting who used to open his large eyes widest, and listen with the most fiery ardour. Oh, we miss him on every occasion, or rather he is present at every step! He was the flower of my house, a child of desire, made to be a prince among his brethren, remarkable in mind and heart, in beauty and strength. God only showed him to me; His holy will has taken him again to the place, where spirits of higher order dwell. Our mourning for our beloved one must be of the noblest; we must think of him as a good spirit hovering near us, as his name, Gustav (Jostäf, Swedish and Persian), indeed imports. The day after to-morrow would have been his earthly birthday, and he would have completed his ninth year: now for nearly three months he rests in the ground, and his grave is growing green. The huge apples on his tree with which he used to entertain his friends on his birthday, have been gathered in great abundance. Our old farmer has, as usual, brought the honey which used to be cut for the first time on this day. All this not for him, and the rejoicing of this day never to be heard again in our house here below! Stillness and sorrow instead, wreaths of mourning, fetched from the same wood where we used to get the wreaths of joy, will hang on his tree, and, in the silent, sad moonlight be laid by his mother and me on his grave.

"O dearest friend, grief is strong within me! He was certainly a being of a higher order whom I have lost, not without many signs that I should lose him; and I must always think that God has taken him away because I was not worthy to possess such a treasure, or not capable of educating such a child. But what is the use of such thoughts and feelings? God has closed Wilibald's book, and we can scarcely decipher a few lines of His unsearchable decrees, which are written in hieroglyphics."

Time seems to have done little to heal this wound. He recurs to it again and again in his poems and letters years after. He recalls the little boy offering to fight for the Rhine, and mournfully adds that the Rhine had accepted the sacrifice. He hears the child's voice bidding him good-night, and sees him coming from the wood laden with flowers.

And last He struck me with a bolt straight driven,
A thunderbolt from out a cloudless heaven;
A sorrow such as strikes the young head hoary,
And fades and strips away life's greenest glory.
Swift from my side my loveliest boy was hurried,
The cold Rhine caught him, slew, and buried.

Righteous is God, and good and just His pleasure,
He meteth out to all with perfect measure;
Him, who on pilgrim roads seeks only flowers,
Him, God drives forth to thorns and gloomy hours:
Lest I should lose my way amid the roses,
The Lord to my weak soul such grief discloses.

Righteous is God, and just and good His keeping,
Oh man, confess it 'mid thy bitter weeping;
He rolleth mystery athwart life's morning,
That thou may'st hunger for the true light's dawning:
And that dear need may force thee to thy praying,
And lead from earth to heaven thy footsteps straying.

"God, the gracious and compassionate, in this great affliction which He has sent us, has not left Himself without witness, but has many times opened to me the world of heaven and of spirits, and has drawn aside the earthly veil, so that I often think I can see clearly into that home whence we come, and whither we shall return again. . . . In all my trouble, I am blessed in this, that I have had my beautiful boy, who was the finest and most hopeful flower of the house, and that I have him still, and that I shall certainly have him again and keep him, as certainly as God and the Saviour are ours in and through love."

During these years it appears he wrote but little. A political pamphlet entitled "Belgium, and what depends upon it" ("Belgien, und was daran hängt"), came out in 1834, and in 1839 he published his "Swedish History." This book, however, which is considered one of his best productions, had been written in the years 1809–10, but as it deals mostly with the reign of Gustavus IV., he kept it back until the death of the fallen prince.

He next employed himself in writing his "Recollections of my Outer Life" ("Erinnerungen aus dem äusseren Leben"), the greatest part of which has been incorporated in the present volume. The book was published at the beginning of the year 1840, and was so warmly received, that it was necessary to bring out a second edition within a few weeks. He explains in the preface the motives that had induced him to offer to the world an account of his life, and it may be well to give an extract from it here:

"In the middle ages," he says, "there used to be in the old market-place of the fine old town of Stralsund a thing that was known by the name of the Broad Stone, not far from another

place of public exhibition, there known as the Kak, elsewhere as the Pillory. This Broad Stone used formerly to be used as the place for making any solemn announcement or proclamation. For instance, when appointments were made to places of high authority, they were announced to the people from this spot. Betrothals were published here—the affianced placing themselves on it in festive attire, while their names were proclaimed with the sound of trumpets and kettle-drums, and a challenge was given to all objectors. Here, in the same way, I am placing myself on the Broad Stone, not on its neighbour. In a few slight lines I have sketched the outlines of my public life, of my life as a German citizen. I had reason enough for doing so, since it had been repeatedly publicly attacked. Danton, the foreign monster, once spoke the noble words, 'Let my name be disgraced, so long as the country is saved.' But still, when great matters are not involved, who is willing to be disgraced and pilloried? What does the Fatherland gain from one of its children being considered a rogue and a fool?"

These words were written in February, 1840, when he had long given up all hopes of being reinstated in his position. But in June of the same year, Frederick William III. died, and one of the first acts of his successor was to restore Arndt to his professorship, as the Cabinet order stated, "because the King knows him and trusts him."

"For twenty years," Arndt says, "I had been lying by like an old blade which has rusted in the scabbard. I was over seventy; too old for fresh, living speech. At an age when a wise man would leave the professor's chair, I was to mount it again. I hesitated and hesitated, feeling that my trumpet had blown its last blast; that I had no longer any *os magna sonans;* that I should be, for the University, nothing but a useless name. But I was so situated that to his Majesty and to people at a distance a refusal would have had the appearance of defiance."

The news was received with enthusiasm throughout the Rhine provinces. The students compelled him to begin a course of lectures at once, though it was the middle of the term; and when he announced his first lecture for July 29th, the *Kölnische Zeitung* remarked that there certainly would not be a hall large enough for his audience. The town of Bonn celebrated the event with a great banquet, in which one hundred and sixty persons of all classes took part, and to which Arndt and three of his sons were invited as guests.

He was chosen Rector of the University for the ensuing year, and was installed on the 18th of October, being received with great warmth by all his colleagues with the one exception of A. W. Schlegel, who had criticised Arndt's poetry, in his "Musen Almanach," as "patriotic schnaps." In the customary Latin oration on this occasion, after saying that he felt it would have been more suitable for him to have remained in his garden digging his flower-beds and pruning his trees, he goes on: "But the message came that the most just and gracious King had, out of his own impulse, commanded that I should be restored to the place which I had so unwillingly left. The message fell upon me like lightning, dazzling rather than reviving. I was shattered, stunned, overwhelmed. I asked myself, what does it mean? I had long given up the hope of happy days. The returning tide of fortune, of which I knew so well the fickleness and changeableness, alarmed me. I felt the infirmities and burdens of seventy years, so that it needed the exhortations of many friends to make me leave the retirement in which I lived. . . . But what

more shall I say? I have had to shake myself out of the long, sweet sleep of forgetfulness in which I lay buried, and have been brought back again into a new, unaccustomed mode of life. I should have acted better and more wisely indeed if I had remained where I was, but so many and weighty testimonies of friendship and goodwill, hopes and expectations, to which the speaker who has just left this chair alluded when speaking too honourably and flatteringly of me, I have not been able to withstand."

Some years afterwards he wrote of the event: "Of that summer of 1840 I can only think with joy. My restoration was a feast, a day of joy to the whole town, to my dear fellow-citizens and associates, and never can I forget the affection and kindness with which the then curator, Herr von Rehfues, and all my colleagues received me, and even chose me rector for the ensuing year."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FRANKFORT PARLIAMENT.

Dahlmann.—French Revolution.—Parliament at Frankfort.—Arndt's Election.—At Frankfort.—Correspondence with King of Prussia.—Arndt goes to Berlin with offer of the Crown to King.—Break-up of the Parliament.

THUS once more honourably reinstated, Arndt took up again the duties of a professor. His health the preceding year had not been good; he writes of having had to keep his bed and his room, and for the first time in his life having been really ill.

The same year, at the desire of his friends, he published a new edition of his poems, "improved, abridged, and also enlarged." In 1842 came the second part of his "Mährchen," and a third edition of his "Recollections," and in 1843 he printed a series of lectures, delivered after his restoration, under the title of "An Essay in the Comparative History of Nations."

About this time, Professor Dahlmann, who had been ejected from Göttingen for his political opinions, was appointed by the King of Prussia to a professorship, and a close friendship sprang up between him and Arndt. "What united them was the faithfulness with which they both stood by their principles, and the unalterable constancy with which they adhered to their political aims. Dahlmann, in his gloomy hours, gained firmer courage

from Arndt's fresh youthful confidence, while Arndt looked up to Dahlmann as the man most truly called to be the counsellor of the German people."* The hopes which had been excited throughout Prussia on the accession of the new King, that the constitution so long promised would at last be granted, could scarcely fail to find an echo in Arndt's breast. Conscious of the spirit of restlessness and dissatisfaction stirring in all parts of the country, he felt assured that the cause of it lay in this, that the German people had found out "that they had wings—stronger and better wings for flying than even the best Englishmen or Frenchmen, while they were not allowed full liberty to enjoy the pleasure and delight of flying," and in this spirit he wrote to the princes in 1842:

"Look ye on German Michel yet?
Oh, never think with him to banter!
He is the self-same wild man yet!
Not scant of hand, of heart not scanter.
Trust not too much his idle dream;
He dreams full hard at break of morning:
And dreams like his are no mere gleam;
They have the full red light of dawning."

Nor was it merely political freedom that he looked for. The prosperity of Germany from all points of view was a matter of deep interest to him. In the three volumes of his collected writings which he published in 1845, and which contain, besides many of his earlier pamphlets, several papers written between 1842–44, it is easy to trace the subjects which chiefly occupied his mind. The union of Germany was still the one great thing—the union of Germany with Prussia at its head; but besides this there are papers on the theological

* "Life of Dahlmann" (Springer).

conflicts of the day, on the dangers from the Roman Catholics, and the freethinking opinions so prevalent in the Protestant Churches. One of these papers he says, was written because his little daughter was often present at conversations and disputes on these subjects.

"And so at first I only meant to put something on paper for her, showing in a simple and childish way how the light of Christianity and Protestant freedom would at last by its simple beauty and divine power and majesty, shine out victoriously over all the dreary confusion of the present, and appear as the happiness and glory of the world. That was what I intended and wished to do, but I did not succeed, but fell into quite another way and quite another manner. I see I can no longer write in a childlike way for childish pious hearts."

"You allude," he writes to Frau von Kathen, in 1846, "to the quarrels and disturbances in the Church. They must be fought out, yes, rage themselves out, even though it is about holy things. They are now in conference in Berlin, and I hope they will not try to bind in chains that which no chains can or ought to bind. I ook on confidently, however much the hands of the kings and princes may be in it. Some high-priestly arabesques, of which the apostles and evangelists knew nothing, will probably by degrees again fade and drop out of our formularies; no one will be able to tear out of them Jesus Christ and His divine nature; that truth is ever green and shoots up freshly, in spite of all pruning."

And again:

"You lament the confusion of the present time. But here, too, I belong to the hopeful class; I do not see that it is worse than the time I have lived through, but in many respects better. But our beloved Christian religion? Well, the rage and storm about it, which often seems as if it could and would destroy it, proves that it is still there, and that it is still a great power. All those who storm Heaven will be brought to shame by the teaching of love and mercy; for to a higher view and higher worship of the Divine, no teaching can lead a mortal being. I send you some verses, in which I have had these stormers of

Heaven before my eyes. I am forced to hear the clash of their arms round my head, and sometimes in the hands of my own sons, one of whom is trying to arm himself in philosophy. May he only at last, through the boldness and power she gives him, attain to the peace of God in his heart."

The other books published by him about this time were a little volume called "Wanderings from Godesberg,' and a pamphlet entitled "Ueber rheinischen ritter bürtigen Autonomen," on certain rights and privileges claimed by some noble families of the Rhenish provinces and in 1847 an account of his trial. This he was forced to write by some attacks which had been made on his character. He published it under the title of "A Statement of Facts out of my Life, forced from me by Necessity" ("Nothgedrungener Bericht aus meinem Leben").

When the news of the flight of Louis Philippe and the success of the French revolution reached Bonn, Arnd and many others assembled at Professor Dahlmann's house to consult on the probable consequences. They felt that it was the spark which would set light to the tinder already prepared throughout Germany, and Arndt hopeful as his nature was, heard the cockcrow of the German morning.

An address was drawn up, and signed by most of the professors, petitioning that they might be granted a voice in the levying of taxes and the making of laws that the press might be freed, and that a parliament might be summoned to "complete the building of the constitution." It concluded by expressing the opinion that the whole of Germany desired that the King of Prussia should become the chief leader in German affairs.

To this hope that Prussia would come to the front,

Arndt clung steadfastly for many months, while the rulers of state after state were forced by their subjects to grant constitutions, and Austria was convulsed by rebellion. The King of Prussia was not indisposed to reform, and only the year before had assembled a kind of parliament. But what would have come with grace from him a year or two earlier, he delayed to grant until riots broke out in his capital, and a tumultuous mob attacked his palace. The constitution was proclaimed, and the city quieted by the troops after a fight of nineteen hours, during which 216 of the people and eighteen soldiers lost their lives. And then, when all was quiet again, the troops were withdrawn, the Polish rebels released, and the city given up to the care of a revolutionary burgher guard.

When the news that the constitution had been granted reached Bonn, a number of the populace assembled, and, headed by Gottfried Kinkel, paraded the town; and going to the houses of Dahlmann and Arndt, fetched them out, and led them to the steps of the town-hall, where Kinkel waved over their heads a gigantic banner of black, red and gold, amid the cheers of the people.

But while the thoughts of many were bent on overturning the whole Government and creating a great German republic, and others were bewildered and perplexed by the general confusion, Arndt still urged upon the people that Prussia must be Germany's king, and with his "old heart and snow-white head threw himself cheerfully into the young German hopes."

Frau Dahlmann relates that one day in the midst of the popular excitement in Bonn, when she happened to

be superintending the hanging of some curtains, the workman got down from the ladder, saying: "I must go to the assembly; it is a kind of a disease in me; I must go." And that Dahlmann being urged to go to the assembly to use his influence against those who wished to go too far, found a Kölner standing on a table addressing the people on the subject of universal suffrage, and when he had done Arndt then mounted the table and spoke vehemently against the stupid unpractical proposal. He himself gives vent in the following letter to his feelings of disappointment at the course taken by the Government of Prussia, with its consequence of tumult and bloodshed.

"Thank you, dear friend, for all your kind words and remembrances, and that you trust in and build all your hopes upon the great Master. He will in His wisdom make out of all this bloody tumult and wild confusion and commotion, something better than we short-sighted moles can see or imagine; but looking at and considering matters from a human point of view, it seems as if a year ago, or even a couple of months, they might have been woven better than they have come to us now from the bloody loom of the times. Oh, there have been those who have long given warning and pointed out the right way—even my little part has not been wanting—but in vain. Against reason and wisdom it has all become a dismal confusion, and now we have been forced to imitate the street riots of Berlin, not merely in effigy, and God knows whether they will not imitate them bloodily in many German cities. But after all God does it that he may put to shame the craftiness of the wicked, and cast to the dust the wisdom of the mighty. Dear Germany will have to pay heavily for the strengthening of its union in one empire, perhaps with bloodshed. Our bright hopes have been darkened, and dark evil spirits have taken part in the shaking and convulsions of the time. I with many good men here are in open conflict with a swarm of fools

and good-for-noughts, who would destroy and revolutionise everything. If they conquer, it is hard to say what will happen; I am preparing for many a heavy blow, and pray God to give me true courage to the end."

In the great hopes and expectations aroused by the preliminary Parliament (Vorparlament) which met at Frankfort on the 31st March, Arndt fully shared. It was his friend Dahlmann who, as a member of the Committee of Seventeen, drew up the plan for a Constitution, to be submitted to the National Assembly, summoned to meet at the Paulus Kirche at Frankfort, on the 18th May. The great idea, which he had set before his mind, the union of the Empire under a mighty Emperor, seemed about to be realised.

Before the meeting of this Parliament he issued a little pamphlet, "Regenerated Germany, or rather, Germany being Regenerated" ("Das verjüngte oder vielmehr verjüngende Deutschland"), in which, after explaining the changes which he hoped this first German Parliament would effect, he attacked those who hoped to introduce republicanism into Germany. "We will go along no bloody road of impossible republicanism; we will have no such cutting down and equalising of German honours and dignities, no such sudden wiping out of our history."

He worked hard for the election of Dahlmann at Bonn, writing a pamphlet in his favour, which was very widely circulated, but failed in its object; the Roman Catholics in the place carrying the day. Of his own election he writes to Frau von Kathen:

"I have just received your sweet letter, dear friend, and hasten to send a few words in answer, as I have a quiet Sunday

hour, and going in a few days to Frankfort, I do not know whether I shall find any time for the first few weeks."

"My heartiest thanks for your Christian wishes for our dear Fatherland, and for my snow-white head. It is a time when one must learn again to pray right well, in order through God to go into it with redoubled strength. We must indeed pray and hope, and the hope is at its strongest in me, that Germany and the German race everywhere will at last come out victorious from the woe and suffering through which God is leading our little bit of world history. But mountains of difficulties, and indeed of cunningly devised obstructions, lie before us, over which we must bravely climb, for they cannot be hastily leaped. I shall at least walk about in Frankfort as the good old German conscience, and perhaps in that way and by conversation, by which most things in this world are managed, may lead back many a one into the path of sense and possibility. May God overrule it!"

"You are glad and exult, my sweet friend, that the brave people at home have remembered me, and chosen me for their deputy to Frankfort. It is a great joy and honour, especially as the name of Stralsund is in it. But I have been obliged to answer 'No,' as I had already consented to an election here on the Rhine. Schwerin therefore will take my place, though he will be greatly missed as minister in Berlin. However, the great decision will be made at Frankfort, and there we need the right men. Just think, I have been chosen for four places on the Rhine; for Simmern, Mülheim on the Ruhr, Essen and Solingen. I have decided for the steel and iron Solingers, the iron-workers and armourers. But this has its pain also, the pain of refusing, and that I have had to refuse my native place. I was almost torn in pieces, at least my heart was, on the evening of the 10th; three deputations of most worthy men were with me, and to most of them I had to say 'No,' and then came others with splendid music and singing, accompanied by the colonel and officers of a Magdeburg regiment. But too much already. May God give us a fine summer, and brighten with the light of hope the many black storm-clouds that hang threateningly over us."

In Frankfort he renewed his acquaintance with old friends of the time of the War of Liberation, and among them of an old widow of seventy-five years of age, in whose house he occupied the same three rooms in which he had been quartered thirty-five years before, in 1814.

In the Paulus Kirche he took his seat in the Right Centre, and at the first sitting made an attempt to speak, merely, however, on the arrangement of the business of the House. But as he stepped on to the tribune he was interrupted by cries of "Divide." Their refusal to hear him annoyed him, and still more his friends and admirers. And at the afternoon sitting, J. Venedig, from Cologne, addressing the House, said he thought they could not have known that it was E. M. Arndt whom they had refused to hear. He was called to the tribune, and, amid storms of applause, made the following speech:

"Flattered I do not feel myself, but touched by this recognition from the delegates and representatives of a great and honourable people, whose thoughts and feelings I have at least shared from my youth. What an individual has done and deserved is a small matter; it goes into the millions of thoughts and feelings which are the intellectual development of a great nation, as a little raindrop in the ocean. My feeling when I presented myself was that I should stand here, an old man beyond the age in which a man can hope to do anything, like an old conscience; the good conscience of which I am aware" (immense applause) "made me feel I might appear among many men, and many young men whom I have the happiness to know: and, indeed, it is the good old

German conscience which believes in the immortality of his people." (Storms of applause.)

As he ceased, at the suggestion of Soiron and Jahn, the whole assembly, with a threefold Hoch! returned him thanks for the great national song "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?" and requested him to add some lines to it with reference to the circumstances of that year.

He afterwards spoke but seldom; his only speech of any length being on the subject of the position the nobility were to occupy under the new constitution. He defended their order zealously against the attacks of the republicans, and warned them by the example of France not to try to introduce "the monstrous new liberty which would ultimately subject them to a Dictator, and their press to greater pressure." He also intended to have spoken on the subject of Poland, and had prepared a speech for the occasion, but was prevented from delivering it.

He took part in the election of the Archduke John of Austria as Regent (Reichsverweser) until the constitution should be completed, and supported him in the formation of his ministry; and in the dispute about the armistice with Denmark, which had such lamentable consequences, he took a prominent part.

When Prussia, after having, in feigned submission to the National Assembly, made war with Denmark, concluded an armistice on her own responsibility, Arndt had joined with Dahlmann in advising the Assembly to refuse to ratify it; but when, in consequence, the ministry resigned, and it was found impossible to form

another, he separated from his friends. Rising in the Assembly, he said, "Under the present circumstances of lawlessness and lack of leaders, and with the possibility before us, that without ministers nothing can be done, and a great misfortune will occur, I have altered my opinion. No one will say that I have become a liar and deceiver, that I have acted either like a trickster or a weathercock."

Dahlmann was supported only by the Left, and the motion to refuse the ratification of the treaty was rejected. The miserable scenes that followed, the attack of the mob on the Paulus Kirche, the riots in the streets in which the two deputies, Prince Lichnowsky and General Auerswald, were brutally murdered, cut Arndt to the quick.

"The sight of such a deed as this
Doth break the heart in two."

Heinrich Laube, in "Das erste deutsche Parlament," gives the following description of Arndt at Frankfort. He is relating the account of the division on the question of the closer and freer confederation, whether Austria, having refused to enter into the intimate alliance required by the proposed constitution of the New Empire, might be permitted to join it in a freer sense.

"Every name was listened to with intense excitement. The letter A brought as many 'noes' as 'ayes,' and when old Arndt cried 'Ja,' the bitter feeling found vent in cries from the Left of the last line of the old singer's hymn, 'Das ganze Deutschland soll es sein ("The whole of Germany shall it be"). The papers did not fail to relate that the old man sank down

crushed and frightened by this bitter reminder of the contradiction. But not a word of that is true. Ernst Moritz Arndt is too strong an old boy to be affected or intimidated by sarcasms. . . . On the contrary, the white head and the still active figure in the blue German coat, made a half-disgusted, half-angry motion towards the objectors, as if he wanted to say, 'You don't understand at all, and you least of all should quote my song to me.' But he soon laughed in his good-humoured way, considering difference of opinion as belonging necessarily to human nature. This mildness of disposition, however, never hindered him during the time of the Parliament from having very strong opinions, or from defending them firmly. In the most difficult questions he went on to the tribune unconcerned about his popularity, and declaimed against the French levelling ideas until he tore it to shreds. There was everywhere a certain confidence in him, as in a well-tried traveller or soldier, who has weighed everything well, and will not have his mouth stopped by any one. True to the core! The shell may be damaged by years, but even this, for the old man of seventy, whom one met constantly in the roads near Frankfort, was wonderfully strong; but the man himself had only grown stronger since the time of his opposition to Napoleon, and to the restoration of the police system. With his loud voice he was ever in society a terror to all those delicately-woven schemes which had no need of energetic resolutions. To the last breath of the Parliament he was one of the most determined on the side of a German constitutional federal state, in the first place, and for union with Austria in the second."

The difficulties in the task that Arndt and his party had set before themselves grew greater as they went on, and proved at times sufficient to damp even his youthful ardour (he was now on the verge of eighty). How doubtful he felt of ultimate success may be seen in the following letters:

E. M. A. to FRAU BILLROTH.

"Frankfort, Oct. 25, 1848.

"Life casts its shadows, but also its lights around and behind it. For us, dear friend, the evening sun is already throwing long shadows, but, thank God, there are streaks of light for those who believe in eternity and immortality—I would rather say the streaks of light grow longer as we grow older. Such thoughts and considerations come to one from the world of souls, when one turns to old friends, and to old feelings and recollections; but they are disturbed and fly away most rapidly when one looks at life here, as it journeys along wildly, madly, blindly, in a kind of delusion, carrying away with it many poor fools andcrazy mortals, either with or against their will.

"But there are things which a man does not willingly discuss with ladies, although they affect the whole world. You dear children will certainly wonder how I, at my great age, came to be drawn into the struggle of the day. Indeed, I never thought of leaving my quiet garden, but such things happen of themselves; that is, one gets into them without knowing how. I, for my part, had nothing to do with it; chosen in my home, chosen for four places on the Rhine, I selected iron Solingen; and if my labours can no longer be of importance, I am probably sitting in the place of a worse man. To be really efficient I ought to be thirty years younger, and able to spring on tables and chairs in the disputes and struggles of the preparatory meetings, and to take my part in the different party quarrels. However we are tolerably brave and sensible here in Frankfort, and are still far from the frenzy of the Berliners, who would be mad enough to plunge the whole Fatherland into destruction. My life here, as I have written to Lotte, is pleasant enough, and I have plenty of old and young friends in this beautiful and good town, who try in every way to make my life cheerful."

E. M. A. to FRAU VON KATHEN.

"Jan. 3, 1849.

"'What a year the past has been!' you cry with grief; and I feel that all your feelings go with the cry. When will peace on

earth and goodwill from heaven to men be sung again? And who, dear friend, will not join in that cry? And yet, when one looks back, and quietly considers life and its history, one learns to consider many grievous appearances of the day as most natural and unavoidable. It is a new epoch, it is a slowly prepared product of the times, and there will be many more commotions and convulsions before it grows quiet again. If only these convulsions be not too terrible, and have not too much of the red cap about them! You are right: there is still faith in the people; in spite of the clamour of the seditious, there is much quiet, hidden faith still alive, and it showed itself, happily, when the wretched rogues and fools in Berlin wanted, with a daring stroke, to overset the whole State. . . .

"In the next few weeks we shall come here to the chapter of the German Chief King or Emperor. You can imagine what excitement and emotion in heart and head this causes, and, besides, what intrigues and conspiracies of the most artful and varied sort. If people do their duty, if they obey their reason and their consciences as they ought to speak, it could be no other than our lord the King of Prussia. I still hope, but wager one cannot certainly, that reason will conquer. Even for the kings and princes of Germany it would be the only escape, but are they wiser than the multitude? Do not many of them begin secretly to cabal and to undermine, as soon as the cord of the redcapped rioter disappears from their sight?

"But no more of such artifices, intrigues, and cords! We will hold fast on the eternal, on that which builds houses, and builds up and upholds families, friendships, and brotherhoods, on love and faith; we will place our hope in God, and pray that in the wild tumult of the world He will let faith and love live and rule in us and in the people. So all at last will stand secure."

To Arndt's great satisfaction "reason" did at last conquer; the Constitution was settled and agreed to, and on the 28th of March, 1849, the Assembly proceeded to the election of the new Emperor. Two

hundred and forty-eight members abstained from voting; but the remaining two hundred and ninety were unanimous for the King of Prussia.

Once more all Arndt's hopes seemed about to be fulfilled. "But when the constitution was planned and agreed to, and the Emperor chosen and proclaimed amid the pealing of the Frankfort bells, just one trifle was wanting—the Emperor!"

At the beginning of the month, seeing that matters were taking a course favourable to his wishes, he wrote the following letter to the king, Frederick William IV.

"Most illustrious King! Most gracious King and lord! To God and to the King a man may speak freely, and present his petitions and prayers. And now I come before my King, praying, hoping, and supplicating, from the depths of a most faithful heart, and pointing out what this old heart feels that it must point out.

"In Europe, and especially in Germany, our Fatherland, we are now standing on a sharp point of time, as it were on the point of a piercing sword. At the same moment we have the great question of unity and strength within, and force for without. There is danger on all sides, but certainly the greatest danger will result from indecision and irresolution, or from the idea that this danger may be averted by delay, that the wild forces of the time may be tired out by tedious procrastination and negotiation. Ah, no! no!

"This danger must be looked at steadily, and Prussia, to whom peril has so often been a sun leading to victory, must let her eagle free to fly boldly, and seize and keep her prey. Yes, most illustrious Sire, time presses, danger presses, and both, together with the wishes, prayers, and hopes of the good, urge Prussia and her ruler forward into brilliant pre-eminence, and will continue to urge. Yet, stay, the thought of the flight of the old Prussian eagle is carrying me away. I

will try to think and speak calmly. Your Majesty has, in the fulness of your power and in the conviction of an unavoidable necessity, declared yourself in favour of a strong, honourable, German federal state, in the place of the earlier unhonoured and decrepit confederation of states. You have vowed to devote all your power and all the strength of your people to the strengthening of Germany. Germany believes your word.

"You will never break it. This royal word, the strength of the bond by which Prussia and Germany are made one, is the only possible way by which the honour and glory of the Fatherland, and the existence of German kings, princes, and free states, may be saved in the future. The ratification of this great promise, the actual foundation of this federal state, the bold facing of every danger in the way, is required above all from the King of Prussia, the most powerful and illustrious ruler in the Fatherland. All whom God has not struck with blindness can see in the King of Prussia the preserver and saviour of Germany, and its future master. But now, at this moment, Austria, who for three centuries has been ruining the honour and power of Germany by fraud and intrigue, steps in with her old wiles, and wants to take us in tow again. She creeps in among us, even in this assembly, like a snake, and collects a crowd of other little snakes around her, even—to show what her intentions are, namely, to weaken and to embarrass—all the radical, socialist, and communist vermin who only desire a weak and wretched government, a tottering divided Directory, by the establishment of which a Red Republic would have become unavoidable. So Austria is intriguing by means of all her decoys, of which she has many caught and trained by her restless activity, to bring back the old Confederation of States. Her endeavours are to cause confusion and division in everything, and to intrigue with and deceive cabinets within and without. Oh, the poor German kings and princes who are frightened and befooled by her arts and whisperings, do not know what they are doing. If they do not help to strengthen the state, if they do not make a strong Emperor over them, they will be un-

avoidably swallowed up in the red abyss. Yes, most illustrious King and Sire, the danger of the moment is great, but glorious too is the prize which is to be won by courage. There remains no middle course. Dare to be quite German, wholly German, —dare to be the saviour and deliverer of the Fatherland—dare to share all its dangers—dare to stand wholly by the Fatherland, and you will stand and withstand.

"With this courage—with the courage with which your father once saved it from the greatest dangers and necessities, and raised it again to power and glory, may God endow you. With this royal courage keep firm to your royal word and bold determinations. Any yielding would be destruction. Courage and high-mindedness, and the proud majesty which shows an open front to every danger, will encourage your faithful followers, and make them strong even to death, and will win for you the hearts of the people of Germany. In the greatness of this intrepidity, in the splendour of this elevation, petty complaints will be swallowed up, and even the murmurs and absurdities of the radicals and socialists will be lost in it. My heart felt forced to pour itself out to my king, and I am only expressing the feelings of many of the most upright and honest Prussians and Germans, who are sitting and contending in the assembly here.

"I have written these words with thought and prayer, in the midst of all the greatest images and memorials of past and present. God's will be done, and it will be done in earth and heaven. God guard and preserve, and exalt my Fatherland and my King!

"To my most gracious King and Master, in German faith, most truly and loyally,

"E. M. ARNDT,

"Professor at Bonn, and Deputy for the Kreis-Solingen.

"Written from the old Imperial city, Frankfort-on-the-Main, March 9, 1849, in the eightieth year of my age."

To this letter the King, with little delay, sent the following reply:

"MARCH 18, 1849.

"You have written me, my dear worthy M. Arndt, a fresh youthful letter, in your eightieth year, from Frankfort, once the election-place of the Roman Emperors; and I am about to answer it in great haste, indeed, but not superficially. And first, thanks from a full heart, for it is a right genuine German who has written to me. With such a one who gives honour to the history of his Fatherland, and has learnt what a German prince is, I can speak heart to heart and mind to mind. Understand me rightly; because what I have said is no empty phrase, *therefore* I answer you and answer you with joy, though I cannot suppose that the answer will give pleasure to my dear old Arndt.

"The beginning of your letter is fine, like the whole letter. For the sake of my conscience, I may say, that I divide the sentence, that is, that you know as well as myself that a man *prays* to God alone, and can only *petition* the King.

"Now you make your petition to him that he will accept a 'crown offered' to him. Here every one who can count more than fourteen years would desire to ask, to examine, to consider, 1st, who offers; and 2nd, what is offered; and first let me declare that the abominable, disgusting slime of the year '48 did not wash away my sacramental grace, but rather that I have washed off the slime, and will wash it off still more if necessary. But to the matter! The great assembly which calls itself the German Imperial or National Assembly, of which a satisfactorily large part is composed of the best men of the great Fatherland, has neither a crown to give nor to offer. It has to sketch a constitution, and then to come to an understanding with all the rulers and free towns recognised by the whole of Europe. What authority has been given to these men, which justifies them in setting a king or an emperor over the lawful superiors to whom they have sworn allegiance? Where is the council of the kings and princes of Germany which, according to the practice of a thousand years, elected the king for the Roman empire, and then laid the choice before the people for ratification? Your assembly has constantly opposed the form-

ing of this council, and the representation of the German rulers in the new centre of the nation. This is a monstrous fault; it may even be called a sin, and now every one at Frankfort—even those who are not clear about cause and effect—feels that with so much merit, such great effort, and in part such pure intentions, they are labouring at a certain impossibility. Do you think that heart-moving scenes, words, and decisions of the Parliament can make the impossible possible? Supposing, my dear Arndt, that the sin had not been committed, or that it had been repaired, and that the true genuine council of the princes and the people had made their election at the old election city, and now offered me the real, lawful, thousand-year-old crown of the German nation—then it would be possible for me to proceed to refuse or to take—and I should answer as a man must answer, to whom the highest honour of this world is offered. But ah, this is not the case! About the embassy which the newspapers and your letter warn me to expect, it becomes me to be silent. I dare not and will not answer, lest I should wound men whom I honour and love, on whom I look with pride and gratitude, as on yourself, my old friend; for what will be offered me? Is a crown the birth of the horrible year 1848? The thing of which we are speaking does not bear the sign of the holy cross, is not stamped with the words, "By the grace of God," is no crown. It is the iron collar of servitude, by which the son of more than twenty-four rulers, electors of kings, the head of sixteen millions, the master of the truest and bravest army in the world, would be made the slave of the revolution. And that God forbid! Besides, the price of the 'jewel' must be the breaking of a promise given to the Landtag on February 26, to attempt to come to an understanding with the German National Assembly as to the future constitution of the great Fatherland, in conjunction with all the German princes. And I will neither break this, nor any other promise I have given. It almost seems to me, my dear Arndt, as if you, like many other brave and good men, were under the influence of an error; as if you saw in the revolution nothing to oppose but the so-called Red Democracy and the

Communists! the error would be serious! Those men of death and hell can only work on the living ground of the revolution.

"The revolution is the abolition of divine authority, the despising and setting aside of just authority; it lives and exhales its deathly breath, so long as Under is Uppermost and Upper is Under. So long, therefore, as the German rulers have no place in the central power at Frankfort, do not take the highest place in the council which is called to decide the fate of Germany, so long as this central power is in the stream of the revolution, and is carried along by it, so long it has nothing to offer which pure hands may touch. As a German and a German prince, whose Yes is decisive, and No deliberate, I will enter upon nothing which can degrade my glorious Fatherland, or expose it to the just scorn of its neighbours or of posterity.

"I will accept nothing which is not consistent with my hereditary duties, or which would hinder the performance of them. *Dixi et salvavi animam meam.* This letter is for you alone, my old friend. You must allow the necessity of keeping it secret. I lay it upon you as a duty. Lay my words to heart, and understand that I cannot do otherwise without being unfaithful to myself. Then consider the matter; talk to your friends, to prudent and able men; then raise your voice in Parliament, and demand the one thing that is needful and that is lacking—'lawful order.' Often interrupted, I bring these lines to a close at last on the anniversary of the fatal night of the 18th. If the latest news do not deceive us, prudence and sagacity are winning the day at Frankfort-on-the-Main. God grant it! And may He add His mighty Amen as I close with the name of the day—Lætare!

"To you, the singer of that inspiring song which is as unsuitable to the March Emperor as the 'Marseillaise' was to the July King, to you, dearest Arndt, I tender my hand from the depths of my heart.

"Your affectionate King and good friend,
(Signed) "FREDERICK WILLIAM."

Disappointing as this letter must have been to Arndt,

he would not allow himself to give up hope. Obeying strictly the injunction of the King, he never mentioned the letter to any one, and it was not discovered until after his death. He seems to have comforted himself at the time with the thought that it was written when the election was still doubtful, and that the decision of the Parliament would have power to change the King's mind. At any rate, he was one of the deputation sent by the Parliament to Berlin to offer the crown to the King.

He was received with enthusiasm at every place he passed on the road, old and young crowding to shake hands with him wherever he stopped, and he was called upon so often to address the crowds who assembled, that he was soon quite hoarse with the exertion.

When the King received them on the 3rd of April, he noticed Arndt, and expressed his surprise that he had come; but as the rest of the deputation were ignorant of the letters that had passed between them, his remark was understood by Arndt only.

Having received the King's answer that he could only accept the crown if all the German princes gave their consent, the deputation returned to Frankfort, whither they were followed on May 1st by the King's final refusal. Unwilling to acknowledge that all hope was over, Arndt, and those who thought with him, lingered still some days at Frankfort.

The Parliament decided to declare the New Constitution established, but to leave the throne vacant for the present, and on their own authority proceeded to summon the first Reichstag, to meet on the 15th of

August. But it was evident to all that the attempt to unite Germany had failed; and as this conviction gained ground, the riots began again in several places.

A majority of the Assembly showed signs of favouring the rioters, and the party to which Arndt belonged felt that they were being drawn into revolution. On the 20th May, therefore, he joined with most of the moderate men in a declaration of their opinions and wishes, and then finally left the Assembly.

CHAPTER XIX.

LAST YEARS.

Returns to Bonn.—Resigns his Professorship.—"Pro populo Germanico."—Marriage of his Daughter.—Tercentenary of University of Greifswald.—Poems.—90th Birthday.—Death and Funeral.—Monument.

HIS work at Frankfort being thus at an end, Arndt returned to his little house on the Rhine. The disappointment had been great, and his position was not an easy one. He belonged to a party which had failed. Dahlmann and his friends were looked at askance both by the aristocratic party and by the Republicans. Meanwhile it was found necessary to bring armed force to bear upon the rioters. The rebellion in Baden was put down by Prussian troops, the Prussian Parliament was cleared by the soldiers, and once more order was established throughout the country. But with it came the old spirit; it became unfashionable to speak of the rights and liberties of the people, and Arndt, "rather than adopt the new courtly tone, preferred to keep to his little house and his trees on the banks of the Rhine."

After his return from Frankfort he wrote to Frau von Kathen:

"Here I am again, dear friend, in my own home, listening to my own nightingales singing round me, and my own limes and birches rustling and whispering round me, round one not quite

fresh and cheerful. The labours, cares, and vexations of a long, hard year have taught the old man of eighty to know the measure of the strength left to him. But I have to thank God that in this hard year I have not for a single day been so ill that I have had to stay at home. Yes, there has been much trouble and labour, as it appears, labour in vain, and yet it will not be in vain, though the empty, blind, fantastic whims and idle arrogance of kings, the madness of many fools and the wickedness of a few rogues, have meddled with it, and brought themselves and us all into bloody confusion, such, however, as is unavoidable in a time of such great changes.

"In such a frame of mind, dear friend, I received and read and re-read your sweet and kind Whitsun greeting, with all the recollections which it brought back to me, and I well understand your 'Whence and Whither?' And yet I am almost entirely of a different opinion, and look at the matter in quite a different way from what you seem to do. It is, of course, impossible that you at the extreme end of Germany should see and understand what is going on in its inmost heart and in the great wide world. Something great, high, and 'one' is being sought and is not to be found. The better sort of those in the Paulskirche have felt and thought more nobly, more majestically, more royally even for the kings and their need, than they themselves could think and feel. For, for the most part, they are wanting in loftiness of thought, in the capacity for noble government, which would enable them to tame the madness of the times; they are either strange fantastical men, bewitched with the doctrine of divine grace, or men blinded with arrogance, who do not really understand the necessities of the time nor the changes and transformations in which God has a part. It is just they and their procrastinating agents and guides who are working most effectually for the red republic, if that is a German possibility."

Earnest as he had been in opposing the partisans of revolution in Frankfort, yet when Gottfried Kinkel was in danger of losing his life on account of the part he had

played in the uproars in Berlin, he was the first to sign his name to a petition on his behalf.

In 1854 he resigned his professorship, moved chiefly by the oppressive political atmosphere of the time, which forced him to say, "that a man would be driven to despair or to curse, if he did not know how to pray." His age, indeed, would have been a sufficient excuse for doing so, but he still felt few of its infirmities. Writing at this time to Frau Pastorin Baier, Kosegarten's daughter, who some fifty years before had been his pupil, and alluding to the hardships to which he had been subjected when a boy, he says:

"I probably owe it to this that I can still get about pretty vigorously without stick or spectacles. I was conscious then of noble, pure intentions, and went bravely and hopefully to meet the future. I thought most young men then too soft and effeminate; but, with the many changes of this last generation, with the cushioned railway carriages, etc., this vice of effeminate laziness and self-indulgence, the too great 'comfort of life' for which everybody is struggling, has grown much worse and more dangerous. I say I was hopeful then, and when I look back on my poor little life and efforts, how many hopes have I plunged into, and how many hopes have I been shaken out of! So that when I consider the events and changes of Germany, together with the many dismal signs in the sky, I seem almost like a hopeless old man, whose horses have broken down at the last stage of his journey."

The same year he published a book entitled "Pro Populo Germanico." It was in fact a fifth volume of the "Spirit of the Age," reviewing the condition and position of Germany and the other States of Europe from a German point of view. "A voice in me," he says, "the voice of conscience, at once warning and

threatening—urges me on: 'Up and do your last duty, before your eyes close for ever on earth!' It is almost forty years since my poor fourth 'Spirit,' which caused me so much annoyance in its time, appeared in the German world." It was to a new generation, a world as it were transformed by railways and steamboats, that he was writing now. The general tone of the book betrays the deep disappointment which the Frankfort failure had cost him. Alluding to the years which had passed since, he says:

"I cannot speak of them, because of the real pain; I may not speak of them, for I do not wish uselessly to draw down thunderbolts on my old snow-white head. The rest of my days must pass away like the glimmer of a dream. From the height of extreme old age I am looking down into the deep valley; my evening sun will not set in golden glory or with golden hopes, but yet I do not surrender all brave and manly hopes. I trust in Providence, in the spirit of the Germans, and cry with all the brave apostles and prophets, 'De cœlo et patria nunquam desperandum.'"

From the very beginning of his residence at Bonn he had taken an active part in the affairs of the church. He was a constant member of the presbytery, except during some of the years when his heaviest trials befel him. In 1836 he was chosen an elder, in which office he remained until he became a representative. The Lutheran and Reformed Churches on the Rhine had formed themselves into a united church in 1816, a year before Frederick William III. issued his proclamation on the subject. Some years afterwards, when an attempt was made on the Lutheran side to dissolve the union, Arndt

was specially active and firm in opposing it. His anxiety lest the miscellaneous conversation and religious discussions of his friends should perplex his daughter has been already mentioned. He was in the habit of talking over with her and her young friends in the evenings religious questions such as the times suggested. The neighbourhood of Cologne and Bonn itself was of course much under the influence of Roman Catholics, and he was therefore naturally induced to direct many of his thoughts to that subject.

He had opposed the plan for placing the university at Cologne, on account of its being a centre of Roman Catholicism, and the publication of F. von Schlegel's "History of Literature" stirred him to a warm indignant defence of Protestantism, which however, he did not publish till many years later. To Stein he writes: I think myself happy at least that I have been born and live in a Protestant land; we have as many pious and more moral men than the Catholics, and our intellectual freedom and unclouded knowledge gives us quite a different kind of inward strength and stronger wings for soaring upwards.

In all his works the religious disposition of his mind plainly showed itself. He had always traced the sufferings of Prussia and Germany, in the first years of the century, to the prevalence of infidelity and Voltaire-ism. 'Because they had forgotten God, God had forgotten them; and because they had built upon nothing, they had become nothing." And, in stirring language, he called upon them, "first of all to look to God, and trust Him, from whom all things come. For faith in God

does wonders daily; and confidence in heaven overcomes hell. And without God no power helps man; and all which is built by mortal arts is vanity." This is the key-note of all his political writings.

We have already alluded to his little book on Church Poetry, published in 1819, in which he had protested vehemently against the colourless hymns in vogue at the time. In 1855 he published his "Geistliche Lieder" (Spiritual Songs), in the preface of which he says, "If I have succeeded a little in my attempts to speak and sing German, I owe it, like many others of German thoughts and feelings, to having been well practised from my childhood up in the reading of Luther's Bible."

His only daughter Nanna was married, in 1854, to Ernst Nitzsch of Kiel. He announced her engagement four years before to Frau von Kathen as follows:

"I have some pleasant home news to tell you. Our daughter Nanna Gottsgab is betrothed to a brave young fellow. It is an old attachment, for he studied here for five years; is a lawyer, and is waiting for a post; ex-first-lieutenant in the Holstein Jägers; went through both the campaigns against the Danes, thank God, safely and honourably, though not without much heart-quaking for my little daughter. His name is Ernst Nitzsch, the son of Professor Nitzsch of Kiel, member of the Council of State."

With all his natural impetuosity of character, Arndt knew the art of making and keeping friends. The number of his intimate friends was large, and among them were Niebuhr and Dahlmann, whose natural irritability of character frequently brought them into quarrels and misunderstandings with others, but with him they re-

mained in unbroken intimacy till death. "Always lively and fresh" in society, he would throw himself heartily into the subject of conversation, and, with Welcker and Dahlmann, would "inveigh against the miserable fellows by whom the world is governed, brandishing his red handkerchief like a club during his wrathful speech." Dahlmann tells rather an amusing story of his behaviour in aristocratic company. He says:

"When the hereditary Prince of Meiningen was studying here, he was visited by his father, the reigning Duke; and, among others, Arndt and I were invited to dinner with him. Arndt was very animated, and told a great many stories of the great years. Suddenly he turned to me with his glass raised, saying: 'Isn't it really a shame, Dahlmann, that we have not long ago got to the familiar "Du?"' and then, in his not gentle voice, he tendered me his brotherly friendship, to the unspeakable amusement of the Duke and other notabilities present."

Endowed with a wonderful memory, he was ready to converse on recent events, or to tell stories of things that had happened seventy or eighty years before, or he would reproduce with striking vividness scenes from ancient history. A stranger having one day called upon him, Arndt discovered, after a few questions, that he had known the young man's family, and proceeded to trace back his genealogy, and to tell him facts and stories connected with his family in the days of Frederick the Great, until the visitor took his departure, perfectly bewildered with the amount of new information he had received about his own relations.

On his true and ardent patriotism there is no need to insist, but there is a story told of him by Von Ammon,

which it may be worth while to repeat. It was during the time of his suspension; his papers had been for ten years in the hands of the Government, and, after consultation with some of his friends, he determined on drawing up a petition for their restoration, and showing it to his friends before sending it to the King.

"In the meantime, however, the July revolution broke out; and when some time after I met Arndt, I asked him, quite forgetting this circumstance, why he had not sent the proposed sketch of the petition? He answered, 'Do you really think me capable of turning the distress of my Fatherland to my own personal profit?' And so he bore it patiently for another ten years, until at last, for him too, justice prevailed."

The University of Greifswald celebrated its tercentenary in the year 1856, and Arndt was earnestly requested to be present; "but neither body nor mind," he answered, "feel equal to such a joy." In the monument erected to celebrate the event, his statue represented the faculty of philosophy.

At the request of Bunsen, he published, in 1858, a very lively description of his old master, under the title of "Wanderings and Vicissitudes with Baron vom Stein." It was well received, and was read with avidity throughout Germany; only in Bavaria was it disapproved. He had related in it some stories by no means complimentary to Marshal Wrede. The Bavarian Government took such offence at it, that proceedings were instituted against him, and on his non-appearance he was condemned to two months' imprisonment and a fine of fifty gulden, with the whole

costs. The act excited great surprise throughout Germany; even his old opponent, the *Allemeine Zeitung*, expressed its indignation in no measured terms; while on the evening of the day when the sentence was pronounced, the inhabitants of Bonn went in procession with torches to the old man's house.

The next year, 1859, he prepared for the press a new edition of his poems. His health seemed unbroken. He was present at the election of representatives for the Church Synod, and attended the meeting of the presbytery shortly before the last birthday. In Christmas week he wrote the preface to his poems:

> "The time of my fading is near:
> The blast that shall scatter my leaves."

This Ossianic verse the birds and flying leaves in the winter wood sing to the old man of ninety; an exhortation to him to set his house in order and arrange his little matters.

To these little matters belong many verses and rhymes which have been flying about for two generations, and as is usual, have been reprinted, altered, improved or spoiled. He gives them now to his people as his last gift, in the form in which they first left his hands. Many of them have become dear to Germans, not on account of their excellence, but because most of them are true children of the thoughts and feelings of our times, children of the moment and the occasion. With them the old singer and writer bids all his friends his last farewell.

When the 26th of December came, it seemed as if all Germany wished to celebrate his ninetieth birthday. Princes and burghers, students and soldiers, the rector of the university, the commandant of the town, came to bring gifts and congratulations. The Prince Regent of Prussia

sent him the order of the Red Eagle of the second class. The people of Berlin presented him with a fine marble bust of his "invincible knight," Stein. Cologne gave him the freedom of the city. The burghers of Kahla sent him a barrel of beer. Music and song resounded round the house by night and by day. Letters with congratulations and good wishes poured in from all sides.

The warmth of the affection shown him touched him deeply. At first he determined not to answer any of the letters, as they were too numerous for him to answer them all; but first this one and then that one it seemed necessary to answer, until he found himself writing about a dozen letters a day. In a letter to Frau Pastorin Baier, written on January 2, 1860, he says, "By God's mercy, at ninety years of age I am still so well that I can do my three and four miles (German) over hill and dale quite briskly." But the emotion and excitement proved too much for him. Finding himself obliged to go to bed earlier than usual one day, he said, "Friends and fools have done for me." Fever set in, and he lay now in a gentle slumber, and now fancying himself wandering in the woods, with birds hopping and singing around him. Once, when an intimate friend came in, and he was asked if he knew him, he answered, "Oh yes, I know him;" and turning to him, said, "I am dying; in a fortnight it will be all over." He did not linger so long. On January 29, 1860, at midday, his wife heard him say, "Close my eyes," and he passed away.

On the afternoon of February 1st, he was laid under the oak tree beside Wilibald. His four sons, Karl Sigerich, Roderich, and Leubold, followed. Hartmuth

had gone to America. At the head of the long procession came the society of the "Veterans," of which Arndt had been president. Then came the students, not only of Bonn, but many from Heidelberg, Göttingen, Marburg, Berlin, and other universities; the professors and dignitaries of the university, officers of the garrison, the civil authorities, and a great multitude of the inhabitants of Bonn and the neighbourhood. At the grave some verses of his well-known hymn, "Geht nun hin und grabt mein Grab," was sung.

On the banks of the Rhine a monument was erected to his memory. The proposal was no sooner made when, not from Germany only, but from every corner of the earth where Germans were to be found, came contributions in rich abundance. The monument, a statue in bronze, was unveiled in July, 1865. Beneath was the inscription:

"ERNST MORITZ ARNDT.
'The Rhine Germany's stream, not Germany's boundary.'
'Who underground the iron stored cared not to see a slave.'
Erected by the German people, MDCCCLXV."
("'Der Rhein Deutschlands Strom, nicht Deutschlands Grenze.'
'Der Gott der Eisen wachsen liess, der wollte keine Knechte.'
Errichtet vom Deutschen Volke, MDCCCLXV.")

THE END.

BILLING AND SONS, PRINTERS, GUILDFORD, SURREY.

00023420

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018